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LONDON:
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STORIES,

Traditionary and Romantic,

OF

THE TWO REBELLIONS IN SCOTLAND,

IN 1715 AND 1745.

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By A. D. FILLAN, M.A.

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Yet on Tradition's lingering echoes borne,
For Truth to trace or Fiction to adorn,
Full many a history, most strange, most true,
High deeds of prowess, and of pity too.
Women out-dared, out-did the bearded tribe,
And unhoused beggars mocked a monarch's bribe—
Fame-worthy wonders to that age belong—
Dreams of my youth! be subject of my song.

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RICHARD BENTLEY,
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ÜA-NA-BROCK;

or,

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

A Story of the Rebellion in '15.

ÜA-NA-BROCK;

OR,

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

It was Sunday, the 13th of November, 1715, the day on which was fought the memorable battle of Sheriffmuir. That battle, it is well known, "broke the heart of the rebellion." As a mere engagement, indeed, the action was not decisive. For while the left wing of the Jacobites was routed and driven across the Allan, two miles beyond the field of battle, by the right wing of the royal army, commanded by Argyle in person, not less completely in its turn was the Royalist left defeated by the Jacobite right, composed of the MacDonalds, MacLeans, and some other Highland clans, who drove before them the division of General Whetham in the opposite direction, to within a short mile of Stirling Castle. But though the battle of Sheriffmuir as a separate and single action was thus undecisive, as part of a campaign it was far from

being so. In its results it was of advantage exclusively to the royal cause; for it effectually disconcerted the plans and frustrated the hopes of the Jacobite general. He felt that the passage to the south was now hopelessly closed against him. He had to retrace his steps to Perth, whence, but a few days before, he had set out with such lofty promises; and notwithstanding the arrival from France of the Chevalier himself, and his personal presence among his followers, from that day forward their numbers melted rapidly away, till the disastrous intelligence from the south of the surrender of the Jacobite army at Preston. This event, which, by a remarkable coincidence, occurred on the same day as the battle of Sheriffmuir, so utterly disheartened them, that from that time to the beginning of the February following, when the last straggling body that had held together was dispersed among the wilds of Badenoch, the campaign may be said to have been a continued flight on the part of the rebel, and a continued chase on that of the royal army.

It was, we have said, the 13th of November, 1715, and the shortening winter day was drawing near its close, when two female figures might be descried occupying the peaked summit of a steep hill, thickly covered with broom, and distant some nine or ten miles south-west from the field of

battle. The hill on which they stood rose abruptly from the road which wound along the northern bank of the Teith, and though by no means the highest in the range of which it formed part, was that which commanded the most uninterrupted view towards the north-east, in which direction the two females above mentioned might be observed to keep their looks anxiously and steadfastly turned. The day being frosty, both were closely muffled up, but through the draping of her tartan mantle it might be discovered that one of them was a Highland maiden, about the age of eighteen, of a slight but graceful and well-turned figure, and whose dress and carriage evidently spoke her of gentle birth and breeding; while the other, apparently her attendant, though hale and vigorous, seemed considerably advanced in years, and wore the garb of a Highland matron of the humbler class. The younger female was the only daughter of the Laird of Bracklyn, a considerable proprietor in that part of Perthshire: her attendant had been her nurse, and since her mother's death was her constant companion and confidential friend. The two, it has been said, had their looks anxiously directed towards the east.

It was known that the armies of Mar and Argyle were in presence of each other. From an early hour of that morning the report of musketry and artillery, continuously heard, intimated with

too much certainty that the quarrel was then in act of bloody arbitrement; while easily distinguished from the place on which they stood, in the clear atmosphere of a November sky, the wreaths of smoke seen hovering like exhalations over the distant Sheriffmuir guided the eye to the spot on which the deadly game was being played.

With what intense interest and anxiety these rolling clouds of smoke were contemplated by our observers, and the varying fortunes of the field from time to time conjectured according to the direction, north or south, in which they were variously carried, may be guessed by the reader when he is informed that the two brothers of the younger were in the heady current of that very fight, both holding commissions in the royal army, the elder as captain in Lord Forfar's regiment, the younger as lieutenant in the Earl of Stair's dragoons. The anxiety so natural in a sister, and a loved and loving one, was, in the case of Ellen, considerably augmented by an accidental circumstance. Her attendant Janet Bane was of a family in which that fatal faculty, the *second sight*, was, or was believed to be, hereditary. As it usually, almost exclusively, foreshadowed evil, showing to its possessor only sights of woe, or signs of coming death, this prophetic gift, though no doubt sometimes falsely pretended to by impostors, was, by most of the *bonâ fide* seers,

reckoned not a distinction to boast of, but a misfortune and a curse, though they found it impossible to escape from its visitations, to doubt its reality, or disregard its warnings. Another peculiarity attending these visions was, that the seers considered themselves under a religious obligation to reveal them to some one, more particularly to those for whose warning or benefit they conceived them to be sent. Now Janet Bane had lately seen a vision, which, as usual, she lost no time in communicating to Ellen.

Some weeks before the time at which our narrative commences, while standing at a window in Bracklyn Castle one clear day at noon, she saw a young horseman in the dress of an officer, mounted on a white horse, suddenly dash in sight from behind a tree, and pass by her at full gallop, urging his steed furiously forward, till following him with her eyes she observed horseman and horse drop all at once to the ground as if struck dead on the instant, and then the vision vanished as suddenly as it had arisen. Though trained by an enlightened father from her earliest years to treat with incredulity and contempt the faith in witches, fairies, wraiths, and second-sight, then so prevalent in all parts of Scotland, and almost universal in its Highland districts, Ellen could not, without some portion of that sensitiveness to superstitious impressions of which the strongest mind cannot wholly divest

itself in moments of impending peril to ourselves, or to those who are dear to us, help recollecting, that her elder brother, in the very last letter she had received from him, had been lavish in his admiration of a noble white charger that had belonged to a cavalier officer of rank, and of which he had just made prize in a reconnoissance on which he had been employed by the Duke of Argyle, in the neighbourhood of Tullibardine Castle, to observe the motions of the rebel force.

Nor was her anxiety diminished when Janet Bane, suddenly grasping her arm, and pointing to a large ash-tree, whose broad branches, concealing a turn of the road, overhung the river, where it made a bold and sudden sweep, exclaimed hurriedly, and with an agitated voice to Ellen,—"Look there! look there! It's the very spot—I ken it brawly—it was from behint yon ash-tree I saw the bonny young soldier come galloping so fast—something 's to happen there!"

Alarmed, yet anxious to conceal her agitation, and making an effort to reason down her apprehensions, Ellen proposed that they should immediately return home, remarking to her companion that as they had two long miles to walk it would be dark before they could reach the castle of Bracklyn. They were descending the hill with this intention, when, as they had proceeded about half-way down, the clatter of a horse's feet was

suddenly heard from the east—and sweeping round the large ash-tree a horseman came in sight urging his steed furiously forward, till at the narrowest part of the road which wound close to the river's edge, and which was immediately under that part of the hill on which they were, the horse stood suddenly still, staggered forward a few paces, and with a loud groan fell heavily with his rider to the earth, on which they both lay stretched without motion and apparently dead.

At this sudden apparition Ellen and her attendant instinctively shrieked, and stood for a moment rooted with horror to the spot. But it was only for a moment. Their humanity overcame their terror, and hastening down the hill it may easily be conceived how much their agitation was increased, when, on nearing the spot, they discovered what the twilight had hitherto prevented them from observing, that the colour of the horse was white, and that his fallen rider wore the dress and equipments of an officer. In an agony of terror Ellen rushed towards the fallen youth, fully expecting to find in him her elder brother. But she was agreeably disappointed. He was a total stranger to her—the white plume in his bonnet showed him to be of the Jacobite party, and the rich dress and decorations which he wore bespoke him a person of

considerable rank in the rebel army. With a mind greatly relieved by this discovery Ellen set herself to ascertain whether the fallen soldier was really dead; and after Janet Bane had sprinkled his face with water from the limpid current that ran by, they were gratified to find that he had only fainted—though, from the blood which welled abundantly from wounds received on various parts of his body, they had reason to fear that his recovery was beyond the reach of their good offices. But Janet, like most Highlanders of her years and sex, was an expert and practised chirurgeon, and she plied her herbal styptics and extemporary bandages to so good purpose, that the question soon arose how to remove their patient to the shelter of some covering from the inclemency of the weather, for the evening had now settled down into a severe frost.

But here two serious difficulties presented themselves. A royal proclamation had forbidden the harbouring of rebels under the severest penalties. The Laird of Bracklyn was of the Government party. Both his sons held commissions in the royal army, and any attempt to conceal the wounded cavalier under her paternal roof, Ellen foresaw would probably entail on those who were nearest and dearest to her the forfeiture of their possessions, if not of their lives. And as to her father's tenants and dependants, in common with

most of the neighbouring peasantry, they were, she knew, zealous Presbyterians, and so determined enemies to popery, prelacy, and the *warming-pan Prince*, as they had nick-named the Pretender. This, together with the high reward, which the delivering up of a Jacobite officer of rank would ensure them from the Government, would, she was afraid, prove a trial of their secrecy too strong to be resisted. But when she looked on the pale but noble features of the wounded youth, and the thought passed rapidly through her mind, "Thou, too, hast perchance a sister at home to weep for thee," every other consideration gave way before the feeling of compassion and the instinct of humanity, and she resolved, at whatever hazard, to venture the attempt of saving his life. The wounded cavalier, however, was incapable of co-operating by any effort of his own towards his removal, being exhausted by loss of blood and nearly insensible. To summon assistance were to admit of dangerous partakers in their secret, and even were the stranger able to sit his horse, or the two females, unaided, to replace him in his seat, that expedient came too late. The horse was found on examination to be dead. And for the first time Ellen now remarked that the poor animal had been ridden to death, without saddle or bridle, and even without a halter. In this dilemma an expedient suggested itself to the

mind of Janet Bane, whose natural ingenuity, as well as natural humanity, was, it may be, in the present instance quickened somewhat by her political sympathies, for, in common with a large proportion of her sex in that age, Janet was at heart a devoted Jacobite.

The present, and the preceding, had been years of scarcity throughout Scotland. In the poor and thinly-peopled Highland districts, it was not of rare occurrence to find wandering paupers dead or dying of hunger by the way-side. Under pretence of removing an unfortunate wanderer of this description to the castle of the hospitable Laird of Bracklyn and his humane daughter, Janet undertook to procure from the nearest farm-house, which was at no great distance, and all the grown-up males in which she knew were then absent with the royal army, a horse and sledge, one of those rude cars then and still employed in many parts of Scotland for carrying hay and corn in places not accessible by carts or any description of carriages on wheels. This kind of conveyance being but slightly raised above the ground, and when in motion altogether noiseless, was peculiarly adapted to their present need. And while Janet was despatched to procure a vehicle of this sort, Ellen had time mentally to mature her plans, and to arrange her measures for the disposal and concealment of the wounded stranger.

Bracklyn Castle was an irregular edifice, or rather *comble* of edifices, built at different periods and in different styles of architecture. The more modern part of the building, though the least picturesque, was the most commodious, and was that now almost exclusively inhabited. The most ancient portion of the castle, a semi-ruinous square tower of three stories, was perched on the very edge of a precipice, round the base of which the Keltie made one of its boldest sweeps, in the narrowest part of that wild and romantic glen through which it rushes, at a distance of about two miles above its junction with the Teith, in whose now classic stream it merges both its waters and its name. As might be anticipated in such an age and such a locality, Bracklyn Castle, like other castles of the olden time, was haunted; and it needs no Œdipus to guess that the haunted part was this square tower, to which honour its high antiquity and semi-ruinous condition conjunctly and severally gave it a natural right of preference. Proximately, however, this part of the castle owed its ghostly visitations to the circumstance, that, about half a century before the time to which our narrative relates, one of its chambers had been the scene of a tragic act of alleged suicide and suspected murder. A cousin of the then Laird of Bracklyn, who had unexpectedly arrived at the castle the evening before, was next morning found

dead in his chamber, and, as was given out, by his own hand. He had sat up late with his kinsman on the preceding night. He had not, it appeared, been to bed, for he had not undressed; and the instrument with which the deed was done—his own pistol—was found lying by his side discharged. The cause assigned for this act—at least conjecturally assigned by his kinsman-host—was, remorse for having been accessary to the capture, and so eventually to the death, of the celebrated and unfortunate Earl of Argyle, whose execution had just taken place. This, it was given out, he had, with feelings of contrition and remorse, acknowledged overnight to his relative, the Laird of Bracklyn; but the general belief in the neighbourhood was, that he had in fact been murdered by his treacherous host himself, a daring and unscrupulous man; and who, on the decease of his murdered cousin's father, then in extreme old age, was heir of entail to his estates, to which he actually succeeded a very few months thereafter. In this suspicion public opinion was confirmed by the misfortunes which befel, or the judgments, as they were considered, which overtook the suspected murderer. For though at the period of his cousin's death the father of a numerous family, none of them survived him; and dying in middle age childless, he was himself in turn succeeded by a cousin, the present laird.

Since the period when this crime, whether murder or suicide, was committed, the chamber, though not stripped of its furniture, had never been occupied. Strange noises, resembling, it was said, the voices of two men, as in angry altercation, had frequently been heard in it, even during the lifetime of the suspected murderer; and subsequently to his death, the curiosity of one of the domestics having on one occasion tempted him to look through the key-hole of the apartment, he most distinctly saw, as he continued solemnly to aver to his dying day, the deceased laird standing by the bed-side, in the very spot on which the deed was committed, in the act, as it seemed, of wringing his hands, with an expression of the most intense agony and despair.

From that time forward no domestic in Bracklyn Castle would ever in the day-time venture into this apartment alone, and after night-fall no consideration could induce any of their number, even though accompanied, to set foot within any part of the western tower.

Into this apartment Ellen, for whom it had no such superstitious terrors, resolved, if possible, to transport the wounded stranger, well aware that, after night-fall at least, she would there be quite secure from intrusion while attending him. And in order to divert suspicion from her frequent visits to the western tower, and to account for the

novelty of smoke seen daily ascending from a part of the castle, which had long been unoccupied, she bethought her of the expedient of removing to a deserted apartment on the ground floor, and immediately under the haunted chamber in which she purposed to bestow her guest, a brood of young turkeys, which had just been sent her as a present of great value, that species of poultry being then exceedingly rare in Scotland, and being supposed to require not only peculiar care but artificial heat in rearing them. By this stratagem she hoped to account for, and to divert attention from, the frequent visits of herself and Janet Bane to the haunted tower.

Janet meanwhile had succeeded in her mission. Wrapping the almost insensible cavalier in their cloaks or tartan mantles, they laid him gently on the low sledge which Janet had carefully mattressed with hay; and striking from the high road into the fields, both for the purpose of evading observation and for the advantage of a softer path to spare the aching invalid, they entered the grounds of Bracklyn Castle at the point least likely to attract notice, and, favoured by the darkness which had now set in, succeeded, without being discovered, in lodging their guest safely in the haunted chamber.

We pass over the expedients variously resorted to by Ellen in order to procure the requisite

supplies for her wounded guest, and in order to conceal or account for her frequent visits to the western tower. Nor shall we stop to describe, for the edification of our medical readers, the various liniments, and draughts, and cordials employed by Janet Bane in her practice, pharmaceutical or chirurgical, as his leech in ordinary, which, though doubtless they had done good service at Borodino and at Waterloo, saving many a shapely limb, and preserving many a precious life, must, we fear, be reckoned by posterity among the lost arts, vainly to be sought for in the pages of modern authorities in military surgery and the materia medica.

Right reluctantly, too, must we leave among the unrecorded curiosities of literature the learned gossip and ingenious theories which occupied the domestics of Bracklyn Castle, during the long winter nights, in full kitchen assembled, while attempting, on principles natural and preternatural, to account for the strange possession which had so suddenly seized their young mistress, the fastidiousness and extravagance which, to the grievous discomfort and discontent of Lizzy Cook, she had all at once displayed in matters of *cuisine*, and her singular passion for her turkeys; which latter question split the hall into two angry factions. One party, that which may be styled the *poetical*, ascribed it to witchcraft, the outlandish birds being, according to them, neither more nor

less than witches in disguise, as the semi-human cast and complexion of their wrinkled legs clearly indicated, while, obviously, their unearthly gobble was not the warble of birds, but the jargon of a Turk transmitted through the organ of a fowl!—whereas the other, which may be contradistinguished as the *theological* party, connected the power of fascination, which, it was admitted, the turkey poults exercised over the mind of their mistress, with some undefined mysterious influence arising out of their accidental location in the weird vicinity of the haunted chamber. Nor, finally, must the gourmand of horrors, if such there be among our readers, expect a "full, true, and particular account" of the many *extra-eerie* sights and sounds which, during the winter nights of that memorable "feifteen," were seen and heard by the domestics of the castle within and around the confines of the western tower. We shall merely observe, that after a long and doubtful struggle between life and death, the tenant of the ghost chamber was at length pronounced by Janet Bane fairly out of danger. His wounds were proceeding favourably towards a cure. He was now in a condition to be informed by his kind young hostess of the results that had followed to his party from the fatal fight of Sheriffmuir, and in return to impart to her the secret of his name, of his share in that engagement, and of the

circumstances which, so fortunately for his safety, had placed him under her protection. The substance of his narrative was to this effect :—

He was David Drummond, of one of the principal families in Strathearn, being cousin to the Viscount Strathallan, and to James, Lord Drummond, the *soi-disant* Duke of Perth, both of whom were zealous Jacobites, and had early embarked in the rebellion.

Lord Strathallan's regiment, composed of his own kinsmen and tenants, and of which young Drummond had under his noble relative the chief command, formed at Sheriffmuir part of the left wing of the Jacobite army, which it is known were totally routed by the right wing of the Royalists, and driven with considerable slaughter to the river Allan, two miles westward of the field of battle. From the moment that defeat became irretrievable, Major Drummond, anxious for the safety of his general, joined himself to the *restoration squadron*, as they were called, a select body of young noblemen and gentlemen, to whom had been entrusted the Jacobite standard, and whose gallant resistance so retarded the pursuit as to enable Mar and his immediate attendants to reach in safety the reserve at Ardoch. But they too were at length dispersed or cut in pieces. The gallant young Earl of Strathmore and the Captain of Clanronald had fallen; Panmure was for a time

a prisoner,* and Drummond's anxiety was now directed to the safety of his kinsmen, Lord Strathallan and his brother Thomas, both of whom were severely wounded. With this view he placed himself at the head of a small band, most of them gentlemen of Strathearn, well armed and mounted, who, forming and charging their assailants wherever the ground favoured them, retreated slowly towards the Allan, in the hope of being able to place that river betwixt them and their pursuers. But resistance was unavailing. They were overpowered by numbers—most of them were cut in pieces—Lord Strathallan and his brother were taken prisoners—and the remnant having reached the Allan dashed into its stream, and dispersing on its farther bank, sought safety in individual flight.

Suspecting, as well from their superior appointments as from the desperate resistance which they had offered, that there was in this little band some person of consequence, Mar, or the Duke of Ormond, or perhaps the Chevalier himself, both of which latter personages, it was given out, in order to inspirit the Jacobite troops, had secretly arrived at the camp the evening before, Lord Forfar, when it was at length broken by his dragoons, commanded them to pursue every individual fugitive of its number, in the hope of

* He was rescued by his brother Harry, and died at Paris in 1723.

being rewarded with the capture of some prisoner of importance. This order rendered the escape of Major Drummond nearly desperate. He had been observed to command the party. His accoutrements betokened him an officer of some rank, and accordingly, after crossing the Allan, he found himself hotly pursued by an officer and four soldiers of Evans's dragoons. He was well mounted, but his horse had been severely tasked throughout the day, and he soon found that the officer and one of the dragoons, who were considerably a-head of the other three, were fast gaining on him—when, having reached one of the steepest of the many gullies or narrow glens by which the hilly district on which he had now entered was intersected, he availed himself of the vantage ground it afforded, and, halting suddenly on the farther bank, discharged one of his pistols at the Royalist officer, which wounded his horse and brought him to the ground; while the dragoon he cut down in the act of clearing the difficult bank on which he had made his stand; and then, resuming his flight, slanted his course to the south-west, in the hope of effecting his escape by taking refuge among the intricate thickets and ravines of the glen of Cambus. But the three dragoons continued vigorously in pursuit. Drummond became sensible that the strength and speed of his horse were failing rapidly, and he

had just gained the high-road, about a mile westward of the village of Doune, when, perceiving that one of the dragoons was now within a few yards of him, he wheeled round and discharged his remaining pistol at his pursuer, receiving at the same moment his fire in return. Both shots took effect; for the dragoon fell heavily to the ground, while Drummond's horse, mortally wounded, dropt dead upon the spot. The two remaining dragoons were approaching fast; and, bracing himself for the deadly struggle, and resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could, Drummond, with his sword drawn, had placed his back against a low fold-dyke which skirted the highway, when a band of horses that had been grazing in the adjacent field, attracted by the tumult, leaped the fence and came galloping to the spot, wheeling and snorting round the fallen steed. By a desperate bound, to fling himself on the back of the nearest of them was with Drummond the thought and act of a moment, and furiously plying sword and spur, he urged the terrified and maddened animal along the road at such frantic speed as soon effectually to distance his pursuers.

How far beyond this point the pursuit was continued the narrator could not tell, having, from exhaustion and the loss of blood, become so faint as to have lost all recollection of what followed

from the moment he sprang on the back of the white horse till he had been restored to consciousness by the kind ministrations of Ellen and her attendant.

In this relation there were many things calculated to awaken uneasiness in the mind of Ellen. To the name and family of David Drummond she was no stranger. She knew that he was reckoned one of the bravest and most accomplished officers in the Chevalier's army. Among those excepted in the royal amnesty, and for whose apprehension a high reward was offered, Major Drummond was expressly named. He had been the rival too, and the successful rival, of her elder brother for the heart and hand of Matilda Græme of Braco, the "Rose of Strathallan," as she was named; and their marriage had been delayed only by the breaking out of the rebellion. That rebellion was now crushed. James and his general, Mar, had escaped to France. Argyle had gone to London to enjoy, as he vainly hoped, the honours and rewards of his successful campaign; and, relieved from all farther uneasiness at home, King George was preparing to set out on a visit to his German dominions. Her elder brother was expected in a few days at Bracklyn Castle on leave of absence. To conceal the proscribed cavalier within its walls during his stay, Ellen well knew was a hopeless undertaking; while from his impetuous temper

she had everything to fear for Major Drummond, should he be discovered. It became of urgent necessity, therefore, to remove the latter from the castle without loss of time. But his recovery was not yet complete. In the neighbourhood there was not a roof that would venture to receive him, or, if it did, to which it would be safe to entrust him. Several Jacobite chiefs, it was suspected, were in hiding in that very district, and an active search was then going on for them. All the outlets by sea were carefully watched and guarded; and the high rewards offered by government for the apprehension of such as had been active partisans, or held prominent command, during the recent insurrection, had doubled the zeal and sharpened the sagacity of political opponents in ferreting out their places of concealment.

Occupied with these painful reflections, Ellen had one day insensibly extended her walk to an unusual distance along the high bank, which edges on the north the wild and singular ravine through which the Keltie, in headlong rush over rock and precipice, or in fierce and foamy rapids, or in eddying whirlpools, or in still and dark unfathomed linns, variously makes its way through the romantic glen of Bracklyn,—when she was startled from her reverie by the sudden appearance of a fox, that, dashing rapidly past her, leaped down the bank, and was lost to view amid the

rocks and brushwood of the ravine. Immediately after, a splash was heard in the bed of the river, and Reynard was seen making his way across a deep pool of the Keltie, towards the opposite bank, where he suddenly disappeared in the crevice of a rock that, rising sheer from the water's edge to a considerable height, had its outline broken, and in some places entirely concealed, by a dangling drapery of birch and hazel bushes.

The scene instantaneously and vividly recalled to the mind of Ellen an adventure of her girlish years. While nut-gathering at that very spot some years before with her younger brother, she had, with the agility of a mountain maid, clambered up a considerable way among the bushes on the side of the rock, when a branch on which she had seated herself for the purpose of collecting the spoil, suddenly bending with her weight, she was precipitated into a deep pit, which the treacherous brush had concealed from view, uttering a scream of terror which quickly brought her brother to her side. The hole into which she had thus fallen was at top completely hidden by two large hazel trees that, bending over it, matted their intermingled branches overhead. It was but a few feet above the level of the river, and the landing-place that led to it—a ledge of slaty rock—was polished smooth as marble by the action of the water as it eddied in front of the

cave into a deep clear pool that reflected as in a mirror the shaggy precipice above. This pit they found was but the mouth or vestibule of a larger cave; for, creeping on all fours along a narrow passage that opened from it into the interior of the rock, Norman, with animated exclamations of wonder and delight, called on Ellen to follow; who, after proceeding a short way in darkness, found herself all at once in a lofty and spacious apartment, of which a faint slanting light, through a fissure on one side near the top, served dimly to reveal the outline and dimensions. The form of this cavern was that of a vast irregular vault, the central, which was the highest point, rising nearly thirty feet above the floor, while it gradually sloped away towards the extremities, insomuch that, at the end at which they entered, a full-grown person could not stand upright. The cave was itself the work of nature, but it bore evident marks of having been at some period the habitation of man, for the sides were in many places blackened with fire; a semi-circle of discoloured stones defined the outline of an ancient hearth; blocks of soft slate-stone from the bed of the river had been rudely fashioned into seats and couches; and in what had been the fire-place Norman found the deer-horn haft, and broken blade of a *skiandhu*, or hunter's knife. When or by whom this cave had been tenanted was involved in

mystery, there being no tradition on the subject in the neighbourhood, where, indeed, its very existence seemed unknown; and with the pride and airs of discoverers, Norman and Ellen—tantalising the curiosity of their elder brother and their juvenile associates, by frequent allusions to a mysterious something in the glen which "they could an' they would"—kept the secret of Ua-na-brock, which they occasionally visited by stealth, religiously to themselves. The name of Ua-na-brock they gave it, for the following reason:—While engaged in their examination of the cave, on nearing a dark recess in one of its sides, our young adventurers were all of a sudden startled and alarmed by hearing a low unearthly sound, half growl, half grunt, which advertised them that the place had other live inhabitants than themselves, and forthwith a train of terrified animals, of what kind the dim light did not enable them to discover, rushed past them with a loud snorting noise, and disappeared at the extremity of the cavern opposite to the end at which they had entered. When Norman, recovering from his panic, plucked up heart to follow, he found that the fugitives were a family party of brocks (or badgers), whom their visit had disturbed, and at the same time also made the farther discovery that the cave had two entrances, one at each end, exactly similar, the mouth of each being completely concealed from

observation by an overgrowth of brush. Being thus equally fitted for concealment or escape, it is probable that the occupants of this subterraneous retreat had been banditti, or outlaws, or it may be fugitives in times of persecution, who, if tracked to their lair, could effect their escape by the northern outlet to the bed of the river, and thence to the wilds of Brælenу, or the caves of Ua-Vòre, or by the southern; and conceal themselves among the woody mazes of the glen itself, or push on for more inaccessible retreats amid the rocky rifts and broken precipices of the craig of Callander.

The adventure, and the scene which the place and incident so vividly recalled to Ellen's imagination, soon mixed themselves with the current of her absorbing present feelings. Might not Drummond be removed to Ua-na-brock? It was scarcely two miles distant from Bracklyn Castle, whence it might be practicable secretly to convey to him his daily dole of food, till recovered health on his part, or relaxed vigilance on the part of Government, should enable him to seek a more comfortable asylum in his own country, or to effect his escape beyond seas to his friends in France.

The idea thus suggested wholly occupied the mind of Ellen during her walk home. Her contrivances hitherto for the concealment of her guest had been greatly favoured by the credulity and superstitious terrors of the domestics of the

castle, and now, when forced on a somewhat wider stage, it occurred to her that the same instrumentality might still be turned to serviceable account. But there was one serious difficulty in the way. She had already taxed the conscience and orthodoxy of Janet Bane to the uttermost. Janet was herself a devout believer in the popular creed of the day. It was not without some visitings of remorse that she had of late been accessary, art and part, as co-actress with her young mistress in certain ghostly personations, wherein more freedom was taken with the nature and functions of wraiths and spunkies, and "the good people," than to her appeared either seemly or safe. She had made repeated remonstrances and protestations to Ellen on the subject, and had she been papist, as she was but prelatist, past doubt she had long ere now made a clear breast, and by confession and penance sought to cleanse her conscience of the perilous stuff that weighed upon her heart. In the more active and daring operations of *taisherie* now contemplated Ellen knew that Janet was not to be reckoned on, even did her advanced years fit her, which they did not, for an active auxiliary. It became necessary, therefore, to look out for a substitute. In this exigency the thoughts of Ellen naturally turned to her bosom friend and companion from infancy, Esther Macallum, only child of the Reverend John

Macallum, the first presbyterian minister who had been settled in the parish of Callander. Esther, like herself had been bred a presbyterian, and consequently a whig and anti-Jacobite. But she had a clear head and a kind heart. She was superior to the superstitious credulity which then possessed not the vulgar merely, but a great majority of the upper classes of her own sex, and Ellen knew that if from scruples of conscience, or fear of consequences, constrained to decline actual co-operation, her secret, at least, would be perfectly safe in the keeping of her friend. She lost no time, accordingly, in proceeding to the manse, which was but two miles distant from Bracklyn Castle, and in making Esther fully acquainted with her secret and perplexities. Though sensitively awake to the hazardous nature of the experiment, the difficulties attending its execution, the chances of detection, and the grave consequences that must follow a discovery, not only to the actors themselves, but to their families and connections, Esther could not for a moment think of leaving her friend unsupported in her generous efforts to save the life of a fellow-creature, compromised, too, by an act which to young persons of their sex, in that day, did not appear a very serious one, if indeed it did not secretly command their positive sympathy, and she at once volunteered to divide with Ellen the risk and responsibility of the undertaking.

Before separating, the two friends had fully concerted their plan of operations, and the part which respectively they were to bear in carrying it into effect. One entire day was occupied in making Esther Macallum familiar with the scene of intended operations—with Ua-na-brock itself, and with the many wild and intricate recesses of the ravine in its vicinity, both above and below the far-famed *Falls of Bracklyn* and the perilous bridge which spanned the largest of them, then consisting simply of two undressed logs of oak, loosely thrown from rock to rock across the chasm, and slightly covered with a sod of turf. Another day was employed by the two friends in transporting to the cave such articles of necessity or convenience for the use of its destined occupant as they could contrive to carry thither without attracting observation or awakening suspicion; while a third was spent in concerting the various signals to be used; the plan of relieving each other in the office of purveying for the tenant of the cave; the cypher to be employed in conveying to him such intelligence as circumstances might render needful, and in arranging such other matters of detail as the successful execution of their scheme seemed to them to require. And now as the young laird was expected at Bracklyn Castle in a few days, it became indispensable that the cavalier

should, without loss of time, remove to his new habitation. But how was this to be effected? With the aid of a crutch he was, indeed, able to walk leisurely the requisite distance. But by day he dared not quit his present concealment, while after night-fall it would be impossible for him to find the cave, the entrance to which even in daylight was not to be discovered without a guide. To obviate this difficulty, Ellen had recourse to the following expedient. Among the current dogmas of the popular faith, one of the most universally received was this, that some time before the death of *notable* persons—occasionally for years before that event—their *taish*, or fetch, or ghostly double, made its appearance; or, as it was usually expressed, the person "*walked.*" Now the old laird of Bracklyn, whom age and infirmities had long confined to his chamber, was, habit and repute, in this predicament,—he *walked.* The evidence for the fact was ample and satisfactory, it having been attested by at least a score of witnesses on the testimony of their own senses. Many were the men, and not a few the women, who, returning home before cockcrow from fair or *late-wake*, or other jovial *occasion*, were ready to take their oath at the table of the Presbytery of the bounds, that they had seen the veritable and venerable laird, in his customary suit, cocked hat, ample brown wig,

flapped and flowing vest, one pair of silver buckles glancing like twin stars at either knee, and another, broad and bright like the harvest-moon in duplicate, glittering on his instep, with his gold-headed cane in hand, pacing slowly along the highway, or up and down the banks of the Keltie, or amid the clumps and avenues of the castle "policy."

Now, while as a consistent peripatetic, the *taish* made thus nightly free with the *form* (or visible *species*) of his corporeal constituent's habiliments, these same habiliments *in substantialibus* lay snugly sconced and neatly folded in the interior of their owner's wardrobe, one of those picturesque articles of ornamental furniture to be found in castles of that time, made of yew, elaborately carved and exquisitely finished with the knife. From this dormitory, after a repose of years, they were by Ellen dragged forth to the light of day and secretly transferred to the haunted chamber;—whence duly arrayed in them, the young cavalier nightly issued forth to take the air round Bracklyn Castle, and to rehearse his character of *taish* in preparation for his *flitting* to the cave. The stratagem succeeded to the very wish of its fair contriver. Never before had the old laird *walked* so regularly or so visibly. Never had supernatural fact more ample or more authentic attestation—for it no longer rested as

before on the dixit of some "dazed and daundering body," returning homeward at untimeous hours, and who could not be plenarly *assoilzied* of barley-bree. "Douce and sponsible" men, whose sobriety and veracity were beyond impeach, including in their number a decent ruling elder of the Kirk, solemnly affirmed it as a fact of ocular perception, "condescending on" the minutest particulars of time and place, and all agreeing to a tittle in their specification of dress and gait and personal appearance—more especially as to the fact that the old laird walked feebly, hobbling slightly as if lame, and leaning heavily upon his staff, signs which the village authorities in ghostly science unanimously interpreted as betokening the speedily approaching death of the bed-rid veteran.

For weeks nothing was talked of at kirk, or smithy, but the laird and his *taish*. If their occasions called them to pass near Bracklyn Castle after dark, the boldest spirits of the parish "held their breath for a time;" felt a sensation, resembling an incipient ague, creep heavingly along the goose-skin of their fell of hair; and adhering with mathematical precision to the very middle of the road, with sundry quavering attempts at getting up a tune to keep their "courage cheery," they maintained, eyes now right and now left, a sharp look out in suspicious places.

His reputation being thus fairly established, the coast was clear for the *taish* himself. He was a privileged pedestrian, and might at any hour of the night proceed without obstruction to Ua-na-brock. But alas! ghost as he was, he could not find his way to it by instinct or by intuition: and it was not according to rule for a *bogle* to be seen "keeping company" with a brace of buxom damsels in their teens and still "in the body." But there were link-boys of his own kind and kidney—the frisky fraternity of *spunkies*—and it being a case of moral necessity, our two friends thought it not robbery to make themselves *pro loco et tempore,* and without the formality of an election, free of this ancient incorporation as amateur and honorary members.—Arming themselves, accordingly, with "*bouets*" duly prepared for their purpose, divided into compartments by means of paper variously coloured,—upon a "*mirk monunday*" night in February, 1716, they placed themselves at proper stations in the line of march, and skipping lightly to and fro, now approaching, now receding, turning now the dark side of their lanterns, now the bright, flashing now a greenish, now a bluish flame, trailing now their glow-worm lamps along the ground, and anon, like meteors, shooting high in air,—while to the panting *taish* they showed the way as lady ushers

to his new abode, to the awe-struck gaze of the uninitiate spectator they seemed a troop of devilettes doing their infernal disport on the braes, or along the marshy margin of the moors, and at length sinking suddenly into the ground or descending sheer to devildom through some sulphureous scissure in the rocks that rimmed the glen.

Sadly forspent and sorely out of wind was the poor taish ere reaching the glen, screwing his laborious way round rock and precipice, forcing a pass "thorough bush and thorough briar;" and finally, in imitation of his guides, creeping cautiously on all-fours along the dark and tortuous passage to the cave, he found himself all at once in the interior of Ua-na-brock.

Exhausted as he was, he could not refrain from lively exclamations of astonishment and delight at the scene which now presented itself. The light served dimly to reveal the grandeur of the vast natural chamber into which he had been thus abruptly ushered, while enough remained in shadow for imagination to shape and fancy into something still more spacious and magnificent. Nor when its tenant had time to explore his dwelling somewhat more at leisure, was he sparing in his expressions of admiration, or in his acknowledgments to his fair protectors, for the ingenuity as well as the considerate attention displayed by them in its internal arrangements and economy, in which, not his safety

merely, but his convenience and even his amusement, during the term of his inhumation, appeared to have been most sedulously consulted.

There was, however, one inconvenience attending the place of his concealment. It was of very difficult access, being situate in the very wildest and most rugged portion of the glen. It was, in consequence, scarcely practicable to transport thither daily the supplies of food that would be required for the use of its inhabitant. And, besides, it was not expedient to incur the risk of drawing attention to the spot by making frequent visits to it, or to its immediate vicinity. For this purpose, therefore, it was found necessary to select another cave, at some distance from Ua-na-brock, but to which there was, from the latter place, a secret access, by a wide sinuous fracture, which extended along the whole length of the precipice, though entirely hidden from view by an overgrowth of brushwood. From this cave it would not be difficult for Drummond to transfer to his principal retreat, after night-fall, the provisions daily brought him by his fair purveyors. This second cave was but a few yards above the rude bridge which spanned the principal Fall, and was that point in the glen which, though not perfectly, was yet the most nearly equi-distant from the residence of the two friends, —from Bracklyn Castle on the north side of the ravine, and from the Manse which lay in the valley

to the south-west, about half-a-mile farther off than the castle, the advantage of greater proximity on the part of Ellen being compensated for by the necessity of crossing the dangerous bridge over the Falls in order to reach it. The cave itself appeared to have been formed by the falling simultaneously in opposite directions of two vast ledges of rock, which in their fall meeting, in exact midway, rested against each other, the roof being thus a pointed arch, while the sides spreading out widened at the base after the manner of a tent.

In the interior of this cave, which opened towards the river, and commanded from above a view of the principal Fall, were scattered blocks of all shapes and sizes, of a peculiar sort of slate-stone, found in the glen, of a grain so soft that written characters might be traced on them with the point of a nail or pen-knife, with as much facility as on paper with a pencil; while these characters could be effaced at pleasure by the simple expedient of scraping the surface with the blunt side of the knife, the layer written on being by this operation converted into a fine powdery dust, leaving a smooth surface for a fresh inscription. Near the centre of the cave stood a remarkable block of this kind of stone, in shape and smoothness resembling the truncated joint of a pillar of polished green marble, from some ancient temple, a portion of which still remains, or at least did some years

ago, though worn nearly to the ground by a succession of initials and inscriptions perpetually erased and perpetually replaced by new. This fine natural tablet was made use of by the friends in communicating with their *protégé* by means of a cipher concerted with him, the inscription being of course immediately effaced so soon as it was deciphered by the party for whom it was intended. On another block, in a dark recess or natural closet, in the back part of the cave, were left the viands daily brought for his use.

For some weeks all went on smoothly. The unconfirmed state of his health, and the uninviting roughness of his immediate pleasure ground, conspired to check all froward desire of extravagation on the part of Major Drummond; while, with woman's proverbial fertility of expedient, the two friends, without being observed, or at least without awakening suspicion as to the real object of their journey, contrived to make their visits to the glen with a regularity which kept his larder amply furnished. It is true that Ellen, ever since her brother's arrival at the castle, found herself compelled to seize the time daily spent by him in his father's chamber for her stolen visits to the *depôt*, and that her brother frequently and fretfully expressed his surprise at the aversion to long walks which had so unaccountably grown upon his sister, and more especially at her sudden

dislike to the glen, their former daily walk, and her favourite resort. It is true, also, that her profuse housekeeping continued to be matter of marvel and of daily speculation among the domestics of the castle, with the sole exception of Janet Bane; that the ancient butler in particular was sorely puzzled to account for the mysterious disappearing of sundry bottles of his choicest Nantes and most esteemed Bourdeaux; and that, his affection for his young mistress notwithstanding, he could not help calling to mind certain wicked stories which in the course of his long professional experience he had heard related, touching the inextinguishable attachment that sometimes unaccountably springs up in secret betwixt fair ladies and forbidden cordials.

It is true, also, that the gadding propensities of late evinced by Esther Macallum, who had always been most exemplary as a keeper at home, were beginning to excite observation and uneasiness in the breast of her father; and as her forenoon absences were for the most part on pretended visits to her friend Ellen, he could not help recollecting that this active intercourse with the castle had suddenly commenced about the time that the handsome young laird had returned garnished with the laurels of Sheriffmuir. Of the suspicions thus attached to their proceedings the two friends were probably not altogether unaware, but while

they strayed so widely from the mark, they were for a season satisfied to underbide them.

But weeks passed on. Drummond's health was fairly re-established. His confinement of course waxed more and more irksome to him every day. The weather too was becoming fine, for it was the middle of March. The whole night was now spent by him abroad. And in quitting his retreat, he could hardly prevail on himself to wait the coming on of dusk. He began to expatiate freely beyond the limits of the glen. His ghostly habiliments were become thread-bare by constant use; the nights were shortening rapidly; and his fair guardians becoming daily more and more alarmed for his safety were casting anxiously about for means to secure his escape and speed his departure from Ua-na-brock. Accident befriended them in their perplexity. Among the wounded at Sheriffmuir was a nephew of Janet Bane, who had served under Norman, in the Earl of Stair's dragoons.

Along with the other wounded of the Royal army this young man had been removed to Stirling; and his hurts being severe and his recovery tedious, he was desirous of having the medical tendance and advice of his old aunt, of whose attainments in pharmacy and chirurgery honourable mention has already been made. On being made aware of this request it instantly occurred to Ellen that the circumstance might be turned to the advantage of

Major Drummond. She had learned from him that a wealthy citizen of Stirling was a friend of his family, and in secret also a friend to *the cause*, though prudence and the accident of his position as a burgh magistrate had prevented him from openly declaring for the insurgents during the late rising. Baillie Mackillop was himself a ship-owner and extensively engaged in foreign commerce, and an opportunity it was hoped might be found by him in the course of his mercantile operations for smuggling Drummond on board some ship lying at Stirling, or Alloa, bound for foreign parts. Nothing loth to be employed on such errand, Janet set out for Stirling the bearer of a letter from the major, which she concealed about her person, and delivered safely into the hands of his friend the baillie, having duly provided herself with a pass from the young Laird of Bracklyn, which secured her from suspicion and from molestation on her journey.

But during her absence events happened in the glen which seriously endangered the safety of its resident. At Drummond's urgent request Ellen had been induced to lend him her brother Norman's flute, to help in whiling away the tedious moments under ground.

While solacing himself with a Jacobite "spring" on this instrument, one fine gloaming, rather too near the mouth of his den, it chanced that a shep-

herd from the neighbouring farm, entering that part of the glen after some of his stray stock, suddenly heard the strains of the invisible performer, with a surprise surpassed luckily only by his terror. For imagining that by evil chance he had stumbled on a *toman-shie* or fairies' hillock, he took forthwith to his heels, and ran for life, not stopping to draw breath till he found himself fairly housed within his own shieling. It was well for Drummond that the frightened *herd* had at the same time also called away his dog. For *Colley*, not having the fear of Oberon and Titania before his eyes, would otherwise without fail have unearthed the rebel, seeing he had already penetrated the secret passage into the cave more than half way, barking lustily.

This adventure was reported by the shepherd, with those enhancements and additions which fright and fancy never fail to lend to the narrative even of a truthful teller,—while, in making as it rapidly did the tour of the parish, it received from each new mouth and at each new mile, some touch of colour or of circumstance, which added to its poetry and its perfectness, till at length it grew up into a very pretty fairy tale, if not into a very passable inductive instance, to be employed by some future Glanville, or "*Theophilus Insulanus*," in redarguing scepticism, or silencing scoffers by facts vouched by credible testimony, and duly

circumstanced with day and date, place and particulars, name and surname.

Angus Rùa—so ran the story in the version most improved and most approved—was upon a day sitting quietly on the top of a beautiful green hillock, near the margin of the Glen of Bracklyn, thinking no harm, indeed thinking of nothing, with Colley's nose upon his knee, and "all his little flock at feed before him," when all of a sudden there struck up in his hearing the most dulcet and delicious airs, "*like a Highlandman's wind a' round about*," played by a band of invisible musicians; and forthwith emerging in swarms, as it seemed, from the bowels of the earth, uprose a multitude of tiny things, in gala dresses of silken green, who began footing it "like mad" on each fantastic *toe-let* to the inspiring melody, till Colley, like an ill-bred graceless tyke as he was, poking his cynical inquisitive nose within the magic circle, the vision vanished in a moment, "the good people" sank into the earth, "with a bizz *like a swarm of bees into their byke*," (as Angus described it); while in disappearing last, the chief fairy, a wrinkled dwarf, with the head of an octogenarian surmounting the body of a babe, applied his switch of state, no bigger than a stalk of rye-grass, with such goodwill to Colley's shoulders as sent the poor brute scudding home with tail between his legs, howling piteously. This

tale, which was rapidly circulated and generally believed, drew from day to day a crowd of inconvenient and unwelcome visitors, men, women, children, and dogs to *toman-shie*, which, for Drummond's safety and peace of mind, was *nimium vicina Cremonæ*.

As misfortunes rarely come single, this adventure was soon after followed by another and more serious one.

Impatient of his prison, Drummond had one fine evening left his retreat somewhat earlier than usual, "but as the gloamin' was begun, thought nane would ken." After duly visiting the lesser cave, which served him for "larder, post-office, and all," he was tempted to extend his walk some distance up the bank of the Keltie, where it is bare of wood, that he might breathe the air more freely than he was wont to do amid the stifling thickets of the glen below. It chanced that a shepherd's wife from the braes of Leny had been that day to the lowlands for a burden of oat-straw wherewith to thatch her cow-house, and instead of going round by the bridge, in order to shorten the distance, she resolved, in returning, to cross about half a mile farther up, by a ford which, in the then state of the river, was practicable. She had just, with kilted coats, entered the stream with this intention, when Drummond, not then or there expecting company, suddenly came in

sight from behind a rock in his masquerade costume of *taish*, and the poor woman, uttering a scream of terror, fell into the current in a faint; and floating on her back on her *bottle of strae*, would inevitably have been carried over the falls and dashed in pieces, had not the ghost gallantly rushed to the rescue, and placed her and her burden in safety on the farther bank; finding it, however, expedient to decamp without loss of time, so soon as he perceived the drookit gudewife returning to herself. At a late hour that night, more dead than alive, the poor woman reached her home, told her tale, took to her bed, fevered, and had nearly lost both her wits and her life. As reported by her, or rather as it had attained its climax in the process of transmission from mouth to mouth, thus ran the incident, which in the sober form of fact we have just narrated.

Jenny Gow was returning from the strath on a Friday evening with a bottle of straw upon her back. On entering the Foalsford for the purpose of crossing to the other side, the laird's taish suddenly made his appearance on the opposite bank in his well-known *walking* suit, and shaking his gold-headed cane threateningly at Jenny seemed to warn her against crossing at that place. Jenny, however, courageously persisting in her purpose, no sooner had she reached the middle of the stream than the bogle seized her by the rope

which fastened her burden round her waist, and springing aloft in air dropt her straw and all souse into a linn; and then not satisfied with this prank flew with her to the top of the bridge, whence with herself and her bottle of thatch under his arm, he shot the Great Fall, and, after trawling her several times up and down the *Devil's Kail-pot*, the black unfathomed pool into which the torrent discharges itself, he laid her on the north bank of the river, a little above the falls, where vanishing with an eldritch screech he left her to recover her senses and dry her duds at leisure!

Jenny's character for sobriety and veracity being well established, her narrative borne out by the circumstantialities of her ducking, her fright, and her fever, and there being many concurrent testimonies of late as to the fact of the laird's *walking*, the story was very generally believed throughout the district, where it produced as might have been expected a prodigious sensation.

As giving the glen an ill-name, this tale might have redounded to the safety of its inhabitant, but for the unlucky accident that it found its way to the ears of the young Laird of Bracklyn; and the fiery soldier indignant at the freedoms used with the name of his venerated father, and laughing to scorn the foolish credulity on which they were founded, made a correct guess as to the true explanation of the facts, declaring his conviction

that the taish was neither more nor less than a skulking Jacobite rascal in disguise, and vowing that should he come across his ghostship he would try what effect a brace of King George's bullets would have on his appetite for nocturnal rambles. This speech, while to the general ear it sounded at once fool-hardy and profane, awakened in the breast of Ellen very serious alarm. She lost no time in giving Drummond intimation of his danger, imploring him as he valued his life to confine himself, for some time to come, strictly to his cave till the story should be forgotten, and the danger had blown over. Though fretting at this unlucky *contre-temps*, Drummond felt the propriety of following the advice thus tendered him, and for some weeks quitted his retreat only for a short visit to his store and news-room in the lesser cave, during the very early hours of morning. Anxious to decipher an important communication left for him by Ellen, he had one morning lingered in the cave till there should be light enough to enable him to make it clearly out, and after reading and then erasing the inscription, he was in the act of tracing a few sentences in reply, when he was startled by hearing the report of a musket shot, seemingly at no great distance. This in a few seconds, was followed by another, and immediately thereafter two men, evidently fleeing for their lives, rushed into the cave, whom, despite

their haggard looks and worn habiliments, he instantly recognised as his friends and companions in arms, MacGregor of Glengyle, and Graham of Buchlyvie, well known leaders in the late Jacobite rising. The recognition and surprise were mutual. —But short time had they to exchange greetings or news. Hunted from the woody fastnesses of Lennox and Lochlomond side, the two chiefs had for some time concealed themselves in the savage gorges of Loch Ketturin, and latterly in the dens and caverns of the craig of Callander, whence they had that morning been dislodged, and as their pursuers were hard upon their traces they implored their brother Jacobite, without losing a moment, to conduct them to his hiding-place. This, however, Drummond well knew was impracticable.

The secret pass to Ua-na-brock was so intricate and so difficult that before it could be threaded by his friends, their pursuers, whose voices were now clearly distinguished in approach, would be upon them, and, the attempt would have no other effect than that of sacrificing himself without saving them. Chancing at the moment to turn his eye on the mountain torrent then in flood, rushing furiously past, a thought suddenly struck the mind of Drummond, and he lost not an instant in acting upon it. Hastily placing a loaf in the hands of each of his famished friends, he directed them to cross the bridge, and then calling on them to unite their

efforts on the farther side with his on the hither, they succeeded in rolling the loose logs of which the bridge consisted from their rest on the edge of the rock into the boiling gulf below, thus barring effectually all farther pursuit. Instantly plunging into the secret pass, Drummond gained his own retreat in safety; while on reaching the fearful void which the rude bridge had lately spanned, the pursuers were filled with rage and disappointment to find an impassable chasm yawning before them, and to observe the two fugitives, now safe from pursuit, ascending leisurely the opposite hill, Glengyle directing his flight to the north-west, as towards Benvorlich and the woody fastnesses along the borders of Lochearn; while Bucklyvie struck away to the north-east, as if meditating to seek refuge among the deep caves of Uamvar, or the dreary solitudes of Stuckachrone.

While rejoicing at the safety of his friends, Drummond, after the hurry of his spirits allowed him calmly to reflect on his position, found little reason to be pleased with his morning's adventure. In destroying the bridge, he had cut off Ellen's access to the lesser cave by the northern bank; and that by the southern, while it more than doubled the distance from the castle, was so exposed to observation, and therefore so unsafe, that for all practical purposes it was nearly useless. He had learned from Glengyle that other Jacobite

leaders, including in their number the Marquis of Tullibardine and Sir Donald Macdonald, were supposed to be in hiding in that very neighbourhood, and that it was in consequence of the active search going on for them that he and his companion had been that morning discovered and dislodged. This rendered his residence in the glen every day more and more unsafe; while, to crown his vexations, in the very communication which he had been engaged in deciphering when so unexpectedly intruded on, he was informed that Janet Bane was that very day to return from Stirling.

Ellen, too, was sorely vexed at the destruction of the bridge, but consoling herself with the thought that what was but an inconvenience to her had proved the means of saving the lives of others, she hastened to the manse, and devolved on her associate, whose means of communication had not been interrupted, the more active portion of their common duties for a time. This Esther undertook and executed so well, that Drummond was hardly sensible of any interruption to the regularity of his epistolary communications, while in the matter of supplies he experienced no inconvenience whatsoever. On the third morning after the affair of the bridge, his gazette supplied him with the important news that Janet Bane had arrived; that the answer of his friend the baillie,

though but verbal, was favourable; that the two friends were busily employed in concocting a plan for his escape; that next day a written paper, explaining the details of their plan more minutely than could be done by the tablet, would be left for him in a place pointed out, where also he would find the dress required for his disguise; and that he must hold himself prepared to quit his retreat next evening, two hours before midnight, a party of soldiers from the castle of Doune being expected on the day following, for the purpose of scouring the glen and other suspected places in the neighbourhood, in search of lurking Jacobites.

Next day Drummond found everything as promised; and after inscribing a few hurried sentences of grateful and glowing acknowledgment to his generous and noble-minded preservers, arraying himself in a suit of Bracklyn tartan, such as that commonly worn by farm-servants, secreting his pistols carefully about his person, and having on him no apparent weapon save the skiandhu then carried by most Highlanders, he started from Ua-na-brock about ten o'clock in the evening, and fording the Keltie struck away to the eastward among the hills, in order to reach the place appointed at the proper hour.

Janet Bane also set out next morning for Stirling to fetch home her nephew, for whom,

at her request, the young laird had procured leave of absence for a few weeks, to try the effect of his native air in completing his recovery. She was escorted by a squire, behind whom she rode on a pillion, in the fashion usual among dames of that age in going to kirk or market. Her attendant led another horse, saddled and bridled, for the use of the invalid soldier; and this horse Ellen had taken care was the fleetest and strongest in the Laird of Bracklyn's stables. The squire-attendant, too, was of Ellen's selecting, a half-witted lad named Grigor, and nicknamed Gorach, *i. e.* the *silly* or *simple*. Nor did his name belie his nature; for Grigor could justly challenge one-half at least of the poet's compliment—if not "*in wit a man,*" he was, beyond contradiction, "*in simplicity a child;*" and his fair patroness did not consider this as any disqualification for his present office.

It was high noon when Janet and her squire reached the rustic hostelry at the Burn of Cambus. Here she proposed they should halt to bait their horses, and enjoy their own nuncheon. Just as they alighted, a stranger, who from a commanding eminence near the Glen of Cambus had been anxiously watching their arrival, made his appearance at the door of the hostelry; and Janet, without appearing to take any marked notice of him, desired him to see their horses properly attended to, while they themselves partook of

some slight refreshment in the inn. This the stranger busied himself with the ostler for some time in doing; but soon after, pretending to confer with Janet for a few minutes in the inn, he ordered the spare horse to be got ready for his use with all speed, as he was directed to ride forward to the village of Doune, with a message to the family doctor there to wait her coming. With this order the ostler immediately complied, supposing from their simultaneous arrival at the inn, and the charge given him by Janet about the horses, that Drummond was of her party, while the latter set off at an easy trot, which he increased to a rounder pace so soon as he got fairly out of sight of the hostelry.

But while the steed was thus being stolen, where meantime, it may be asked, was Janet's master of the horse, the hopeful Grigor Gorach? Fast asleep in the spence of Burn o' Cambus inn! Like all naturals in general, and all Highland naturals in particular, Grigor was an ardent lover of alcohol; and on this occasion, though labouring under the imputation of stinginess as a distributor of the "*mornings*" at home, Janet was all drams and no scruples. So liberally did she refresh the happy Grigor with *skalk* after *skalk* of authentic usque-bae, potent of barley and redolent of peat, permitting him between whiles to cool its ardours by repeated applications to a

mug of porter, a heavy Lowland beverage, to which his brain was not "native nor to the manner born," that in the unaccustomed interior of the poor Gael there soon arose such dire commotion, intestine wars, and rumours of wars, as ended at length by throwing him into a slumber as profound and prolonged as any induced in a succeeding age by a more scientific substitute—*the doctor*.

Deeming that the fugitive had now sufficient start, Janet roused the sleeping toper from his lengthened nap, rebuking him with well-feigned anger for his untimeous slumbers and neglect of his so onerous charge, and commanding him, without farther loss of time, to get their horses ready for their journey. Great was the dismay, loud the ululations of poor Griger Gorach, when he found the stranger fled, and with him flown the wightest gerran in the Laird of Bracklyn's stables. Affecting equal astonishment, and scarcely less dismay, Janet declared that she had taken the stranger for a familiar of the inn; but that now on recollection it occurred to her he bore a remarkable resemblance to a certain Alaster Fiach whom she had once seen, and who was first cousin to Rob Roy, and a famous horse stealer, or rather general *lifter*, from the Braes of Balquidder. But the morrow being Stirling fair, to which it was probable the robber was

boune with his booty, Janet, cheering her disconsolate squire with the hope of there recovering the stolen steed, and with the joy of seeing Alaster Fiach, at full length, swinging from a *widdie* for his morning's work, at last prevailed on him to remount and proceed on their journey, he whimpering many a dolorous *ochone!* and she between whiles, and as her laughter permitted, pouring into his ear short speeches of consolation and encouragement.

The pseudo Alaster Fiach, meanwhile, was fast approaching the Castle of Doune, which was then garrisoned with Royalist soldiers, and near which he must of necessity pass. The bridge across the Teith, a short way above the castle, had been broken down at the commencement of the troubles, by order of Argyle; and Drummond was thus compelled to direct his course along the north bank of the river, intending to pursue the road to Stirling by the narrow bridge over the Ardoch, a tributary of the former stream. Slackening his speed accordingly, to avoid suspicion, he proceeded through the village of Doune to this bridge, where he found his farther progress barred by a dismounted dragoon, who was posted on it, and who demanded to see his pass. This was a contingency for which our traveller was not prepared. A pass indeed had been obtained from the young Laird of Bracklyn; but alas! it

was at that moment in the hostelry at the Burn of Cambus, safely deposited in the innermost recesses of Janet Bane's voluminous pocket. In vain was it that Drummond represented himself as one of the young Laird of Bracklyn's followers, and at that moment commissioned on his affairs to Stirling. In vain was it that he represented the business on which he was sent as most urgent and demanding haste. In vain was it that in proof of being in reality what he represented himself, he pointed to the trappings of his steed and the *set* of his tartan. The sentinel was a surly Southron, who knew little, and cared less, about the Highland clans and their sets of tartan which covered, as he swore, but a pack of lousy rascals, who were, to a man, either rebels or robbers; and seizing hold of Drummond's horse by the bridle he insisted on his accompanying him to the guard-house at the castle, that he might there duly report him to the officer on duty.

Drummond knew well that a visit to the guard-house would, under present circumstances, be tantamount to his death-warrant; for as he was widely known throughout that district, he could not fail to be recognised by some one among the officers in the castle or their men. Accordingly, while the dragoon was leading his horse down the steep path which conducts to the castle from the high-road, watching his opportunity, he struck

him with the butt-end of his pistol so heavy a blow on the arm, that it compelled him instantly to relinquish his hold, stunning him for the moment; then spurring his horse against him he rolled him down the bank into the rivulet, and wheeling round galloped off at full speed across the bridge and along the high-road which leads direct to Stirling. The dragoon, however, lost not an instant in raising the hue and cry, and few minutes had passed ere with four of his comrades he was mounted and in full pursuit of the fugitive.

At the point where the roads to Dunblane and Stirling diverge, a deep irregular fir-wood skirted the latter on both sides of the way for upwards of a mile. This, fortunately for Drummond, allowed the road to be seen only in short reaches at one time; for just as he had cleared the farther extremity of this wood, he was suddenly met by a detachment of foot-soldiers, sent that morning from Stirling to replace the troop of Portmore's dragoons, then on duty at the Castle of Doune; the latter being ordered to the westward for the purpose of scouring the glens and suspected places in which it was supposed the Marquis of Tullibardine and other Jacobite leaders were secreted. Considering the furious rate at which he was advancing suspicious, the officer in command of the detachment halted

his men across the road with a view to intercept his passage. But Drummond assuming a look of earnestness and anxiety exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, delay me not. The good lady of Argaty, my mistress, is taken in sudden labour, and I am sent in haste to fetch the *howdie*." The ruse took. Argaty was a known loyalist, and the young officer laughingly wishing the lady a happy minute and King George a nice young he-whig subject at the end of it, opened his ranks and allowed the messenger of Lucina to post on his way rejoicing. But hardly had he done so, when he was made aware of his error, for hallooing and making signs to stop the fugitive the foremost of the dragoons now came in sight, and cursing himself for his simplicity, the officer with bootless rage commanded his men to send a volley after the Jacobite rascal! But the latter was now far beyond the reach of their fire. Past the high grounds of Keir, Drummond was now descending into the steep and narrow glen of the Allan, and he well knew that so soon as he had cleared this defile he would be, for two long miles, in full view of his pursuers and also in full view of Stirling Castle, then thronged with royalist troops.

While painfully revolving the difficulties that lay before him he had reached the narrow bridge over the Allan, where he found his passage for a moment stopped by two loaded carts of hay,

on their way to the inn at the other end of the bridge. It chanced that the person in charge of the carts was a native of Strathearn, who, instantly recognising Major Drummond, after respectfully saluting him, exclaimed, "It 's no fleein ye are, sir, is it?"—"Ay, Duncan, and for my life," replied Drummond, "the dragoons are after me."—"Awa! awa! in God's name then," rejoined Duncan, clearing a pass for him, "It 'll gang sair wi' me, but I 'll taigle the loons a gliffie!"—and thereupon deftly slipping one of the wheels off the foremost cart he overturned it in the very gorge of the bridgeway, sealing the pass almost hermetically, and bringing the hindmost cart so closely forward as to fix the fallen one immovably as with a wedge in its position. In vain did the furious dragoons as they came up storm at this interruption, and swear at the stupidity of the clownish waggoner. Were they to sabre him upon the spot the matter would not be mended. After sundry ineffectual attempts to pass, therefore, they tried the river. But the farther bank was not only precipitous, it was also crowned at top with a high stone dyke, which extended up and down the river's side for upwards of a mile. They had nothing for it, therefore, but grumblingly to unite their efforts with those of the waggoner for the extrication of his carts; and after a shower of curses on him, for a stupid

lout, to remount their horses and resume pursuit. Meanwhile, Duncan's stratagem had proved of incalculable service to Drummond. For ere his pursuers came again in sight he had entered the woody fringes of the romantic *Abbey-craig,* which then feathered the whole plain down to the very edge of the Forth, the high road to the east winding along the foot of the rock through a fine natural avenue of beech and birch.

When he had reached the termination of this avenue, Drummond suddenly dismounted, threw his plaid across the saddle of his horse, and setting him loose, drove him with a smart lash of his whip forward, in the direction of the Abbey-ford. He then plunged into the heart of the wood, and doubling his way back through the dense copse to the central part of the craig, concealed himself in one of the shallow caves formed by masses of basalt in their fall from the stately colonnade which nature has extended along the whole front of that majestic rock. While making his way through the thicket, Drummond had the satisfaction of hearing the dragoons pass on at full gallop through the wood below; nor did they draw bridle till they reached the banks of the Forth, where they found the exhausted and deserted steed, with the rider's plaid across the saddle, the rider himself being nowhere to be found. It chanced that just as they came in view

of the river they had observed a boat, containing but one person, cross to the opposite bank; and presuming, as his horse had been found near this spot, that the boatman was none other than the fugitive, they instantly dashed into the stream, swimming their horses over the deeper part, and resuming their chace and their search on the farther side. Being on a false scent, it is needless to say that their search, though active and long-continued, proved unavailing. After examining every field and ditch, and farm-steading and villa, below the Abbey-ford and the gates of Stirling, the dragoons were compelled to resign the search as hopeless, and returned at night-fall, with a heavy heart, to the Castle of Doune, where Janet Bane, having proved the identity and ownership of the stolen horse, and duly deponed to the circumstances of its abstraction while her squire attendant slept, it was restored to her, and she and the joyful Grigor again set forward on their way to Stirling.

The residence of Baillie Mackillop, as of most of the wealthier burgesses then and still, was outside the walls of Stirling. It was on the right bank of the river, and consequently on the very spot that had been the theatre of the recent search. And though as a magistrate the baillie could not but lend his aid and countenance to the dragoons in performing their duty, yet guessing,

as well from the nature of his late message by Janet Bane as from the description given him of the fugitive's person, that he was no other than his friend Drummond, it may well be imagined that he experienced the utmost uneasiness during the continuance of the search, which he strove by every means in his power to abridge; the expedient which proved most effectual towards this end being the hospitable and prolonged refreshment to which he invited the pursuers, whom, more satisfied with their dinner than their chace, he sent back to Doune Castle, with a certificate under his hand, bearing that they had done their duty zealously and faithfully, though unfortunately, for the time, without success.

That same evening, towards midnight, having first ascertained that all his household had retired to bed, the baillie wandered forth anxiously along the bank of the river, judging that if Drummond were in the neighbourhood, he would probably approach his friend's habitation under cloud of night. Nearly about the same time Drummond also ventured from his retreat, and concealed himself amid the ruins of Cambus-Kenneth Abbey, watching for some opportunity of crossing unperceived to the opposite side. While looking out from an upper window of the ruins, he descried the figure of a person walking slowly up and down on the right bank of the river, nearly

opposite, and hoping that this might be his friend the baillie, he proceeded cautiously to the river's edge, and placed himself in a position in which he could not fail to be observed from the other side. In this hope he was not deceived. The baillie perceived him at once, but afraid to commit himself by speech in case of mistake, he commenced humming as to himself, though sufficiently loud to be heard on the opposite side, a well-known Jacobite air, "The Auld Stuarts back again;" to which Drummond instantly responded by humming, in like manner, another favourite song of his party, "The wee wee German Lairdie." This musical Freemasonry established at once a perfect understanding betwixt the two performers. The baillie forthwith launched into the river a boat, provided for the occasion, and after receiving his friend, and rowing him across, conducted him to his residence, where he concealed him in an apartment prepared for his reception, to which, it being the *sanctum* in which his rarest valuables as a trader were deposited, none had access save himself. Here he could be daily closeted with Drummond for hours, without awakening suspicion, and hither with his own hand he regularly brought him his meals, watching anxiously the while for any opportunity that might occur to forward his escape.

At length, on Tuesday, the 11th of April, a boat belonging to the Trollhättan, of Gottenburg, Jonas Peterson master, might be observed moored in the Forth, a short distance below the Abbey-ford, and that evening, about dusk, a party, consisting of Baillie Mackillop, part owner of the vessel, and sole owner of the cargo, the skipper Peterson, and eight stout sailors, bearing on their shoulders boxes of various shapes and dimensions, might be seen to issue from the avenue that led from the river to the magistrate's dwelling, and proceed to the little bay where their boat lay moored. Rowing swiftly with the ebb tide down the romantic reaches of that noble river—so many, so mazy, and so short, as viewed at a distance, and from higher ground, to show like the glittering links of a vast silver chain—a little before midnight the party reached their ship, which lay at Alloa ready to sail; and when the sun rose next morning, the Trollhättan might be seen midway the Firth, beyond Inch-Keith, all sails set, proceeding merrily upon her voyage. In the course of that day the baillie returned to Stirling.

Among the eight sailors who rowed the owner and the skipper down the river might be noticed one remarkably handsome young fellow, who, in the act of rowing, displayed far more exertion and far less art than his brother sailors. This very energetic, though not very expert, oarsman, bore

the name of David Vanderbrock, and despite the coaxing care that had for weeks been employed in copsing every height and hollow, angle or edge, of the facial promontory wherever with skilful husbandry a crop of hair could be raised, the keen observer might detect in him a marvellous likeness to the Laird of Bracklyn's whilome *taish*, and a still more startling likeness to the sometime "portioner" of Ua-na-brock.

The Trollhättan reached the sea-port of the Swede in safety, whence Mynheer Vanderbrock, after an affectionate parting with the worthy skipper, set off to join his friends in France, carrying with him a ponderous trunk, which the baillie had taken care to line liberally with bright Jacobuses, whose sovereignty was far more widely acknowledged than that of their unfortunate namesake; well knowing that there were in Strathearn and Strathallan who would gratefully, and if need were, with usury, repay him his advances.

Reader, our tale is ended. It adds another to the many recorded instances that bear testimony and tribute to the heroism and humanity of woman. And it may perhaps assist towards unteaching an opinion, as disparaging as it is unjust, and which a great majority of works of fiction in our day have a tendency to inculcate or encourage, that the rarest acts of female magnanimity have

but one origin and object, and that a selfish one; that they always arise from, or terminate in, the single absorbing egotistic principle of love.

It may appear to some of our fair readers who have framed their code of equity from modern practice and precedents, that poetical justice required either that Drummond should have fallen in love with one or other of his fair preservers, or that one or both of his fair preservers should have fallen in love with him. We are not insensible to the capabilities of such a denouement,—to the interest and the entanglements that might be thrown around the struggles of Drummond with his first attachment, and his plighted troth to the "Rose of Strathallan,"—the cross-purpose rivalry of the two female friends,—the studious concealment of their growing passion from its object and each other,—and the heroic, bosomed resolve of each in silence and secresy to sacrifice her own happiness to that of her friend. But we are sober chroniclers, and may not deviate from the highway of history, however dull or however dusty, into the byeways of invention, however fair or however inviting.

Fairest of readers, and gentlest of critics! none of all these things so fell out. Drummond was married to Matilda Græme. He won distinction and attained high rank in the armies of France, but lived and died an exile from his native land.

He lost his wife early, but she left him an only son, whose descendants now enjoy the possessions of his paternal ancestry. The young Laird of Bracklyn fell at the head of his regiment, fighting gallantly at Fontenoy. He was succeeded in his estates by his brother Norman, who, retiring from the army, married his sister's friend, and his boyhood's sweetheart, Esther Macallum. A friend and brother-officer of his having formed an ardent attachment to his sister, Ellen, but being a younger son, and without fortune, exchanged the sabre for the coif, and fortunate in his profession as in his love, after distinguishing himself as the ablest counsel at the Scottish bar, he was elevated to the bench, and died a senator of the College of Justice. When thirty years after the extinction of the first, a second rebellion broke out in Scotland, Norman and his brother-in-law, the judge, who took an active part in its suppression, used jestingly to denounce their wives as disaffected and dangerous persons, whom it would be their duty to report to their friends, President Forbes and Lord Milton, as suspected Jacobites, and confest harbourers of his Majesty's enemies. And at a later period, when Charles was in hiding after the battle of Culloden, whenever surprise was expressed that, notwithstanding the active search everywhere made for him, and the splendid reward offered for his capture, his place of concealment

had remained so long undiscovered, the brothers-in-law would laughingly observe, that it was idle to search for the fugitive prince in the wilds of Arisaig, the mountains of Strathglass, or the forest of Benalder, he being at that moment snug in the Glen of Bracklyn under the protection of their wives, who, seeing their matron forms had now "assumed a proportion too round" for such active duty, had assigned the place of life-guards and videttes to fairies and spunkies of slenderer waist and lighter foot, watched over by whom the Prince Regent was then lodged in safety and in state in the interior apartments of his Royal castle of Ua-na-brock!

DUNCAN, THE SEEKER;

OR,

THE FORTY YEARS' SEARCH.

A Story of the Rebellion in '45.

DUNCAN, THE SEEKER.

THE winter of 1794-5 will long be memorable in the traditions of Scotland. A heavy fall of snow, commencing towards the end of November in that year, covered the earth to a great depth, till the month of April following. Multitudes perished in all parts of Scotland, especially in the Highlands, from famine, or exposure to the cold, or in the deep snow-wreaths, which, spreading a treacherous mantle over the surface of the earth, concealed the bogs and precipices and dangerous pitfalls that lay beneath. The loss of cattle was immense: no computation has, I believe, ever been made of the numbers that perished. In most parts of Scotland goods and produce could be transmitted from place to place only on horse-back, and like the caravans of camels in the deserts of the east, mile-long strings of horses, laden with heavy packages, might be seen picking their slippery way over mountains and valleys of frozen snow from town to town.

By the first week in April, however, the storm was beginning to break up. On hills and high grounds having a southern aspect the snow had partially disappeared, and bands of shepherds might be seen spread over them in anxious search after their missing flocks, flattering themselves with the hope, that, from the well-known tenacity of life characteristic of the mountain sheep, a part at least of their stock might be recovered, where under the lee of some sheltering copse or rock they had escaped being overwhelmed and smothered by the drift. A party thus employed on the south-western slope of Benlomond, having reached a narrow dell that fronted to the east and was on three sides enclosed by walls of high rock, discovered a vast collection of sheep, goats, and mountain cattle, promiscuously huddled together at its innermost extremity. But they were all of them dead. Having no protection from above they had been overlaid and smothered by the deadly drift. When about to retire, sad and disappointed, from this mountain Golgotha, one of the shepherds, chancing to look into a dark niche or recess in one of the sides of the rock, was startled to observe in it the dead body of a man. Though the body must have lain for months in its sepulchre of rock, so well had it been preserved by the cerements of frozen snow in which it had been wrapped that it was instantly

recognised as that of Duncan Graham, a poor wandering monomaniac, well-known throughout that district by a Gaelic name descriptive of the peculiar delusion that constituted his mental malady, that of *Duncan the Seeker*.

For nearly half a century, at all seasons and in all weathers, under the scorching sun of summer, the rains and floods of autumn, and the frost and snows of winter, had this poor creature wandered through the same wild region in one unvaried and unresting circle. The district that formed the scene of these wanderings, if not a very populous, was a wide and romantic one, rough, difficult, and in some places dangerous, but abounding in spots of quiet and secluded beauty, of picturesque wildness, and of imposing grandeur; for it comprehended that noble range of Alpine scenery, of mountain, forest, glen, and lake, which stretches from Benvorlich and Benledi, in Perthshire, on the north, to Benlomond and Benarthur, in the counties of Stirling, Dumbarton and Argyle, on the south. From end to end of this weary circuit had the poor maniac roamed, in ever repeated circle, for a space of nearly fifty years, without a home, and it might almost be said, without a halt; asking for neither food, nor clothes, nor lodging; which were, however, all of them seasonably supplied to him by the hospitable mountaineers, who, regarding him—the elder

generation with affectionate feelings of mingled pity and respect; the younger with a sympathy not unmixed with superstitious reverence—watched all his movements with a tender interest, welcoming his approach, and pressing on his acceptance the food, the raiment, and the rest, which he neither solicited nor refused. When on his journeyings, the movements of this singular being were always rapid, restless, and hurried; his eyes glancing keenly to and fro in all directions, as if in quest of something he had lost: and at times he might be seen to dart suddenly forward, or aside, towards some spot, usually some small mound or hillock that appeared of artificial formation, or some deep cleft or half-concealed crevice among the rocks, or some dense thicket in the midst of woods, shouting joyfully "*Huar mi è! Huar mi è!*" (I have found it! I have found it!), till, after a minute and careful search, he shook his head despondingly, and resumed his unrequited, unremitted pilgrimage, ejaculating plaintively to himself "*Ha nel è shin! Ha nel é shin!*" (It is not there! It is not there!) On no occasion was poor Duncan ever known to accost any one spontaneously, though when spoken to he never failed to answer readily and courteously; and these extorted answers, though brief, were invariably rational and to the purpose. To one only question did he refuse an answer. When

asked what it was he was in search of, he was silent; and though there was nothing sulky or that betokened anger in his silence, neither artifice nor importunity could ever prevail with him to break it. But in truth the question was rarely asked; never except by those who were strangers to his person or his history.

The body was removed with care by those who found it to the nearest farm-house; whence, escorted by a large assemblage from the glens, and hamlets, and hill-farms, for many miles around, eager to manifest their sympathy for the misfortunes of a respected family, now extinct, unfortunate in the history of so many of its members, and most of all in that of this its last,—it was in due time conveyed to the resting-place of his maternal ancestors, the island of Inchcailleach, amid the quiet waters of Loch Lomond.

The family of which Duncan Graham was the representative, and the last, had for generations been devoted adherents of the house of Stuart and had suffered severely in the cause. His grandfather, after sharing in his youth the varied fortunes of his great kinsman, the Marquis of Montrose, had in old age fallen by the side of another gallant Graham,—"*Bloody Claverhouse,*" as he was styled by one party, "*Bonny Dundee,*" by another,—fighting in the same cause, in the pass of Killicrankie. His father, Walter Graham,

imitating the example, as he had inherited the principles, of his ancestors, had been "*out*" with a following in the "*Fifteen.*" He had done his part well, as a brave soldier and skilful officer, at Sheriffmuir; had accompanied James, and Mar, on their retreat to the north; and after their embarkation at Montrose, made one in the little army that followed General Gordon to Strathspey. After the final dispersion of the rebel host, he found shelter for some months in the fastnesses of his native district, on the borders of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, that had so often afforded a hiding-place to hunted fugitives, from the days of Robert Bruce to those of Rob Roy MacGregor, and thence, with some other Jacobite leaders, effected his escape to France in a smuggler's craft that had been for some time waiting them in one of the creeks of Loch Long.

Since that period Graham had twice revisited his native country. He accompanied the formidable but ill-fated expedition fitted out by Cardinal Alberoni in support of the Jacobite cause, in 1719. Dispersed by a violent storm in the Bay of Biscay, out of that large armament only two frigates, it is known, were able to reach the coast of Scotland. In one of these was Graham; and after wandering with Lords Tullibardine, Mareschal, and Seaforth, with their handful of Spaniards, for some weeks among the

mountains of Kintail, and sharing with them in the decisive and disastrous conflict at Glenshiel, he succeeded a second time in escaping in safety to France. Again, in 1725, when the hopes of the Jacobites were particularly strong, he was one of the agents employed by the Pretender in confidential missions to the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Barrymore, and the other leaders of the party in England and Scotland. Graham, who was not less distinguished for intelligence and address than for intrepidity, executed the special commission entrusted to him with so much sagacity and success, that he rose high in the confidence and favour of James. On this second occasion he was enabled to make a stolen visit of some weeks to his family, one consequence of which was the birth, at the close of that same year, of his youngest child, and only son, the unhappy subject of the preceding narrative.

His patrimonial possessions, which at one time had been considerable in Monteith and the Lennox, had been forfeited, in consequence of the part taken by the last two owners in three successive rebellions. But his wife was possessed, in her own right, of an extensive and beautiful farm on the south-eastern skirts of Benlomond, stretching for a considerable distance along the margin of its noble lake, and directly facing the fine archipelago of islands that adorn its bosom.

Thither, after her husband's flight to France, she had retired with her little family, then consisting of two infant daughters; and there, on the last day of December, 1725, she gave birth to her third child and only son.

In 1745 the Jacobite insurrection, so often threatened, and so long delayed, at length took place. On the 19th of August, Charles Edward had unfurled his banner at Glenfinnan. Duncan Graham was now in his 21st year. Remarkable for personal beauty, possessing the courage that for generations had been hereditary in his race, foremost in every feat and manly exercise that required address, activity, or bodily strength, educated rather as became the past than the present position of his family, he was regarded by all who knew him as a youth of the highest promise. Descended by both parents from progenitors who had fought and suffered for the Stuarts, he had of course been bred a zealous Jacobite. And though the fortunes of his family were now in eclipse, had he openly declared for the Pretender, so popular was he personally, and such the deference in that age paid to gentle blood and ancient lineage, that he would have brought with him into the field a no mean following from his immediate neighbourhood, and from among the old retainers of his house in Lennox and Monteith. Had he been free to

consult his own inclinations, this course, past doubt, he would have followed, and been at this time in the castle of Doune, by the side of his maternal relative, Glengyle, assisting him to keep that venerable stronghold of the once proud and powerful Albanies for King James. But he was an only son—the last of his race—the prop of his family—the sole protector of a loved and loving mother; and, on her earnest supplication, he had consented to remain in act, though not in heart, neutral, while a cause was in dependance which had already cost her family and his so dear.

During the stirring year of *Forty-five*, accordingly, Duncan Graham remained at home an idle but not indifferent observer of passing events. But *Forty-five* was now "numbered with the years before the flood." It was *Handsel Monday*, 1746. This (the first Monday of the year), was throughout Scotland observed as the great national holiday. By all ranks and classes it was devoted to enjoyment. In the language of a poet, born on the banks of Loch Lomond, referring to another national holiday, Beltane, or the *Calends of May*, as he more classically terms it, it was—

> "Lætitiæ et mero,
> Ludisque, dicatus, jocisque,
> Et teneris Charitum chorcis."

No doubt in *Forty-six* Handsel Monday was somewhat shorn of its ancient honours. Civil

war was now raging in Scotland, and with its attendant miseries and anxieties, its conflict of interests, and discordance of opinions, had diffused a general gloom, and produced a general reserve throughout the country. It was not altogether safe for neighbourhoods to engage in those mimic contests, that war in sport, in which Handsel Monday had been usually spent, lest some untoward accident, some thoughtless jest, or casual jar, should stir the slumbering ashes of party spirit, and turn the play-ground to a field of battle. Nevertheless, in districts sufficiently removed from the "*fighting-line*," the sports of Handsel Monday were not wholly intermitted even in the *Forty-six*. An example of this might be witnessed on the broad bosom of Loch Lomond, whereon might be espied a busy multitude eagerly employed in the ancient and favourite winter game of Scotland, that of *Curling*. A sharp frost had continued from Christmas-day, and the lower part of Loch Lomond—that which is studded with its numerous islands—was covered over with strong ice. Under the lee of Inchmarron, the largest and most beautiful of these islands, in a snug semicircular bay at its north-eastern extremity, completely screened by its bold and richly-wooded cape from the biting blast as it swept from the snow-clad summit of the mighty *Ben*, might be descried a dense and ever

moving mass of *Curlers* running to and fro over the ice from one extremity to the other of their several *rinks*, grasping their curling-stones or brandishing their brooms, shouting, shouldering, sweeping, hurling, in all the excitement and enjoyment of their exhilarating and manly sport.

A *Bonspiel* for the customary Handsel Monday dinner (boiled *beef* and *greens* with mountain dew and whisky-toddy *à discrétion*) was being played for by three parishes against three—the east, or Stirlingshire, against the west, or Dumbartonshire side of the lake. They were headed by their respective ministers, for *Curling* was a privileged game, in which, even in the sourest days of Presbytery, the minister and his whole Kirk-session might engage without fear of the *Black stool*, and in which ecclesiastics were usually such adepts—from concentrating it may be all their art and energies on the one permitted sport,—that it had become a common saying throughout Scotland—"From Duddingstone to Dingwall nae curlers like the clergy." But curling was the game of manhood or of middle age. And accordingly at the western extremity of the island near the ruins of the ancient castle of the Earls of Lennox, where its woody ridges terminate in a fine level plain extending to the shore, a younger generation might be seen actively engaged in a like parochial contest at foot-ball.

On a rock that rises abruptly from the water's edge, where the champaign ground converges to a narrow point, stood this castle, the venerable remembrancer of the days of Wallace and the "good Earl Malcolm," his friend and fellow-labourer in the cause of freedom. It had long been in ruins, with the exception of a small fragment, constituting part of one of the wings, or more probably of the outbuildings of the original castle. This had been fitted up as a farm-house for the residence of the tacksman of the island, and here the Handsel Monday dinner, provided by mine host of the *Tup's Head*, in Dumbarton, had been prepared and laid out.

The *Parochiomachia* had on the present occasion terminated in what might be considered a sort of drawn battle; victory having declared for one triplet of the parishes in the game of *Curling*, at *Foot-ball* in favour of the other; and in perfect good humour, each having something wherewith to console itself under partial defeat, and with appetites sharpened by their long fast, hard exercise, and the keen mountain air, they were rushing simultaneously towards the long rows of tables, or rather of deal boards propped by pillars of fresh cut sods, on which huge masses of corned beef, embedded in their garnishing of well-boiled tender greens, were smoking invitingly, when they were startled by a sudden and rapid succession of loud reports which

they took at first for peals of thunder, but which they soon guessed to be discharges of artillery, in the direction of Stirling Castle, where a furious cannonade was evidently being carried on.

This conjecture was speedily confirmed by the arrival of one of mine host of the Tup's Head's assistants from Dumbarton, who brought intelligence that the young Chevalier and his army had set out two days previously from Glasgow with the professed design of besieging Stirling Castle; that General Hawley was on the march from Edinburgh for its relief; that a regiment of his dragoons was already quartered in Glasgow, a troop of which had that morning been sent forward to Dumbarton, and that a grand and decisive action betwixt the two armies might hourly be looked for, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Stirling. This intelligence threw an instantaneous and effectual damp over the spirits of our dinner party. Some it filled secretly with hope, others with fear, for the cause they favoured; and there were few or none present who had not relatives, or friends, or neighbours in one or other of the armies, for whose safety they were anxious; while the news that Hawley's troopers were so near filled all parties equally with consternation, that commander and his men having become infamous for the cruelties they committed wherever they came, caring, it seemed, little whether their

victims were Whigs or Jacobites, provided only they were Scotchmen. It was soon felt that with such subjects for individual meditation Handsel Monday merriment was out of the question. And accordingly, dinner being eaten hurriedly, and almost in silence, after one neighbourly *deoch slaintè* of mountain dew, they disparted in all haste, and in small parties, to their respective homes. And though the evening song, and dance, and supper were not altogether given up by the younger generation, it is needless to say that they were not prolonged to the same hour, or observed with the same light-hearted gaiety as in former years.

At Sallachie, the residence of Mrs. Graham, the last lingerers among those who had shared the Handsel Monday supper had taken their departure. The weary domestics had retired to rest; and seated in their quiet parlour, around a fire whose cheerful blaze had tempted them to prolong their sitting to the "wee short hour ayont the twal," the little family were chatting over the incidents and intelligence of the day, when the light of the moon, that had been shining brightly through one of the windows opposite to which Duncan sat, was suddenly obscured. The dark shadow passed away as suddenly as it had come; but it soon returned, and Duncan, chancing this time to have his eye directed towards the window, observed that it was caused by the body

of a man outside, who was peering into the apartment, as if numbering or noting carefully those who were within. At first he gave little heed to the circumstance, supposing it to be one of the domestics not yet gone to bed, or perhaps a neighbouring shepherd who had lingered behind, to sweetheart it with one of the maids. But when the same figure presented itself for the third time, and when he now perceived that the person was muffled up to the very eyes, as if anxious to conceal his features, his curiosity and his suspicions were excited, and he determined that, should this untimeous visitor present himself a fourth time, he would rush out immediately and resolve the mystery. Meanwhile his mother, who, unaware of what was passing in his mind, had at the moment been gazing with a mother's pride on his fine and manly countenance, kindled into animation and expression by his present thoughts, and had then transferred her look to his two lovely sisters, whose beauty, heightened by the glow of exercise and the joyous excitement of the evening, had been heightened still more in the eye of a fond parent by the winning grace and kindness with which they had performed their part in dispensing the hospitalities of her humble home, and which had drawn down upon them many a compliment and many a blessing grateful to a mother's ear, felt her heart swell within her

as she regarded her little family around her—so full of beauty and of promise, and tears of tenderness dropped from her eye, as she exclaimed, in answer to some passing remark of her elder daughter, "O yes, dear Alice! we *were* happy—we *are* happy—and humble though our roof, and humble though our fortunes,—were but one who is absent with us, we should be *perfectly* happy!" These words had scarcely passed her lips, when the door opened slowly—a stranger closely muffled up entered—and after looking cautiously around the apartment, stepped hastily forward, and dropped his cloak. "Walter Graham! my husband!" she exclaimed with a scream of joy, and fell senseless into his arms.

We shall not attempt to describe the surprise and joy of the little family—the tears that were mingled—the embraces that were exchanged—and the long fond searching look with which the father dwelt upon the features of each of his children one by one, as if he sought to imprint them individually and ineffaceably on his memory. But starting suddenly as from a dream, he hastily brushed away a tear from his eye, and exclaimed with a voice choked by his emotion, "O that this might last! But it may not be. Give me to eat, for I am hungry, and must be gone." "Be gone!" they all exclaimed. "Ay, and without delay. Hawley's hounds are after me.

I have given them the slip for this night. But their fellows will follow up their track to-morrow; and if they discover or suspect that you have harboured a rebel, even for these few happy minutes, short shrift and traitor's doom will be your dole from *Chief Justice Hawley,** and his mounted hangmen. So ere daylight play the traitor with me, I must to my old howff and hold, the kindly caverns of Craigrostan. Duncan too must attend me thither, that I may acquaint him with my secret haunts. I have a trust of high importance to confide to him; and need requires that he return hither ere morning reveals, where and with whom he has been." "But your necessities, Walter!—Your daily wants—" "My old providers at the mill of Inversnaid will attend to them." "Alas! alas! Finlay Fiar and all his sons are with the Prince." "But the miller's dame is not; and though my friend Mysie be no longer the bonny lass I remember her in the *Fifteen,* or the blooming buxom young *gudewife* that aided my escape in *Twenty-five,* she is yet, I understand, hale and hearty, and willing as ever, I nothing doubt, to venture limb and life

* General Hawley was so nick-named by his own soldiers in Flanders, not only on account of the severity he displayed in so frequently inflicting punishment for military delinquencies, but from the delight he took in being personally present at, and superintending the execution of the sentence, even when it was one of death.

for my father's son." "I will be her bond for that," exclaimed Duncan, "and besides she has but left this house a short half-hour ago—we can easily overtake her ere she reach the mill." "Better not," said his father, "she will have company, and that it boots us for the present to eschew."

Snatching a hasty meal, and tearing himself with difficulty from the prolonged embraces of his weeping wife and daughters, Graham, accompanied by his son, proceeded westward along the margin of the lake, and threading their way through the glens and copsewoods of Blarvockie, and Ardennan and Coilness, they reached the *mill of Inversnaid* before the miller's dame had retired to rest. After arranging with her for the regular supply of his wants, and the communication of intelligence, while he remained in hiding, Graham with his son plunged forthwith into the wilder and less accessible part of Craigrostan, that portion which stretches westward from the mill of Inversnaid to the upper termination of the lake. This savage and solitary, but magnificent region, intricate in some places with tangled copsewood, inaccessible in others with perpendicular precipices, overhanging ledges, or treacherous *scaurs*, here fractured into narrow chasms or winding galleries, there arched into lofty vaults, or yawning into dark mysterious and unfathomed caverns, looks as if Nature had expressly formed it

as a habitation for the desperate outlaw, or a retreat for the hunted patriot. Other co-mates he need not look for in this place of exile, than such as those that erewhile shared their dwelling with the fugitive King of Scotland,

> The when he lodged by Lomond's wave,
> With wild-goats in Craigrostan's cave.

During their long night-walk of many miles, Graham had leisure to relate to his son the circumstances that preceded, and accounted for, his so sudden appearance and his so hasty flight.

The rash expedition of the young Pretender in 1745 was undertaken, it is well known, without the privity of his father, and contrary to the opinion and advice of his wisest counsellors. Charles accordingly found it necessary, when embarking in July at the mouth of the Loire, to despatch confidential messengers to Rome, and to the courts of France and Spain, with explanations and apologies, as well as for the purpose of soliciting men and money to aid him in the execution of his design. Graham, as being already favourably known to James, was commissioned on an embassy of this kind to his little court, and succeeded so well in the object of his mission, that he was able to reach Montrose, towards the end of September, in a French brig, having on board several officers, mostly French and Irish,

three field-pieces, two thousand stand of arms, and about £1000 sterling in money. Here, learning the remarkable success which had thus far crowned the Pretender's enterprise—his rapid march on Edinburgh, and his recent decisive victory at Prestonpans—he shot across the Firth of Forth, and on the last day of the month landed safely at Newhaven.

Charles Edward was now in the heyday of his short-lived success, devoting his mornings to the council, his days to the camp at Duddingstone, and his evenings to feastings and receptions and the dance in the regal halls of Holyrood. Volunteers were flocking to his standard from all quarters. Many who were afraid to declare openly in his favour gave their adhesion in secret, and forwarded supplies of money. Jacobite agents from the south were arriving daily with invitations to him to cross the border, and, despite the warnings and remonstrances of his ablest advisers, he had fully determined on the march to England. Notwithstanding the free gifts received from wealthy Jacobites and secret friends, the forced contributions from Glasgow and other Whig towns, the seizing of the public revenues, and the balances due by the forfeited estates, and the confiscation and sale of the goods found in the custom-houses of the different ports, money, arms, and

ammunition, were still urgently required for carrying his adventure to a successful issue. And accordingly, after loading Graham with caresses and promises, he begged him to return forthwith to France with the news of his late victory and contemplated invasion of England, and to demand from the King of France and his ministers, not only immediate supplies of arms and ammunition, but the fulfilment of promises repeatedly and solemnly made of a descent by a French force on the English coast, simultaneously with his march on the interior. Reluctant as Graham naturally was to quit his native land, from which he had been so long exiled, and without visiting his family from whom he had been so long separated, even when in sight of the mountain, at whose foot was their abode, his high-strained sentiments of loyalty, and his deep devotion to the cause in which he had embarked, would not allow him to refuse compliance, at such a crisis, with the mandate of his Prince; and accordingly, on the day following that of his arrival at Newhaven, he again set sail for France in the same vessel that had brought him thence.

The news of the Chevalier's success, of which he was the bearer, was received in France with feelings of joy and exultation. Cardinal Tencin, who had the triumph of the Jacobite cause sincerely at heart, was transported at

the intelligence, and even Louis himself, the sluggish, selfish, sensual Louis, was roused from his apathy to a fit of temporary enthusiasm and activity. Ships were sent off from various ports for different parts of the Scotch and English coast with supplies of arms and ammunition, and preparations were even made for a descent on the shores of Kent and Essex by a formidable French army. Graham, with the rank of colonel in the French service, was sent in charge of one of these ships, the destination of which was the Mersey, or any accessible port in the Frith of Solway, carrying arms and warlike stores for the expected rising in Lancashire and Cumberland, where the Jacobite interest was peculiarly strong. He was also the bearer of confidential communications to the Prince, of the highest importance, from the courts of Rome and France, as well as of a casket of jewels of great value, sent him by his devoted friend the young Duke of Bouillon, to be pawned for his service, or even sold, should his necessities require it.

The same good fortune, however, did not attend Graham on this occasion as on the former. The English cruisers were now more numerous, and more on the alert; and the French brig being discovered by one of these while hovering off the Lancashire coast, was compelled to run for safety northward to the Firth of Clyde. With this

part of the coast Graham was well acquainted, and by his directions the Frenchman made for the sound of Kilbrannan; and steering along the west side of the island of Arran, put at nightfall into the sheltered and romantic bay of Loch Ranza. Here Graham procured one of the large boats or smacks employed in the herring fishery in Kilbrannan and Loch Fyne, and transferring to it the more portable and valuable portion of the cargo, the boxes of treasure, made under cover of the darkness for the beautiful winding narrows known as the *Kyles of Bute;* while with the hope of eluding their pursuer, or at least of covering his own escape with the treasure and dispatches, he directed the French commander to steer round the north end of Arran, and then double his way back to the south, along its eastern side.

Eventually the French brig was captured, but Graham succeeded in effecting his escape. During night he had reached the large salt water inlet of Loch Streven, at the northern termination of the Kyles, and when daylight appeared his little craft was to all seeming busily engaged in her proper occupation, that of catching fish. Towards nightfall, creeping along the bold indented shores of Cowal, their craggy headlands crowned with copsewoods to the water's edge, he shot across the entrance of the Holy Loch, into Loch Long, in a sequestered cove, at the upper extremity of which

morning found his little bark moored in safety. Here landing his treasure-boxes, Graham dismissed the fisherman and his two sons, on whose secrecy, as being Stuarts and Jacobites, he could implicitly rely, with a gratuity liberally proportioned to the important services they had rendered him. He was now in his own country, as the Highlanders express it, and knew on whom of its inhabitants he could venture to repose confidence. He proceeded accordingly to the cottage of old Dougal Glas, the ferryman, at Tarbert, and with his assistance and that of his two stalwart daughters—all his sons being then *out* with the Prince—he first conveyed the treasure-boxes across the narrow neck of land that divides Loch Long from Loch Lomond, and thence across the latter to the woods and caverns of Craigrostan on the other side of the lake.

While hovering off the Lancashire coast Graham had learned the disastrous upshot of the march to England. He knew that on the 6th of December the Pretender's army had commenced its retreat from Derby to the north. And from the ferryman of Tarbert he now learned farther that some days past the Prince and his host had arrived at Glasgow, where they were exacting heavy contributions with the declared intention of marching thence to the siege of Stirling, Lord John Drummond having just arrived from France

with considerable reinforcements in men, and especially in artillery.

Anxious, therefore, to deliver without delay the important dispatches entrusted to his charge, he removed the heavy boxes into a deep and narrow cave or rather cleft of rock, known but to himself, the entrance to which was completely hidden by a bushy bird-cherry tree, whose thick branches spread over it, and without waiting to visit his home, though now but a few miles distant, he struck away to the eastward, and avoiding the English garrison at Inversnaid, and skirting along the northern base of Benlomond by the three mountain lakes, Loch Arklet, Loch Con, and Loch Ard, he arrived, as night was setting in, at the small and finely situated hamlet of the *Port* at the north-eastern extremity of the beautiful Loch of Monteith.

Here, as a rudely painted sign-board over the doorway of a low thatched cottage assured the weary wayfarer, was to be had, "*good entertainment for man and horse,*" by Donald Martin, smith, farrier, and publican.

Donald was an ancient retainer of Graham's family, and had known him from a child. He was a thorough Jacobite, and though now too old to serve in person, he had sent his only son as his substitute to fight, as he expressed it, "for our true Scotch king of our ain Scotch blood." Under his

roof accordingly, secure of welcome and of secresy, Graham, exhausted with his long walk over rugged paths rendered still more rugged by the hardening frost, determined to pass the night. He was at once recognised by the worthy hammer-man and his dame, and received with joyful cordiality. But when he announced his destination and his object, the old man shook his head, and anxiously and earnestly dissuaded him from making the attempt. All the roads to Stirling he informed him, and all the fords of the Forth, were at this moment effectually closed up—on the north side by the Argyle militia, and on the south by bands of troops from Dumbarton Castle—and the attempt to pass this line would inevitably cost him his dispatches and his life.

Graham, however, was resolved on making the attempt, to which he was the more encouraged by a fact which he learned incidentally in the course of conversation with his host. His old friend and schoolfellow, Francis Buchanan, was then, he found, residing at his house of Arnprior, on the way to Stirling, from which it was not more than eight or ten miles distant. Could he succeed in reaching Arnprior, his friend, he had no doubt, would help him to some place of concealment, whence he might watch his opportunity of proceeding in safety to the Prince's camp, which was so near.

Arnprior was at heart a Jacobite, and as such

he, in fact, afterwards suffered death at Carlisle. But he never openly joined the Pretender in arms, and he was at present under a cloud, and in disfavour with his party, being suspected of the murder of a popular Jacobite leader, Stewart of Glenbuckie, who, while his guest in the house of Leny, Arnprior's principal residence, was found dead in his bed-room, shot with his own pistol, by his own hand, as was given out,—by the hand of his host, as was suspected. This charge, however, was solemnly denied by Arnprior in his dying moments on the scaffold at Carlisle, and it was besides proved that Glenbuckie had the evening before retired to his apartment in a state of deep dejection and despondency, declaring that the Prince was in the hands of fools and madmen, and that the cause was lost. To Graham, however, these incidents in the recent history of his friend and schoolfellow were at this time unknown. And early next morning, mounted on the publican's grey shelty, a small and shaggy but active and hardy animal, selecting the more retired bye-roads of a district with which he was familiar from his boyhood, he reached in a few hours the residence of the laird of Arnprior, the descendant and representative of the "*King of Kippen,*" as he had styled himself on a well-known occasion, and as he continued to be styled by his merry neighbour-King at Stirling, the facetious fifth James of

Scotland. To Francis Buchanan, however, the sudden appearance of his friend and schoolfellow was a sight at once unwelcome and alarming. Though looked upon coldly by his own party he was still from his known Jacobite principles an object of suspicion to the government; and with looks of consternation, he informed Graham that a party of English troopers were quartered in his house; that, though out patrolling for the present, he was every moment expecting their return;—that concealment was in these circumstances out of the question; that, if discovered, Hawley's troopers would make short work with the life of both, the harboured and the harbourer, and he conjured his friend, for the love of heaven, without an instant's delay to retrace his steps to his hiding-place in the wilds of Lennox, till better times admitted safer access to the Prince.

But Graham had ridden hard, and over rough roads. His little pony was too much exhausted to bear him farther, and he besought his friend to accommodate him at least with the use of a fresher steed. Shaking his head significantly, Arnprior pointed towards the stable, as if he meant to say, "I dare not lend, but you may take." The hint was understood and instantly acted on. Selecting the best horse in his friend's stable, Graham still determined to venture the journey to Stirling, avoiding the highway, and taking to

the woods and uplands that skirted the pleasure-grounds of the mansions of Boquhan and Gargunnock. But he had not proceeded many hundred yards with this intention, when, to his dismay, he perceived at some distance before him, two troopers, well armed and mounted, advancing towards him, so that it was impossible to avoid meeting them directly in the open highway. Trusting that he had not been observed by them, he instantly turned his horse's head, and began to retrace his steps, slowly at first, but more rapidly so soon as he conceived himself to be fairly out of sight. His movement, however, had not escaped the eagle eye of the dragoons. They shouted aloud to him to halt. Finding that their command was not attended to, they put spurs to their horses, and set off at full gallop in pursuit.

The country over which the chase lay was rough and intricate: Graham knew it thoroughly; the troopers did not. He had besides had some start at the commencement of the race; his steed was fleet and fresh, and he reached the point from which he had set out that morning, the hostelry of Donald Martin, some five-and-twenty minutes before the two troopers. Hastily explaining to his friend Donald the predicament in which he now stood, after some brief inquiries as to the state of the ice on different parts of the loch, and some directions as to the information and advice to be

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given to his pursuers when they came up, he sprang off his steed, and at a rapid pace, half running, half sliding, proceeded along the slippery surface of the lake in the direction of the two beautiful islets that crown its centre.

The troopers, who from the distance had observed his course, hesitated at first to follow. But being assured by the smith that the ice was strong enough to bear not only their weight, but that of the whole army of King George, horse, foot, and artillery; that the fugitive was evidently making for the larger island to conceal himself amid the ruins of the priory of Inchmahome, where, in all probability, they would find him in a deep hole or pit, the situation of which he minutely pointed out to them, that had anciently been a well, and the mouth of which was now hidden by a mass of fallen rubbish and a thick overgrowth of hazel bushes, they dismounted, and commending their reeking chargers to the special care and attentions of mine host, set off across the ice, with pistols loaded, in pursuit. Meanwhile, Graham had crossed the larger island without stopping, and thence proceeded to the smaller, where stood formerly the castle of his own ancestors, the Grahams, Earls of Monteith, which also he crossed without pausing, and placing the two islands betwixt him and his pursuers, reached in safety, and unseen, the farther, the southern shore of the

lake. The troopers, after exploring in vain every nook and corner of the ruins and the larger isle, proceeded to the smaller, and when after a bootless search they had reached its southern extremity, Graham suddenly presented himself in the distance, perched on a rocky projection that ran for a considerable way into the lake, waving his bonnet as in triumph and defiance. Furious at this challenge, and remarking the short distance that now lay betwixt them and the fugitive, the devoted troopers set off at speed in a direct line across the ice,—Graham all the while remaining motionless on his rocky perch, as if inviting and defying their approach: when on a sudden, and ere they were aware, they came on an *eye* or *well*, a circular spot in the frozen field, of considerable extent, and so thinly crusted over, as to be unable to sustain an infant's weight; and with an impetus which they were unable to check in time, with a heavy splash, and a cry of horror heard for many miles around, and long remembered, the two powerful young men sank amid the shivered ice into the deep still lake, and disappeared for ever!

Graham, well acquainted with the loch over which in his school-boy days he had so often fished in summer, and skaited in winter, had avoided this dangerous spot, which he knew was never covered with safe ice, by taking a circuit which the interposal of the islands betwixt him and his pursuers

Meanwhile, the barren victory at Falkirk, and the abortive siege of Stirling, were followed rapidly by the retreat of the Jacobite army to the north. And no sooner had the retreat fairly commenced, and the Forth been crossed on the first day of February, than the Highlanders began to disperse. They were now quitting the rebel standard by daily hundreds, some tempted by the near neighbourhood of their home, some in order to recover of their wounds, and some to deposit their marauders' spoil; and of these several classes very few returned to join the ranks of their retreating comrades. Among those who had thus returned to their home were Finlay Fiar Macnab, the miller of Inversnaid, and his two sons, all three having received severe injuries from the unfortunate explosion of the powder magazine, on the evening before the retreat from Stirling, which blew up the church of St. Ninians, under the lee of which the father and sons chanced to have their bivouac for the night. Many of their comrades were killed upon the spot; but they were fortunate enough to escape with some severe bruises from the falling stones. Ewen Glas, the young ferryman of Tarbert, also had returned, he having received a sabre wound that disabled him for present service, from one of Huske's dragoons, in the fight at Falkirk.

From them Graham received, and simultaneously,

had prevented them from observing; and wanting this warning they had fallen into the trap and perished.

Shuddering at a catastrophe to which he owed his life, and ejaculating a fervent thanksgiving to Heaven for his so narrow and remarkable escape, Graham pursued his way westward to Loch Lomond, and at midnight, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, reached the dwelling of his wife under the circumstances which have already been detailed.

The apprehensions of pursuit, however, which he entertained, and had expressed to his family, were not realised. It was not suspected by the government authorities who the fugitive in this case was, and his secret being known only to his friends, Arnprior and the blacksmith, was in safe keeping. The battle of Falkirk, the siege of Stirling, and the other stirring events that so closely followed, drew off the attention of the Royalists to more urgent matters; and what would at any rate have prevented farther pursuit or search after Graham was the belief artfully encouraged by his host at the *Port of Monteith*, that pursuers and pursued had sunk together in the icy gulf. His retreat at Craigrostan thus remained altogether unmolested; and before a week had elapsed he ventured occasionally to pass the long winter evenings, and by-and-by even the entire day, with his family under his own roof.

the news of Hawley's defeat; of the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland; of the raising of the siege of Stirling; and of the sudden retreat of the Jacobite army to the north. He learned farther, that the Prince was at present reduced to the greatest straits from want of money; of the numerous ships despatched from France with arms and treasure, hardly any having reached their destination. The latest of them, the "Hazard," having on board upwards of 13,000*l.* sterling, had been chased by an English ship of war to the coast of Sutherland, and the treasure she conveyed, after being landed, had been captured by a party of Lord Loudoun's men and the Mackays.

This intelligence quickened Graham's anxiety and impatience to reach the Jacobite head-quarters without loss of time. The three Macnabs and young Ewen Glas were easily prevailed on to aid him in his enterprise. But it was necessary to wait till the recovery was complete. The preparations for transporting the treasure, too, occupied a considerable time, as they required to be conducted with the utmost secresy and caution, under the very eye, it might be said, of the royal garrison at Inversnaid. And when at length all these obstacles had been overcome, a severe storm of snow set in, about the middle of February, which rendered the mountain-passes over which their route lay, for the time impracticable. The

month of March, therefore, was considerably advanced before Graham found himself in a condition to commence his journey. The treasure, divided into four equal parts, was strapped on the back of four stout mountain ponies, stowed away, and carefully concealed among articles of common use or ordinary traffic in the Highland districts. Of these ponies, one pair, having two men in charge of them, were to start together; the other pair following next day, so as neither to attract too much notice by travelling all of them in a body, nor to be too distant for communication or mutual assistance, should need require.

They were to proceed by the mountain passes across the hills of Strathgartney and Balquidder, and by Benvorlich and Loch Tay, to the valley of the Tummel, and thence to the Blair of Athol, where Graham would be waiting to receive them, and where he expected the head-quarters of the Jacobite army would then be. He himself accordingly set out two days before, following the route which he had prescribed to them. Duncan earnestly importuned his father to be allowed to share, or even to become his substitute in, this enterprise, representing it as one that depended for its success less on wisdom and experience than on lightness of foot, youthful activity, and endurance of fatigue. On this point, however, his father was inexorable. He laid his peremptory parental

commands on his son to abide at home for the protection of his mother and sisters, happen what might to himself in a cause to which he was too far committed to be able to recede with honour, and with the fortunes of which his resolution had long been taken to stand or fall. The only favour which Duncan could obtain was, permission to precede by a short way each of the two parties as they successively commenced their journey, in order to warn them of any danger by which they might be threatened, till at least they were safely beyond the garrisons of Inversnaid and Doune, to whom had been intrusted the guarding of the passes to the Argyle and Perthshire Highlands.

Meanwhile the rapid march of the Jacobite army had far outstripped the calculations of Graham. About the middle of February, weeks before he had been able to quit his hiding-place, the head-quarters of the Prince had already been established at Inverness. The castle of Blair, where he expected to find Charles Edward, was now occupied by the royal troops under the veteran Sir Andrew Agnew, after resisting a gallant but fruitless attempt to capture it by Lord George Murray; and the whole country, from the Tummel to the Spey, overrun with detachments from the Duke of Cumberland's advancing army, who were already giving a foretaste of that indiscriminate and unsparing ferocity which charac-

terised and rendered infamous their proceedings a few weeks later. To Jacobites, or suspected Jacobites, no mercy was shown by these savage troopers. Wherever the terrified inhabitants fled at their approach, this itself was held sufficient proof of disaffection; their habitations were forthwith consumed to ashes, and their cattle seized or slaughtered without reparation or apology.

To pass his treasure through a line so strictly guarded, Graham soon discovered would be a hopeless undertaking. He accordingly retraced his steps, and having met his party in a mountain pass on one of the lower spurs of Benvorlich, he disposed of them for the time in a place of safety, near the borders of Loch Earn.

Carrying the dispatches and the casket of jewels about his person, he himself set out for Rannoch, purposing to cross from thence to the mountains of Badenoch, in the hope that by this detour he might be able to elude the royal army, and reach the Jacobite head-quarters at Inverness. But in this attempt he had to encounter difficulties and dangers far greater than he had reckoned on. The castle of Ruthven, in Badenoch, was at this time invested by a detachment from the Duke of Cumberland's army. And while the *Highland road,* the great pass to Inverness, was thus effectually closed against him, the neighbouring mountains and glens were inhabited by the Grants, and they

were up in arms against the Pretender and his cause. In attempting to pass this line accordingly, twice had Graham most narrowly escaped with his life. Pursued on one of these occasions by a party of the Grants, he fled eastward into Athol, and plunging into the rocky gorges of the glen of Bruar, in his extremity ventured on the daring expedient of crossing to the other side by the only pass which then existed,—that narrow and singular ledge of rock known to all who have visited this romantic ravine, which spans the roaring torrent, that in the course of ages has forced an opening and worn for itself a passage underneath it, as it rushes to fling itself in a sheet of foam into the deep abyss, that, prisoned in its smoothly-sculptured bed of stone, wheels and boils and hisses far below. Across this fearful bridge his hunters dared not follow him, and he escaped. On another occasion, some English troopers had pursued him to the summit of Craigelachy, and enclosed him on the very edge of the precipice. But before they were able to overtake him, he had let himself down the perpendicular descent by sliding in a groove worn in the face of the rock by the winter rains, and terminating, as he knew, in a safe landing-place not far below, a broad projecting ledge from which was the entrance to a deep arched cavern, open at both ends, through which the water found its

way. Hither his pursuers dared not follow him; and here he remained in safety for the night. But aware that his hiding-place would be invested on the day following, and searched by those who knew the secret of the cave, before daylight next morning, the 16th of April, he set out from it, and struck away to the south-west among the mountains, hoping ere night-fall to reach the quarters of the Prince at Inverness.

Towards afternoon of that day he was startled to observe a succession, at first of insulated individuals, and by-and-by of small parties of three and four, advancing hastily towards him from the north, all of them running at speed, but pausing frequently to look back as if expecting to be pursued. As these fugitives neared him, Graham discovered that they were all of them Highlanders, soldiers, and, by the party-badges on their bonnets, Jacobites. Much alarmed, he accosted one of their number, a young man, having the dress and appearance of an officer, and inquired of him whither and why they were thus hurrying so fast. "We are hurrying to our homes," replied the young officer, "and we are fleeing from destruction. We fought this morning at Culloden, at disadvantage and at odds, famished with hunger, exhausted by fatigue, distracted by dissensions, without a general, and without a plan of battle. We have been betrayed, our

cause is lost, the Prince has fled, our best and bravest lie food for eagles on Drummossie Moor; and we who live are hunted quarry, expecting every moment to hear the cry of Cumberland's beagles after us, across these hills."

Nothing now remained for Graham, in order to save his life, and, if possible, the important trust committed to his keeping, but to join their flight. Finding that their course lay in the same direction, he confided to the young Jacobite officer the secret of his name and mission, and proposed that they should travel together. To this young Stewart gladly consented, the high rank and still higher character of Graham in the Jacobite party being well known to him.

Next day they reached the spot where the treasure and its convoy had been left in hiding. The object now was to re-transport it to the place whence it had been removed, to await any opportunity that might offer for shipping it from Loch Long, either back to France or whithersoever the interests or necessities of the cause required.

But the dangers of the return were ten-fold greater than had been those of the advance. The district over which they had to pass was now swarming with Royalist troops. Detachments from the Duke of Cumberland's army, relieved from the necessity of acting any longer as one body, had been despatched in all directions, more

especially to the mountainous and woody region that formed the border country betwixt the Lowlands and Highlands; their zeal animated by the tempting rewards that awaited the capture of the Jacobite chiefs, and the possibility of securing even the £30,000 placed on the head of the Chevalier himself. It was therefore necessary to choose the wildest, roughest, least frequented passes, by which they might find their way from the banks of Loch Earn to the shores of Loch Lomond: and this became severely trying to the strength of their small and half-starved ponies, hardy and full of spirit though they were. Two of them became soon so utterly exhausted that they were compelled to leave them to their fate, after carefully concealing the gold with which they were laden, in a place where it could afterwards easily be found by any survivor of the party who might be sent to recover it.

With the other two they struggled on till they reached the braes of Strathgartney, where they overlook the secluded and beautiful valley of Glenfinlass into which they purposed to descend, and thence, by crossing the stream that divides Loch Achray from Loch Katrine, to make for the north-eastern skirts of Benlomond, not far from which the place of their ultimate destination lay. But the inhabitants of this glen were almost to a man Stewarts, and consequently almost to a man

Jacobites. A troop of Hawley's dragoons from Stirling Castle had a few days previously been ordered into it, and their presence was but too surely certified to our travellers by the columns of smoke that were seen ascending in all parts of the devoted valley from cottages in flames, and by the blackened ruins of what had so lately been the happy homes of a numerous and prosperous yeomanry! At this sight a cry of astonishment and horror burst from the lips of the young Jacobite officer, Robert Stewart. He was a native of the glen, and there, in that sweet pastoral vale that now lay stretched out in all its beauty beneath his feet, he beheld the homesteads of his fathers and the dwellings of his kindred silent and deserted, a shapeless smouldering heap of blackened stones! After a burst of tears which he was unable to restrain, and a torrent of imprecations and vows of vengeance against the butcher Cumberland and his savage doers, which he sought not to restrain, Stewart undertook to guide the party, by passes well known to him, to the other, the southern side of the mountain ridge on which they now stood, and which sloped down towards the *Trosachs*, the wild, woody, and all but inaccessible region that stretches along the north side of Loch Katrine. Amid its labyrinths they might conceal themselves, till opportunity was afforded them of crossing safely to the other side,

and proceeding southward to Loch Lomond. Unfortunately, however, at the moment of their appearance on the ridge, they had been observed from below, and their sudden change of course having awakened suspicion, the hurried call of the bugle, summoning together the troopers that were dispersed throughout the glen, gave them warning that they had been discovered, and would be pursued.

Their only hope now lay in outstripping the dragoons in their march towards the tangled wilderness of the Trosachs, where they might either separate and consult each man his individual safety among the thickets and ravines with which it abounded, or choose some spot impracticable for the attack of horsemen, and united set their assailants, however superior they might be in numbers, at defiance. This latter alternative they were eventually compelled by circumstances to adopt. For they had scarcely had time to conceal the treasure, and set the sumpter-horses at large, when the dragoons were heard encouraging each other, as they entered the rocky gorge at the eastern extremity of the Trosachs, the only path—even for horsemen then a difficult and dangerous one—by which the borders of Loch Katrine were approachable. It was therefore resolved to choose some spot where the advantage of the ground would in some degree compensate for inequality in numbers and inferiority in appoint-

ments. Stewart accordingly, who, from his boyhood, had been intimately acquainted with every dell, dingle, and labyrinth in this wild region, conducted them to a spot that fulfilled the required conditions thoroughly. This was a pass, or rather a broad lane, winding betwixt high walls of rock, and opening on that singular pool or caldron, that forms the terminal extremity of Loch Katrine to the east. Dark in colour, of unknown depth, nearly circular in form, overhung on the south by a lofty precipice, crowned with scraggy oaks, this *Avernal* pool appears at first view a detached and separate lake, till, on examination, it is found to be united to the main body of the loch by a narrow neck or slender thread of running water. The gorge or pass referred to, and which opens on the north bank of this pool, is thickly strewn over its whole length with huge masses of detached and broken rock, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups, most of them crowned at top with a plumage of dwarf oaks or stunted birches, imparting to it that character of *intricacy*, which, according to Sir Uvedale Price, is one of the constituents of the *picturesque*, but which, however pleasing to a poet's or a painter's eye, was the worst suited possible for the operations of our troopers in dealing with skilful and determined antagonists on foot.

On this spot Graham and his little band of

followers resolved to await their assailants. And scarcely had he arranged with them the tactics to be observed for assault or for defence, as circumstances might prescribe, and each man taken his post behind his own "munition of rock," when ten well-mounted troopers entered the pass at speed, and the officer who led them in a loud voice summoned them to surrender as King George's prisoners. "And to receive such mercy (exclaimed Stewart), from the Elector and his butcher son, as ye have shown my kinsmen of Glenfinlass! While we have an arm that can strike for vengeance, and one drop of loyal blood runs in our veins — never! Long live King James, and a Jeddart jig *to the German gauger!*"*

With a fierce oath the officer gave his men the word to charge instantly, and grant no quarter to the whoreson Jacobites, while a man of them remained. In number and equipments the troopers were superior to their opponents. They

* *Query?*—Was this nickname bestowed on *George the Second*, because of the zeal with which a few years previously (in 1733), he had supported the *excise scheme*, the unpopular measure of his favourite minister, Sir Robert Walpole? When this scheme was broached, Lord Hervey informs us: "The universal cry throughout the kingdom was, *no slavery, no excise, no wooden shoes.*" It rendered the king extremely unpopular, and had nearly cost the all-powerful minister his place. Pulteney remarked in the House of Commons, that the inscription on Walpole's tomb should be: "*This is the man who would have enslaved his country by an excise.*"

were all of them veterans who had seen service and fought at Fontenoy; they were fresh, too, from their recent discomfiture and disgrace at Falkirk, and furious for revenge upon the Highlanders. But their movements were hampered by the difficulties of the ground. Its roughness and intricacy prevented their acting as a body, while it enabled their opponents at pleasure to accept or to evade their individual attack. These opponents, too, were themselves soldiers, practised in fight, and completely armed. Their leader had fought at Sheriffmuir and Fontenoy, and his followers had all of them performed the march to Derby, had faced red troopers in the battle-field, and had seen ere now their bravest turn their back and flee before the Highland broadsword at Prestonpans and Falkirk. And so effectually did they turn to account their soldierly experience, their personal prowess, and the vantage of the ground, that eventually, of the ten dragoons, seven, including their commander, lay dead upon the field, while the remaining three, more or less severely wounded, sought their safety in flight. On the other side, Finlay Fiar and his elder son were slain upon the spot; the younger, mortally wounded, and not in a state to be removed, died soon after. Reckless of life, and burning to avenge the wrongs done to his kinsmen, young Stewart, singling out the officer in

command of the dragoons, rushed upon him, and after slaying him with his own hand, was cut in pieces by the troopers early in the fight. Graham and Ewen Glas, though bleeding copiously from sabre wounds, were able, after the three surviving dragoons had fled, to resume their course.

Crossing, accordingly, about a mile below the scene of their bloody encounter, the stream that, issuing from Loch Katrine, divides it from Loch Achray, they struck away southward for Benlomond, keeping at as great a distance as practicable from the garrison of Inversnaid, and the roads that led to it. But as they approached the eastern extremity of Loch Arklet they were unfortunately observed and hailed by a party consisting of an officer and three soldiers, who, after escorting a prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, were returning to Inversnaid by the nearest path along the foot of the mountain. Wounded and weary, flight was out of the question. On riding up to them the officer, a native of the Lennox, at once recognised Graham, and knowing the value of the prize, was determined to make him his prisoner. Addressing him, accordingly, by his name, he summoned him to surrender. Graham, knowing that for him capture was death, resolutely and at once refused, and thus had he and his bleeding, but unshrinking and devoted, follower to play over again the same deadly game in which they had so lately been

engaged. The game, indeed, was now a hopeless one; but bravely was it played. The officer fell by the hand of Graham, and before he himself received his death-wound the faithful Ewen Glas had sunk beside him, while the three soldiers bore bloody marks of the heavy cost at which their victory had been purchased. Smarting from their wounds, and furious at the loss of their commander, after stabbing and hacking with brute rage the dead body of Graham, they dragged it to the side of the lake, and cast it into the deep still waters of Loch Arklet. Disregarding his companion, whom they supposed to be already dead, they proceeded slowly, and with heavy hearts, to the castle of Inversnaid, bearing the body of their late commander.

Weeks before the events we have been describing took place, rumours as to the now hopeless condition of the Pretender's army and cause had been circulating all over Scotland. They had, of course, reached the family of Graham, and filled them with apprehension and anxiety. No tidings of himself, or of his party, had ever reached them. And when at length certain intelligence of the disastrous and decisive actions at Culloden had arrived, Duncan Graham, unable any longer to control his impatience, had set out in search of his father. He followed the route by which he knew that he and his party had journeyed to the north,

in the hope that if they survived they would probably observe the same course on their return.

Circumstances, however, as we have seen, had compelled them to deviate from their former track; and hence for many days Duncan could discover no trace of them, till at length on the declivity of a wild moor, he fell in with the two ponies that had been first abandoned, and that by a natural instinct were making their way slowly southward in the direction of their home. Hoping that the instinct of these sagacious animals might conduct them to the track pursued by their comrades, he committed himself entirely to their guidance, and followed as they led. His expectations were not disappointed. While crossing the moors of Balquidder by a pass that led to the Braes of Strathgartney, a joyful neigh suddenly announced that they had come upon ground recently trodden by their companions, and following foot-prints which were now easily traceable by Graham himself, they led him first into the woody labyrinths of the Trosachs, and thence towards the open margin of Loch Katrine, where he found the two remaining ponies grazing quietly in a sunny glade at a very short distance from the spot that had been the recent scene of the conflict with the dragoons. The tokens of this sanguinary struggle soon attracted his observation. The dead body of a trooper, noticeable by his scarlet

uniform, lay at some distance before him on the path, and close by him that of his horse, as if both had fallen in the act of flight. Hurrying onward to the spot that had been the chief scene of the fight, he there found, mixed with the dead bodies of the seven troopers, the stiffened corpses of the three Macnabs, who were well known to him, as well as that of Robert Stewart, who from the white plume on his bonnet had, as he readily concluded, fought on the same side with them. But no traces could he discover of his father or of Ewen Glas. Cherishing some hope from this circumstance, though dashed by the apprehension that, if they survived the fray, they had in all probability been carried off as prisoners, he hurried homeward, knowing that if his father had escaped, he would be found where he knew well to search for him, in the secret caverns of Craigrostan. In his desire to avoid the neighbourhood of the garrison of Inversnaid, Duncan naturally pursued the very track that had been followed by his father and Ewen Glas. From a reverie of sad forebodings, in which his mind had been for some time completely absorbed, on approaching the eastern extremity of Loch Arklet, he was startled by hearing what seemed the heavy moan of one in pain. Looking round, he perceived at the distance of a few paces from him, stretched upon the ground, the body of poor Ewen Glas, who was still alive, but evidently in

the agonies of death. When Duncan, with an exclamation of surprise and grief hastened to his side, the dying man gave signs of consciousness and recognition, but was unable to articulate an intelligible answer to his agitated and multiplied inquiries. He had spread his plaid upon the heath, and was about to place Ewen upon it, when he shook his head dissuadingly, as if to intimate that it was too late, pointing at the same time sorrowfully and significantly to the lake hard by. With fearful misgivings Duncan hurried to its brink, and stretched along the sandy bottom, in the deep clear waters of the lake, he discovered the mangled body of his father, the bloody sword still firmly clutched in his brave right hand!

Duncan threw himself on the bank, and was giving way to an irrepressible burst of lamentation, when he was aroused and alarmed by a loud cry, or rather hysterical shriek, from the dying man, who by a convulsive effort had raised himself on his elbow, and by earnest signs was beckoning Duncan to come to him. Hastening to his side, Ewen pointed eagerly with his finger, first in a direction far away to the north, then to a place somewhat nearer, and as if it lay in a hollow or deep valley, and lastly to a spot seemingly not far distant from the place at which they were; and ejaculating faintly and hurriedly, but with great earnestness, the words, "*Father—casket—gold—*

dispatches—the Prince—carry—deliver—haste—swear,"—he sank back, exhausted with the effort, and instantly expired.

In a state of mind difficult to conceive, and impossible to describe, Duncan hurried homeward from the spot of horrors, to provide the means for recovering the dead body of his father, and according to it and the remains of his faithful follower the due rites of burial. But so bewildered was his mind—so stunned and stupified by grief, and so occupied in devising how he might best communicate the terrible tidings with which he was fraught to his mother and sisters, that though for miles the residence of his mother was in sight, he had nearly reached the little wicket that led to it through a coppice of birch wood, from behind, ere he became sensible of a smouldering smell, and of columns of smoke that ascended from its site, and discovered that all that now remained of what had so lately been his happy home, was a confused and blackened heap of reeking ruins! With a cry of astonishment and horror he rushed towards the spot, but living sight or sound to greet him there was none. He shouted madly, but nought replied. The very birds had deserted the copse that had so recently been ringing with their vernal song. The only remains of living thing he could discover was the dead carcase of poor old *Sealgar*, a favourite hound, that, blind from age,

was wont to crawl daily at noon to a grassy knoll near the house, to beak in the warm rays of the sun; and on that spot some inhuman wretch had nearly severed his head from his body with a sabre-stroke!

Without any definite object, and hardly conscious of what he did, Duncan ran forward in the direction of the lake. All who have sailed on Lochlomond must have remarked and admired that stupendous sheet of rock that, rising abrupt and sheer out of the lake, shoots perpendicularly up to a height of several hundred feet, at a short distance from, and directly in front of, the spot where once stood the mansion-house, and where still stands the farm-steading of Sallachie. Duncan had reached the smooth and grassy platform that crowns the summit-verge of this precipice, when his attention was drawn to a female who stood on the beach below, on a narrow strip of white sand that lined the margin of the lake, wringing her hands and stooping down, as gazing earnestly on some object in the water. He recognised her at once as Martha MacMillan, the wife of a neighbouring cottar who followed the double occupation of fisherman and ferryman on the loch. Hastening to where she stood, and inquiring the cause of her lamentation she, without answering, pointed to the lake before them; and there, extended in its limpid depths, lay the dead body

of a young and beautiful female, whom Duncan instantly recognised as that of his elder sister! With a loud cry of agony the unhappy youth, whose nerves had been already overstrained by so rapid a succession of horrors, sank overpowered and senseless on the beach. When consciousness returned, he found himself in the fisherman's cottage, affectionately tended by the old man, his wife and daughter. The first word which he uttered, was an inquiry after his mother and his younger sister. Observing their reluctance to answer, he calmly but peremptorily insisted that they should tell him all. And what slowly, and partially, and by piece-meal, and with all the shadings and softenings which delicacy and tenderness prompted them to throw over what was most horrible and repulsive in the details, they related in extorted answers to his questioning, we may now relate more fully, and without reserve.

Letters found in one of the captured French vessels had made the Government and the Duke of Cumberland aware that Graham was in Scotland, that he was the bearer of money and dispatches for the young Pretender, as well as of confidential communications from the foreign courts, which had not been trusted to writing. The gossiping propensity and incontinence of speech of the blacksmith's dame, had let out the

secret, that he was the person the chase after whom had cost the two English troopers their lives in the Loch of Monteath. And when it became farther known that it was by his hand the officer—who belonged to one of the principal families in the Lennox—had fallen on the banks of Loch Arklet, General Hawley instantly ordered a troop of his dragoons, then employed in executing justice on the Jacobites in the valleys of the Teith and Forth, to proceed forthwith to the residence of his family on Lochlomond side, and to lay waste all that belonged to him or his; so that, as he expressed it, "there should not remain a cat to mew, or a cock to crow, in his inheritance." A savage order, and most savagely was it carried into effect! The ruffians charged with its execution were fellow-troopsmen of the two dragoons who had perished in the ice; and they proceeded to their task with a good-will which ensured its performance to the cruel letter. They met with no obstruction — no opposition that could exasperate or excuse their atrocities. The son was absent on the pious duty of searching for his father; the wife was sick and bed-rid from illness, induced by terror for the fate of her missing husband and her absent son. And the domestics, male and female, warned in time of the approach of villains who disgraced the name of soldiers, and the fame of whose brutalities had

everywhere preceded them, had fled for safety to the woods and mountains.

From her sick bed the unhappy mother beheld her younger daughter, who clung to her in vain, forced amid prayers and tears from her embrace, and was doomed in helpless and unspeakable agony, to listen to her heart-rending shrieks and cries, and supplications for mercy or for death while subjected to unutterable outrage from the brutal soldiery. When to complete their savage work the ruffians at length set fire to the mansion, she refused to be removed, or to save a life that was now become to her a horror and a burthen. Staggering to her mother's couch she flung herself into her arms, and their ashes were undistinguishably mixed on the same funereal pyre. The elder sister, who to Virginia's beauty, and Lucretia's virtue, added the spirit of a Judith, having with vigorous arm smitten to the earth the wretch who had assailed her, and who was the commander of the party, ran towards the lake followed by the ruffian now doubly urged by lust and rage, and having reached the summit of the precipice already described, she was seen to kneel for a few moments with clasped hands, as in earnest prayer, and as her brutal ravisher approached, casting her eyes and throwing her arms aloft towards Heaven, she sprung from the fearful height, and was already dead, ere her spotless body, pure as the limpid

element that received it, touched the lake below.

Shaded and softened in the telling, as these brutal enormities were, they nevertheless proved too much for the already exhausted frame of the sensitive and affectionate Duncan Graham. He was seized with brain fever—for weeks, for months, his recovery was despaired of. The strength of his constitution at length triumphed. He arose from his bed, but he arose not his former self. Matter reassumed its functions and its forms, its grace and growth, its elasticity and its vigour, but the ray that illumes and glorifies the mass had been quenched for ever. He trod his native heaths with a foot as light and a step as firm as before, but the eye that now looked on them was a monomaniac's. One only idea had possession of his mind, and everything in the past, save what related to it, was a rasure and a blank. Of his mother or sisters, though he had been the most affectionate of sons and brothers, he never spoke, nor did he by any of his acts afford ground for the supposition that he so much as remembered they ever had existence. The dying words of Ewen Glas were alone remembered, and they seemed to be for ever ringing in his ears. But even as it happens in dreams when they relate to real persons or events, the wildest fancies mingled with the facts, distorting

and transforming them. Poor Duncan fancied that his father had fallen in action; that he had been fighting, on that occasion, by his side; that the important trust confided to the sire had devolved upon the son; that with his dying breath his father had enjoined him forthwith to convey the treasure, the casket, and the dispatches to the Prince, and that he had solemnly sworn to faithfully execute this his last command. He imagined farther that the places where these valuables were secreted had been revealed to him, but that in the hurry and confusion of the fight he had not clearly comprehended the description given, farther than that they were concealed separately, and in three several spots, somewhere within that range of mountain country that stretches between Benvorlich and Loch Long. To recover these important deposits became henceforward the mission and the business of his life: and in following out this mission he took no note, indeed he seemed to have lost the very notion, of time. To him Prince Charles remained for ever stationary at Inverness, awaiting and expecting his arrival with the hid treasure. And though for half a century baffled in the search, summer and winter, fair weather and foul, found him on his journey every morning with the lark, hopeful and alert as ever.

Many and almost incredible are the traditions

of his hair-breadth escapes preserved among the inhabitants of the wild and desolate mountain region through which his wanderings principally lay. His capability of enduring cold, hunger and fatigue, was equalled only by his sagacity in foreseeing and avoiding danger, and the dexterity and fertility of resource which he displayed in overcoming it. When reason abdicated her functions, instinct seemed to have taken possession of the vacant seat, and to have fulfilled some of these functions more perfectly than could reason herself. His gentle manners and his gentlemanly bearing never forsook him to the end of life, the latter no doubt in some degree sustained by the enduring consciousness of the high mission on which he conceived himself to be employed. With equal cheerfulness and equal courtesy he sojourned for the night in the shepherd's shieling on the lonely moor, or in the more polished mansion of the lowland laird, receiving their attentions, not as alms but as acts of hospitality and good neighbourhood, which, his mission over, he in his turn was ready to reciprocate. At the approach of *Duncan the Seeker,* the poor man gladly mended for the day his humble fare, and strewed his homely couch with fresher heather; the wealthier classes, and especially the wealthy Jacobites, took care to supply him liberally with befitting raiment, and rich or poor, Jacobite or Whig, happy was

the roof under which the gentle and interesting wanderer tarried for the night.

Such, reader, is the story of Duncan Graham the Seeker, a tale of the rebellion in forty-five.

Thou wilt no longer, I trust, feel surprised that for many a mile around, the dwellers in hill and valley should have flocked from hamlet, shieling and mountain farm, to pay the last honours to the remains of a poor wandering monomaniac, chance-smothered in the snow. Nor as his body was lowered to its final resting-place in the *Isle of Graves*, beside the long since mouldered remains of his gallant father and his lovely sister, wilt thou count it strange that tears should have dropped upon his coffin down the rugged cheek of many a generous mountaineer, as he mused on the misfortunes of an ancient and honoured line, now extinct by the death of its last remaining scion, whose fate so "passing strange," so "passing pitiful," had crowned the climax of their tragic story. And, as they rowed back in silence across the narrow strait that divides Inch-cailleach from the mountain strand, or wound their way slowly up the mountain's side to their homes amid the hills, thou wilt in imagination moralise with them on the calamities, and deprecate the curse of civil war, so feelingly brought home to their conviction in the history of the amiable and unfortunate family, whose extinction they had just been

solemnising, and whose unavenged wrongs constituted one of the blackest in that catalogue of crimes and cruelties that closed the rebellion in forty-five, and that have affixed to the names of Cumberland and Hawley, the ineffaceable stigma and addition of *butcher*. Nor wilt thou deem exaggerated or unjustified the indignant strains in which a poet born within view of the very spot whereon the brutal tragedy we have been recording was enacted, denounces these barbarities—barbarities with which he was himself contemporary, and of which his vigorous line has to all times perpetuated the remembrance and the infamy:—

Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground:
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to thy door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty!

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
The swains are famished on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

* * * *

O baneful cause—oh, fatal morn—
Accursed to ages yet unborn!

The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat:
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.

SMOLLETT, *Tears of Scotland.*

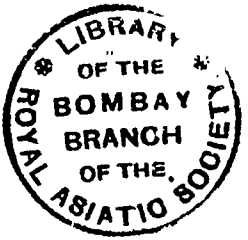
EACHAIN MACEACHAIN,

OF COLQUHAINZIET CASTLE;

OR,

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Story of the Rebellion in '45.



EACHAIN MACEACHAIN.

In the ancient metropolis of Scotland, on an evening of August, 1745, a joyous, and somewhat noisy party was convened in Luckie Lamont's tavern, at the head of Libbertoun's Wynd, a locality then in more genteel habit and repute than it enjoys at the present day. Mrs. Rebecca Lamont had been for many years housekeeper in the establishment of the famous Earl of Stair, and the well-known tastes and habits of that accomplished and luxurious nobleman were sufficient vouchers that his ex-housekeeper had received the benefit of a very liberal education in the science of gastronomics, both at home and abroad.

Luckie Lamont's tavern was, in fact, the favourite resort of the *gourmands* and *gourmets* of the day, of the class of connoisseurs whose taste is lodged in the ceiling of their mouth, and the seat of whose imagination is their belly. The party assembled on the present occasion, however,

did not belong to this class. Cookery and condiments were not required to pepper or provoke their enjoyment, for they were a corps of lively young collegians, the members of the *Mixtie-maxtie Club*, there and then assembled to celebrate their *Gaudy*, or *Gaudeamus*, the annual symposium with which, like the ministerial white-bait dinner, they were accustomed to solemnise the closing of their session for the year. The *Mixtie-maxtie Club*, as its name imported, was in its composition miscellaneous—made up indifferently of students of divinity, medicine, law, or literature—but it was at the same time select, none but the very *élite* among the young collegians being admitted members of it. And when among these members we specify the names of Robertson, and Blair, and Henry, and Home, and Patrick Murray (Lord Elibank), and Alexander Wedderburne (Lord Loughborough), and Epigoniad Wilkie, and David Hume, and Adam Ferguson, and Adam Smith, it will probably be admitted that no university in Europe could at that day have mustered among its students so brilliant a coterie of young immortals, of youths whose names, within less than a quarter of a century thereafter, were to become so famous—familiar as household words in all the languages of the civilised world. Some of them, as Robertson, and Wedderburne, and Crosby, were already exhibiting those powers of debate which

were afterwards displayed with such effect on more conspicuous theatres of action. While others, destined in their after years to attain an equal, if not a more extended and enduring celebrity, wanting the self-possession, or the lively fancy, or the copiousness of phrase, or the ready command of their resources, all of which the effective extemporary orator requires in union, made but little figure in these discussions. David Hume, for example, who but a few years later displayed such powers of graceful narrative and subtle disputation, and by whom, and against whom, so many volumes of ingenious argumentation were indited, was a mute. And Adam Smith, the cause afterwards of so much speaking in others—the oracle of modern orators—the father Nile from whose overflowing urn so many "rills of oily eloquence meandering" yearly fertilise the barren Delta of our Lords and Commons, was as yet *auditor tantum,* dumb as Delphi and Dodona. But besides those whose names we have enumerated—

> "Lights of the world, and demigods of fame,
> Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
> As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow,"

there were many others who, though unknown to fame, then displayed an amount of talent and of promise equal to theirs, and whose names would, in connection with the idea of literary immortality, have suggested themselves to the imagina-

tions of their youthful club-fellows, at least as readily as would those of the future historians of Scotland, of England, or of Rome, or as those of the author of *Douglas,* of the *Lectures on Rhetoric,* or of the *Wealth of Nations.* But thus it ever is in the annals of all universities, and of all generations. The temple of fame, as the poet tells us, is erected "high on a rock of ice:"

"Steep the ascent and slippery is the way."

Of the multitudes who aspire to reach its glittering portals some lack perseverance, and they faint and fall off by the way. Many, when half way up, turn aside to listen to the song of the Sirens, or to chase the golden apples. Not a few, arrested early in the ascent by the struggles of professional or the contentions of political life, leave but a local or traditional memory, though gifted with powers that might have won for them a catholic and historic fame. While a number greater still, possessed of learning, leisure, talents, all the requisites for commanding success, want the inclination or ambition to achieve it. These defeat the auguries of companions, and disappoint the expectations of friends, for the same reason and in the same way that his enemy baulked the wishes of the patriarch of old, when he prayed "O that mine adversary would write a book!" And though admired within their little circle in

their little day, their light illumines but a narrow corner; they shine "like lamps in sepulchres, enlightening but themselves." In this last-mentioned category would probably fall to be included two young friends who figured among the clarissimi of the *Mixtie-maxtie Club* in 1745. Attached friends and inseparable cronies in private, in the debates and discussions of the club, when at least they touched upon politics, they were invariably and uncompromisingly opposed. Niel Campbell was the eldest son of an Argyleshire laird, of some consideration, who could count kin, and that not distantly, with Macailleanmore himself. Like most of his clan in that age, he was a Whig and Presbyterian; and whenever the Revolution settlement, the Hanoverian succession, free Parliaments, and the spiritual independence of the Kirk, came into discussion, they had not a more energetic or effective advocate than Niel Campbell, younger of Ballikraymore; while Prelacy, Popery, and the cause of the Stuarts, could not reckon upon impugner more eloquent or more uncompromising. Directly opposed in opinion on all such subjects, was his friend and fellow-student in the law, Eachain MacEachain, or Hector Hectorides, as David Hume, and the wags of the club, literally translated his name into more euphonious Greek. He was an out-and-out Tory; and at a time when it

did not require a pair of powerful metaphysical spectacles—as it so often does in our day—to detect the line of partition that divides the Tory from the Whig, "their generation now is so equivocal." He was also, what in that day was but another name for Tory, a Jacobite: for as to the *Hanoverian Tories*, as they called themselves, they were but courtiers; they had not a creed, they were mere waiters on Providence. Young MacKechan, however, had not inherited or imbibed his Jacobite principles from his father, Maxwell MacKechan, Esq., ex-Lord Provost of the city of Glasgow. Adopted by a maternal uncle, Provost Maxwell, of that city, he had succeeded to his ample fortune, and eventually to his honours and office as chief magistrate of the commercial metropolis of the West, at a time when none but a sound Whig and true blue Presbyterian could be tolerated in the civic chair of that the most Whiggish of all the Whig boroughs of Scotland. The ex-provost accordingly, who was one of the *merchant princes* of the land, at a time when that title might be more appropriately applied to the rich Virginia planter who stood out so conspicuously in wealth and importance among his fellow-citizens, than it can to the *millionaire* in our day, when wealth is so much more equally distributed, and so much more generally diffused, was a staunch Whig and Presbyterian,

and an active ruling elder of the *Kirk*. But he had an elder brother, the Laird of MacKechan, or *Mackechan of that ilk*, as the chief of a clan was at that period usually styled. The laird had never married. He was now an old bachelor, and led a very retired life among his clansmen and dependants, at his castle of Colquhainziet (pronounced Cowhannet), one of those very tall, very narrow, small windowed, pepper-box-turreted mansions so often to be met with in Scotland at that period. It was, however, like many of them, most picturesquely situated; for it stood near the verge of a bold promontory or projecting platform of rock, at the head of a romantic glen, long, winding, and narrow; the steep banks or "braes" on both sides of which were at intervals clothed gracefully with copsewood, chiefly clumps of drooping birch; while a glittering mountain-stream, now dashing down a precipice, now foaming and smoking among broken rocks, and now sauntering smoothly and slowly through meadows, enlivened the valley through its whole extent. This retired and lovely glen was situated in a district rich, perhaps unrivalled, in such scenery—that romantic border-country of lofty mountains, deep valleys, and embosomed lakes, which unites at their conterminous extremities the county of Argyle and the western Highlands of Perthshire. The Laird of MacKechan was a

Jacobite, and in his "hot youth, when George the First was king," had but narrowly, and only through a politic and lucky stratagem of the old chief his father, escaped being compromised in the *Hunting of Braemar* and the unfortunate rising in 1715. Whether influenced by the brilliant prospects that were then opening to his younger son under the Whig auspices of his provost-uncle, or whether mistrusting the Earl of Mar's capacity for carrying his enterprise to a fortunate issue, the old chief privately so concerted matters with the Duke of Argyle, that before the young laird had set out for the north, or committed himself by an overt act of rebellion, both father and son were placed under arrest by the duke, as suspected persons, and kept in gentle durance under a guard of his Campbells, in their own castle of Colquhainzict, till the rebellion was suppressed. It was whispered that, as the price and condition of his liberty, the young laird had given the Duke of Argyle a written pledge that he would not thenceforward engage in any plot or conspiracy that had for its object the restoration of the Stuarts, or the expulsion of the reigning family. However this may have been, certain it is that the Laird of MacKechan had never since mixed himself up with any of the many plots that had been contrived, or the many partial and abortive risings that had been attempted in favour

of King James. He was still, nevertheless, a thorough Jacobite at heart, and made no secret of his principles and opinions. His name-son, nephew, and presumptive heir, young Eachain, usually spent his school and college vacations at his uncle's castle at Colquhainziet. And his relative possessed in rare perfection a faculty which rendered these annual visits a source of singular enjoyment to his youthful guest. Like most Highland gentlemen of that day, he was an accomplished genealogist, learned in the origin and relations of the different clans, their factions, pactions, feuds, and marriages; but he was also deeply versed in the national history, antiquities, and traditions of Scotland. He possessed one of those prodigious memories, the capacity and contents of which can adequately be conceived only by those of the present generation who in early life have witnessed the feats performed by the last lingering remnant of the race of Highland story-tellers and reciters—a race now utterly extinct, since print and paper have relieved the recording faculty of more than half its duties, and robbed it of far more than half its power. With a vast fund of miscellaneous materials, historic facts, and legendary tales, and antiquarian traditions, and Gaelic poetry, narrative, and lyric, the inexhaustible amount of which the Princess Scheherazade herself, of endless memory, might have

coveted, the laird sang his "*orans,*" and recited his "*duans,*" with the master art of a professional minstrel; while he told his stories with a picturesque and graphic power of narrative and of description, which old Froissart himself might have listened to with envy. Night after night, year after year, during the long autumnal evenings, would he dispense of his unexhausted, and seemingly inexhaustible stores, to his admiring and delighted nephew. It was difficult to say which of the two felt on these occasions the more grateful or the more gratified—the one in finding a listener so interested and intelligent—the other in listening to the quaint chronicles of times and manners long gone by, and having his imagination kept in a state of perpetual excitement by incidents and traditions that had in them so much of romantic novelty and fascination—tales of lofty daring, strange adventure, heroic courage, or devoted loyalty, a large proportion of which, too, related to those from whom he was himself descended, or to those with whom his ancestors had been connected or allied.

This community of tastes, and reciprocity of obligation, naturally fostered a warm affection betwixt the two, the uncle and the nephew. And while the latter enjoyed, with all the zest of boyhood and of youth, the various sports by mountain, lake, and stream, which his uncle's Highland

residence so abundantly afforded, he enjoyed with a feeling of luxury, greater and more exquisite still, the long autumnal evenings passed with his relative around the blazing fire of turf and bog-wood in Colquhainziet Castle. In his school and college days, accordingly, Hector always looked eagerly forward to the period of his autumnal visit, while his coming was annually expected by his relative with still greater eagerness and impatience. And while the real transactions and events with which his uncle's narrative had connected and imbued each spot, imparted a deeper interest, the interest derived from life and living agents to the scenery amid which he wandered, rendering by this relation picturesque, what was in itself perhaps but wild,—romantic, what was but savage,—and sublime what possessed mere depth of solitude, or physical extent, by a reflex and reactive association, his attachment to the scenery inspired him with a predilection for the people, and the manners and the principles with which the scenery in its most interesting reminiscences was connected in his imagination. His uncle was a hearty Jacobite, and insensibly it may be, unconscious to himself of the bias or the fact, deeds of daring emprise, or devoted loyalty exhibited by his ancestors and his clan in days of yore in the cause of Scotland and of Scottish royalty, from the days of Robert Bruce to those of Montrose and of Dundee, con-

stituted the favourite and prevailing theme of those autumnal evening entertainments. Hence Colquhainziet, with its majestic mountains and glens, its crags, and woods, and lakes, and waterfalls, and happy evening hearth, became all of them in the mind of an enthusiastic and imaginative youth closely and at length indissolubly associated with the idea of the Stuarts and their cause, which won first his imagination, then his heart, and, what naturally followed in the end, his reason, his convictions, and opinions.

This, then, was the source, and this the secret of young MacKechan's Jacobitism. Having once firmly persuaded himself of the truth of his principles, his acute mind easily found arguments, and his fervid imagination readily supplied him with eloquence to maintain them. And with his memory full of "ancient saws and modern instances" from the historical anecdotes and narrations of his uncle, he became of all the members of the Mixtie-maxtie Club the most earnest and effective debater on the Tory side. Few, indeed, of these members, were disposed to follow the daring young Jacobite to the full length of his opinions. Whether from secret sympathy with these opinions, or from his love of fun merely, or his characteristic propensity to differ from the multitude, David Hume was almost the only member of the club who ventured to

encourage the young orator in his ultra-Tory declamations. "Euge Hector,"—would the sly philosopher, chuckling in his quiet corner, thus cheer on his friend on these occasions—"At them, Priamides! Jaculate your Phrygian fires, *puppibus Danaûm*, at the Presbyterian puppies; and when you have unwigged the Whig lawyer (Crosby), and ungowned the Genevan Presbyter (Robertson), and choked them both with the '*Solemn League and Covenant*,' 'Sedebit Hector, exuvias indutus Achillis.'"

It was not, however, in a combat of this kind, that the Mixtie-maxtie Club was now engaged in Luckie Lamont's tavern, though it must be owned the meeting was not less noisy or obstreperous than if it were. Crosby was employed in casting the parts in the tragedy of *Douglas*, then newly finished, and which it was proposed should be acted privately by members of the club. Robertson had accepted the part of Lord Barnet (as Lord Randolph had been originally named in the play;) Adam Ferguson was to enact the lady, Carlisle, old Norval, and Blair had consented to perform the insignificant part of Anna. The chief difficulty regarded the two remaining characters, none being disposed to play the villain of the piece, while several were ambitious to perform its hero. At length the good-natured David Hume consented to perform Glenalvon, on the condition

that manager Crosby should first remove to his satisfaction the two following difficulties which chiefly pressed on him:—"In the first place, Glenalvon is a lover; he covets his neighbour's wife." "I don't stand on that point," added the philosopher, "for some of your saints, Hughie, (tapping Blair's shoulder), as, for instance, my namesake, King David, have set him the example." ("Order! order!" cried Blair—"Hear! hear!" cried Adam Smith.) "But here is my difficulty. How am I to make love in sport, who never was in love in earnest, nor made love to any she-body, gentle or simple, maid, matron, or widow, in all my life? Since I mounted satchel and marched to school, I have never touched with lip the lip of she-thing, save and except—as you pleonastic lawyers express it—that of my brother Joe's black pointer bitch, Penelope; and I am ready to depone upon the Talmud, that on all these occasions I was not a suitor, but that Madame Ulysses was the aggressor."

"Tut, tut, man," responded the manager, "we all know thy stoicism in that matter—

> 'A Joseph thou against the sex to strive,
> Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!' *

"But Glenalvon's love-making is all in your own

* *Query?*—Did Peter Pindar steal these lines from Crosby, or, by the inspiration of genius, did both hit on the same expression of the same idea?

favourite line, that of metaphysical dissertation. You have merely to deliver in monologue, an essay or two very much in the style of those you have been reading to us of late in the club, as part of your intended *Treatise of Human Nature*. The only difference is, that Glenalvon's essays are in blank verse, and that they treat principally of *woman's* human nature; as how she likes, for example, "direct flattery" no less than do her lords and betters; and as how your very godly laced-up dames, when they do incline to go astray, usually prefer your simpering, smooth-chinned, *Jenny-Willock* chaps, like Hugh Blair and Niel Campbell there, to fat, burly, big-bellied, ill-favoured Pharaoh-bullocks like yourself." "Oh, if that be all," said the good-humoured philosopher, "I am satisfied; and will do my best, by dissertation or otherwise, to induce my friend Adam (Ferguson) to commit adultery. But I have another difficulty. That half-tamed Highland savage, Hectorides, is, I presume, to play Young Norval. The tragedy requires that I should do battle with him. Now Priamides, I know, thinks no more of bringing down a fleet buck, 'a stag of three,' half a mile away among the heather, or dividing the jugular of a Highland Hanoverian, with his *skiandhu*, when once he has got to windward of the law, on the safe side of Stirling brigg, than I do of tumbling a nine-pin

or slicing a Jerusalem artichoke; whereas, I have never in my life wielded more lethal weapon than *jocteleg* or carving-knife, and never fought but once, and that was with a tinkler callant, when I was at the High School, who gave me a bloody nose, and chucked my bonnet (where it now lies) *in gurgite vasto* of the Nor-loch. And then with this Falstaffian superfluity of 'adipose substance,'—as Monro and Barrow there would call it,—and this broad mark for the Trojan sagittary,"—(stroking his fair round belly with Luckie Lamont's capon lined). "Po, po, man," responded Crosby.—"If you don't fancy fighting, you may e'en dance the *Dusty Miller*, if you like it better, behind the scenes, for the duell-um is transacted there. All you have to do is, just when Robertson and MacKechan are as hotly at it with their *bittacks* as they were yesterday with their tongues, about the *Abdication and King James*,—to slip cannily behind, and choosing time and place convenient, stick your gully to the haft in Hector's haunch of Highland venison." "Oh, well-a-well, I am content," said the philosopher; and that point was settled.

But who was to do Young Norval? The author of the play, it was well known, had a month's mind to this pet part of his own creation. So had Crosby, who, a consummate mimic, piqued himself on imitating to the life the then leading tragedian on the Edinburgh stage, Mr. Digges,

and who was ambitious to show off his powers of declamation, of which he was vain. While the general opinion of the club pointed decidedly to young MacKechan, who, however, had himself no desire to enact the part. It was at length suggested and agreed to, that the matter should be determined by comparative trial, and that each of the three candidates should give a specimen of his histrionic capabilities, by reciting the well-known passage, beginning, "My name is Norval," &c. And, accordingly, when Home, first, and then Crosby, had done so, MacKechan, whose turn was last, throwing himself into an exaggerated theatrical attitude, and evidently mimicking, though ludicrously overdoing, the pomposity of manner and elocution that characterised the acting of Digges, and still more of his imitator, Crosby, delivered the following version of Norval's speech:—

"My name is Hector. On the highland hills
Mine uncle heads his clan—a loyal laird—
Whose constant pleasure was to toast '*The King*,'
Yet keep his nephew-heir, myself, at home.
For I had heard of Sheriffmuir, and longed
To follow to the field some Tory chief,
And heaven soon granted what the laird denied.
"This moon that rose last night, round as a cheese,
Had not yet filled her horns; when by her light
A band of Whig barbarians from the hills,
Campbells from Inverary and Lochowe,
Rushed like a torrent down upon our glens,
Sweeping our stots and stirks. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,

In a full suit of rich MacKechan tartans,
Hovered around the enemy, and marked
The road he took ; then hasted to my uncle,
Whom, with a band of fifty fierce MacKechans
I met advancing. The pursuit I led—
We soon o'ertook the Whigmaleerie loons—
I fired. Ere you could say Jack Robinson,
A bullet from my pistol winged their chief,
Niel Campbell younger of Ballikraymore,
Who wore that day this dirk—

[Brandishing a huge carving-fork with an antlered deer-horn haft.]

—which now I wear !
Returning home, I scorned to live at ease,
A lazy *Jock-the-Laird ;*—and having learned
That our true king (King James the *Eighth* of Scotland,
Of England *Third*) had summoned all true Jacobites
To lead their followers to the Brig of Cramond,
I left my uncle's house, and took with me
A Paisley weaver, whom I hired as flunkie,
To be my guide, and carry my portmanteau—
—A pluckless loon who funked and ran away.—
Journeying with this intent I reached *Auld Reekie*,
And entering by surprise the Netherbow,
Routed the Ex-provost and his volunteers,
Dispersed the *Train-bands* and the *City-guard*,
Clapped Willy Robertson in the Tolbooth,
With Blair and Barrow, Home and Wedderburn,
Carlisle and Crosby, Cameronian rascals—
A happy deed which gilds my name, and finds
Me niche in David's famous chronicle
Of the Rebellion in the Forty-five !"

The loud laughter and noisy cheering which greeted Hector and his parody, had scarcely subsided, when three loud taps were heard on the door of the apartment, which opened, and a grim visage presented itself, which our symposiasts at once recognised as that of a well-known ancient

one-eyed Highlander, a serjeant in the *City-guard*, a terror to all evil-doers from the Canongate to the Castle-wynd, and more especially to those of the rising generation, whom the academics had nicknamed Polyphemus, but who was better known to the unlearned by the name of Serjeant Mor Macrimmon. The ancient Celt, making his best leg, advanced a step or two into the room, and leaning on his halberd, which he had planted firmly on the floor, addressed the meeting in the following oration, composed in the purest *Athenian Saxon* of which he was master: "Shentelmens! Shentelmens! it's the guid time o' night to shit. She's a late hour now, lang past Curlew time, as the Englishers call it. A' the ports will be shit belyve, and there will be nae mair agression for the night to them that wad gang thereout. And am thinkin', *Mr. Robestan!*" addressing the future Principal, historian, and leader of the kirk, who was in the chair,* "it'll no be for ratification, as your reverend and wordie father would say, for a wheen young divinities to be *demo selling*† for the night in a shange-house, whare there is sae mony young limmers o' serving lasses, and nae mair

* Mr. Robertson was not at this time an actual *student*. He had been presented to the living of Gladsmuir nearly two years before, but he continued an extraordinary or honorary member of the club; and hence, probably, the reason why he had on the present occasion been placed in the chair.

† Query, *domiciling*?

beds than jist sairs for their incomatation,* or may be harled to the guard-house and lockit up a' night amang thieves and substitutes, for disturbing douce neighbours at this time o' night, and especially Deacon Macgrane at his evening exercise, the guid auld elder wha lost baith his lugs for the testimony, wi' your daft-like Hallebulluiahs in Luckie Lamont's public!" The chairman, and the other "young divinities," were of opinion that the hint given by their friend Polyphemus was seasonable, and not to be despised. Barrow, supported by some of the young sprigs of the law, was for prolonging the sederunt, and taking their chance of either of the alternatives propounded by their Celtic monitor. But Robertson, who even then possessed in a remarkable degree the tact so pre-eminently displayed by him in after life in swaying a still more unmanageable popular assembly than the *Mixtie-maxtie* club, over-ruled the proposal, and prevailed on his brother convives to close the sitting. The "*lawing*" was accordingly paid; the meeting broke up; and the club was adjourned to the first Friday after the commencement of the college session in November.

On their way home to their lodgings, which were in the same quarter of the town, Campbell seriously remonstrated with his friend MacKechan on his

† Query, *accommodation?*

imprudence in sporting his Jacobite opinions so freely as he had done that evening. "You know, and I know, that at this moment a French fleet is fitting out, if, indeed, it have not already sailed, with Charles Edward on board, bearing his father's commission as Prince Regent of these kingdoms. Words and acts, that in ordinary times would have passed unnoticed or unheeded, will now be narrowly watched, and that which was but spoken in jest will be construed in earnest. Were but the half of what you have said, sung, or recited to night, to reach the ears of Lord-Advocate Craigie, or Solicitor-General Dundas—" "Po! po!" interrupted his friend. "Among the members of the Mixtie-maxtie we have neither spies nor informers. *Glendoick* and his magnus Apollo, my lord of Tweeddale, would scarcely believe in a rebellion, though Prince Charlie were this moment at Coltbrigg, and all his merry men around him. And for *Arniston*, it would not disquiet his slumbers or disturb his digestion, though they were, or even though the gay young prince were now doing the honours for his father in his old ancestral halls of Holyrood." Two men, partially muffled up, who had followed them for some time, now came up, and one of them tapping MacKechan's shoulder, drew him aside, and having conversed with him, for a few minutes, in an earnest but low voice, Hector turned round, and

suddenly bidding his friend good night, walked off with the two strangers in another direction. "Ah, poor Hector!" muttered his friend sadly to himself, "they have thee in their net. These fellows think I do not know them. Right well I know them and their errand, too, and thou art just the fish, and in the moment's mood, to catch their bait. Something must be done, and quickly, too, else thou and thine—" He entered the door of his lodgings as these words were spoken; but in the last of them there was a meaning more than met the ear. His friend was dear to him; but there was in his friend's family one who was the object of a feeling deeper and fonder still. Grace MacKechan, the only sister of his friend, had been his first love; and his boyhood's passion, which had but gathered strength with his years, was fully returned, though as yet neither declaration nor confession had been made, in words at least, on either side. But in these matters, we have "by instinct knowledge from each other's eyes," and in the grammar of that universal language, (like *negotium* in the language of the Romans), the great substantive, *amor*, though not expressed, is understood. Niel Campbell did not think quite so lightly of the coming rebellion, as it was then the fashion among the government writers and officials to do. He knew his Highland countrymen too well for that. Still he had no

doubt that, like the former rebellion in 1715, it would ultimately be suppressed; and he but too truly anticipated that it would in that case be visited with a far more terrible retribution. He feared that the hot enthusiasm of his friend would involve not merely his uncle and himself, and the patrimonial possessions of their ancient family in ruin, but that the safety of the father might be compromised by the conduct of the son, and both himself and his daughter be comprehended in its consequences. Grace MacKechan, though affectionately attached to her only brother, had no sympathy with his political opinions. On that subject there was a cordial agreement betwixt her sentiments and those of her lover; and we state this circumstance, in order to explain and account for the subsequent acts of both.

Little more than a week had passed since the symposium at Luckie Lamont's tavern, when the news of the young Pretender's actual landing on the coast of Inverness-shire reached Edinburgh. All was now bustle and confusion, where all before had been inertness and security. Cope was directed to assemble the disposable forces, then in Scotland, amounting to less than 3000 men, and march with all haste to the Highlands, to suppress the insurrection before it had time to gather to a head. The town-guard was put in fighting order. The train-bands, for the first

time since the Revolution, were called out for other duties than parade. A regiment of *volunteers* was hastily got up, chiefly through the exertions, and under the directon of ex-provost Drummond; and in the first company of this corps, commanded by Drummond, and styled the College Company, Robertson, and Carlyle, and Home, and Barrow and many other members of the *Mixtie-maxtie Club* had enrolled themselves, while others had been summoned home by their friends and relatives, either to avoid the coming danger, or to perform their duties as citizens in another quarter. In this latter number were the two friends Campbell and MacKechan. Respect for his father's known opinions and official station, had indeed restrained the latter from giving expression to his Jacobite principles in his father's presence; but his predilections could not be entirely concealed from his knowledge. The ex-provost was therefore anxious to commit his son at once on the side of the government. With this view he had obtained for him a commission as captain in the Glasgow regiment, which was then being raised: and on the first rumour of the Pretender's landing had summoned him in haste to the western metropolis. His friend Campbell, too, had been summoned home, though somewhat more than a week later, in order to take the command of his father's company and contingent in

the Argyle militia. His father himself, having in his youth served in the army, had been appointed by Archibald, Duke of Argyle, who in 1743 had succeeded his more celebrated brother, Duke John, keeper of Castle Campbell, the ancient residence of the family in the Lowlands, which, though much dilapidated, was still a place of some strength, and which, from its locality, and the circumstances of the times, was a post of considerable importance.

After Hector's departure for the West, facts had come to Campbell's knowledge which very seriously compromised the safety of his friend: and before quitting Edinburgh, he wrote to Grace MacKechan earnestly soliciting a private interview with her, when passing through Glasgow on his way to Argyleshire, on matters nearly concerning the interests, it might be the very life, of one who was dear to them both. After relating the incident of the two muffled strangers, he stated that despite their attempt at disguise, both were perfectly well known to him. One of them was the notorious Jacobite printer, Robert Drummond, from whose press he had reason to know proceeded almost all, if not all, the treasonable handbills that were at that moment so industriously scattered throughout the metropolis. The other was a still more notorious and dangerous character, James Drummond, as he was usually styled,

but whose real name was James Mor Macgregor, son to the famous Rob Roy. This person professed to be a zealous Whig. As such he was in the pay of the Government, pretending to act as a spy in their interest and enjoying a considerable share of their confidence, though to him (Campbell) and all his neighbours in Argyleshire he was well known to be an out-and-out Jacobite, and labouring secretly, but incessantly, and he feared effectively, for the promotion of the very cause which he was bribed to damage and betray. He feared (he added), indeed he had no doubt whatever, that her brother Hector had a hand in the composition of these treasonable hand-bills. They were evidently the work of highly educated men; and in some of them her brother's characteristic turns of thought and expression were so marked, that by those who were familiar with his style, it was impossible to doubt by whom they had been penned. He was living, he told her, in hourly terror, lest some over-zealous or improvident member of the club, by hinting his suspicions, should direct the search of the authorities towards the right quarter. "We are now," he added in conclusion, "about to enter on a bloody struggle. Into the heat and horrors of this unnatural strife I am about to precipitate myself. People here affect to talk lightly of the coming danger; but I am not of their opinion. I know my poor

misguided Highland countrymen too well to doubt that if properly led, and not as they were by that vacillating imbecile Mar, and if they avoid their foolish feuds and quarrels about clan precedencies and such idle nonsense, they will find tough work for the very best and bravest of our red-coats who smelt French powder, or faced French bayonets at Fontenoy or Dettingen. That the rebellion will eventually be put down I doubt not. But ere it be, many a happy home will have been made desolate, many an ancient family disherited of its long-descended possessions, and many a generous heart and gallant arm laid low. From our position and politics we, the Argyle Campbells, may look to bide the first and fiercest brunt of the Jacobite irruption. The chances therefore are that you and I may never meet again on earth. I have thought of a plan which may prove the means of saving my friend, your excellent but impetuous brother. Its successful execution, however, will require your concurrence, perhaps your active co-operation. And in these circumstances I trust no mere punctilio of maiden delicacy will lead you to refuse a request, which in circumstances less urgent or imperious it had been in me presumptuous to prefer."

And no such scruples did interfere. In fact, maiden diffidence alone had prevented Grace MacKechan from addressing a like request to

him, as she had facts and fears to communicate of which he was the natural, if not the only safe, confidant. "Ever since her brother's return to Glasgow," she informed him in reply, "she had lived from day to day in an agony of apprehension on his account, facts having come to her knowledge which she dared not venture to reveal to her father. Not only had the infatuated youth refused, and with a promptness and peremptoriness that bordered on contempt, the option offered him of a commission in the *Glasgow regiment*, or in the corps of *mounted volunteers* composed of gentlemen, then raising in that city, but she had reason to know that he resorted nightly to the meetings of a secret club, into which none but avowed and decided Jacobites were admitted. An incident had however occurred within the last few days which in the mean time had removed her brother beyond the influence of this dangerous society. The Laird of MacKechan had been seized with a sudden and severe illness. His life was now, in fact, despaired of; and as, by the provisions of the deed of entail executed by their grandfather, when her father was adopted by Provost Maxwell, Hector succeeded at once to the ancient possessions of their family, should his uncle die without male issue, he as the heir had naturally been summoned to attend the sick bed of his dying relative. Her father had

expressed a wish that she too would repair to Colquhainziet Castle, that she might be out of the way of danger in the coming struggle. To this proposal she had assented gladly and at once, though from a different motive,—the hope that, with the aid of his dying uncle, she might be instrumental in restraining her brother from the fatal course on which he seemed determined to enter. On her way to Colquhainziet, she had promised to spend two days with a relative at Shandon, on the banks of the Gareloch, and as this was equally on Campbell's route to Argyleshire, she proposed that the interview sought should take place there, and on a day which she specified."

The appointment was punctually kept on both sides. The banks of the Gareloch were not then, as they are now, crowded with villas, and lawns, and ornamental pleasure-grounds, to the water's edge. A few farm-houses were thinly scattered along the *braes*, or uplands, while along the wavy winding of the shore the banks were either altogether bare and open, or merely skirted here and there by a patch of hazels, or perhaps an oaken coppice that fringed the circuit of some little creek or bay. In a spot of this last description it was that the interview took place—a nook where the lake made a graceful sweep or bend inwards, its margin lined with a fine white gravel, and completely screened from observation by a bor-

dering tuft of oaken copse. Along this lovely and secluded strand the youthful pair paced in earnest conversation for upwards of an hour. On the sacredness of their privacy we shall not intrude. That in a spot and under circumstances so well fitted to banish ceremony and thaw reserve, feelings were given utterance to, and engagements interchanged, that had not an immediate reference to the professed object of their meeting, may not unreasonably be conjectured. But it would be doing great injustice to two generous and noble-minded spirits to doubt that the ostensible, if not the sole, was at least on this occasion the chief subject of their deliberations and discourse. What was arranged betwixt them on this point will be gathered from the sequel of our narrative.

Meanwhile, on arriving at Colquhainziet Castle, Hector found his uncle in the agonies of death. Whether he might or might not have dissuaded his nephew from embarking in the approaching Jacobite insurrection, can be but matter of conjecture. His brother firmly trusted that he would; his niece also hoped it, though not with the same degree of confidence as her father; and both knew that by Hector the dying injunctions of his uncle would be held sacred. But before his arrival his relative had fallen into a state of lethargic stupor, from which he never again rallied, or awoke to recognition.

Among the Highlanders in the olden times, the funeral of a chief was celebrated with much of rude magnificence. Not only was it attended by all his immediate vassals and dependants, but all who could count kin with the deceased were welcomed, and even expected, in this way to show their respect for his memory. Coming, as many of them did, from a great distance, and their number uncertain, ample refreshments were of course provided;—refreshment became not unfrequently feasting—feasting too often ended in excess; and with incessant cause for jars and jealousies betwixt semi-barbarous neighbours, prone to quarrel, given to marauding, and whose rights and boundaries were not very accurately defined, it not rarely happened that the funeral issued in a fight, and became the parent of many other funerals. This custom, however, like many other usages, the relics of a barbarous stage of society, had for a quarter of a century been gradually losing ground. Hector's father, considering the practice one more honoured in the breach than the observance, had advised his son to reform it altogether on the present occasion; for which the then disturbed state of the country, which rendered large gatherings, especially in the Highland districts, unsafe, afforded a natural and sufficient excuse. And he suggested farther, that as his brother had been ever a quiet man, living

quietly among his own people, his remains should be interred without pomp, ostentation, or expense, in the church-yard of his own parish. This advice was earnestly enforced by his sister also. But to Hector any wish at any time expressed by his deceased uncle was a law. He was himself partial to the picturesque and imposing usages of the feudal times. He recollected two lines in one of his uncle's Gaelic compositions to the following effect:—"When I die, let me be buried with such honours as my chieftain fathers were, and let my bones be laid where their ashes lie;" and he called to mind a casual conversation in which, half jest, half earnest, his relative seemed to express the same desire in sober prose. This was quite sufficient to determine Hector, both to give his uncle the funeral honours of an ancient chief, and to transport his bones to the chapel of St. Bryde, at the eastern termination of Lochlubnaig, a distance of some twenty miles from Colquhainziet Castle, for there was the ancient burying-place of the lairds of MacKechan.

Of the funeral ceremony itself we shall not attempt a particular description; the crowds that assembled, the picturesque and varied costume of the different clans, as in separate parties, and headed by their piper playing a funereal pibroch, they successively came in;—the rows of long tables (or rather deal boards) groaning under

masses of beef, mutton, and venison that in all directions crossed and covered the whole platform in front of the castle, giving to the guests, when seated around them, the appearance of a thronged encampment,—the flourish of dirk and *skiandhu* as ever and anon they flashed in dividing or distributing the flesh of oxen or goats; for the amplest store of cutlery in Birmingham or Sheffield could not have supplied such a multitude with knives and forks had they required them, which they did not, as the poorest peasant there had his handy *skiandhu,* in its sheath of leather, tightly stuck between his leg and tartan hose, ready dight for feast or fray. Neither shall we undertake to report the long grace pronounced over the viands by the Rev. Finlay Macalister, minister of the parish, the longer recitation of the laird's titles and genealogy, from Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, downward, delivered by a learned seanachy from the Isle of Skye, who vouchsafed and volunteered his presence for the purpose;—or, longest of all, the *coronach* chaunted by the bard of MacKechan, who, in strains to Highland ears harmonious, sung the praises of the dead, the liberal hospitality of "Eachain Dhon, of the open heart, and hand, and door, the leader and the father of his people, above all in darksome and degenerate days, when bard and minstrel were proscribed or scorned, the patron and protector of

the sons of song, with whom, himself a minstrel and a bard, had died the light and glory of their noble art:"—or the pathos of the funereal music, as betwixt each interval of grace, and genealogy, and coronach, said or sung, Murrich MacKechan, the family piper, strode up and down the platform playing the famous Lament composed by the late laird himself in honour of Donach Dearg, the most renowned of his ancestor chiefs. To such a task we profess ourselves unequal. Only Homer or Walter Scott could do justice to the rude magnificence of a high day of feast or funeral among Greeks or Gaels.

Besides the lairds of Glencarnaig, Glenbuckie, and Glengyle, the leading men among the Macnabs, Maclarens, and other neighbouring clans, Hector had invited his friend Niel Campbell, with his two younger brothers, and three other gentlemen of their name, who were nearly allied to, or had been intimate friends of his late uncle. These gentlemen at first hesitated to accept the invitation, deeming that it would not be altogether safe to do so in the present disturbed state of the country, and knowing, as they did, that the MacKechans and their neighbouring clans were nearly to a man Jacobites. Niel Campbell, however, who had his own reasons for wishing at this moment to visit Colquhainziet Castle, overruled their scruples, and prevailed on

them to go, assuring them that under the safeguard of Hector MacKechan's word and honour they would be perfectly secure, while their refusal might be construed into an affront, perhaps, by zealous Jacobites, even into a sort of overt declaration of hostilities, as they were known to be all of them Whigs, and officers in the Argyle militia. It was resolved, therefore, to go, but to go accompanied each by a trusty armed attendant. One reason why Niel was desirous to visit Colquhainziet Castle at the present moment was this. He wished to leave under Grace MacKechan's charge a young *protégée* of his, who, as a confidential henchman, might pass between them when occasion required, in carrying into effect the plan arranged between them for securing her brother's safety in the coming rebellion. This lad was an orphan. He was found when an infant in the arms of his dead mother, who had perished in a snow-storm among the mountains of Argyleshire. From a document found on her person it appeared that her husband's name had been Galbraith, but nothing farther could ever be discovered regarding him, his occupation, or his residence. Young Galbraith had been reared in the house of Niel Campbell's father. He was now sixteen years of age, but from his low stature and slight figure might pass for fourteen, and from his slender make and remarkable agility he had been nicknamed *Neas* (the weasel), a name

by which he was more commonly known than by his own. He was devotedly attached to Campbell, whose favourite *gillie,* or attendant he had been whenever during his vacations at Ballikraymore, he pursued his sports by hill or stream, and was not less shrewd, intelligent, and clever, than he was hardy, active, and faithful. The pretext for placing him about the person of Grace MacKechan was, that her own man, Bauldy Beatson, was a Lowlander, unacquainted with the Gaelic language, while few of the domestics at Colquhainziet could speak any other, whereas the little foundling was *bilingual,* "utroque versatus sermone."

A very marked sensation was produced among the guests assembled at the funeral, by the arrival of Niel Campbell and his kinsmen. The lairds and chiefs exchanged, many of them dark and scowling, and all of them significant glances, as the six whig officers of King George, took their seats amid this highland host of Tory Jacobites.

When the procession set out from Colquhainziet Castle it presented from its enormous length the appearance of a little army on the march, and nothing could be more picturesque or striking than the effect as it wound its way amid the ups and downs, the heights and hollows, of the mountain road,—now appearing suddenly in view, and now as suddenly disappearing, now crowning with

its dark dense mass the summit of a hill, now winding its way lazily like a serpent as it doubled the mazy zig-zags of a mountain path—the music now muffled by the interposal of a rock or wood, now lost altogether in the depths of a ravine, and anon upon the sudden sounding loud and clear as the line emerged to view upon the open heath.

By the time it had reached the valley of Strathyre some five or six miles distant from the place of its destination, the lairds of Glengyle, Glenbuckie, Glencarnaig, and the other Jacobite leaders had gradually drawn together. They had fallen into the rear of the procession and were engaged in deep consultation and discourse on the then engrossing topic of their party, the arrival of the Prince, the chances of his bold adventure, and the steps which they severally purposed to take for its advancement. Glengyle informed them that his men were in fact assembled already, that they were at that moment waiting for him at the pass of Leny, little more than a mile beyond the chapel of St. Bryde, and that the funeral ceremony over, he intended to place himself at their head, and falling by surprise on the Castle of Doune, which he had reason to know was not then prepared for an attack, to take and keep possession of it for King James. His plan was highly approved of and applauded by the other chiefs, and when several of them had

explained their intentions and arrangements in support of the cause, James Mor Macgregor of whom mention has already been made and who by this time had openly thrown aside the mask, effected his escape from Edinburgh, and been placed by Glencarnaig in command of his contingent of the clan Macgregor, remarked that a most favourable and fortunate opportunity had now presented itself of securing hostages for the safety of their friend the Duke of Perth, who at that moment was being hunted like a wild beast from lair to lair throughout the highlands of Monteith, by Campbell of Inverawe and his Hanoverian bloodhounds. "We have at this moment," said he, "six officers of King George's army in our power, all of them Inverawe's own clansmen and kinsmen. We have only to seize them on the other side of Benledi on their way back to Argyleshire, and to make them with their persons and lives, answerable for the safety of the Duke of Perth." Glenbuckie warmly, and at once, protested against the measure, as not only under the circumstances treacherous and dishonourable, but as also in the highest degree impolitic and imprudent, inasmuch as it would insult and irritate the young Laird of MacKechan whom it was their obvious interest at this moment to conciliate and secure. The other chiefs, however, eagerly and to a man, caught at the proposal;

and aware of the necessity of acting cordially together at the present critical conjuncture, Glenbuckie was prevailed on, after much solicitation, tacitly to connive at a project, which in his secret heart he could not but condemn. Each of the principal chiefs, with the exception of Glenbuckie, agreed to single out one or two of their followers, on whose courage and fidelity they could most depend, and directing them to drop off one by one, at cautious intervals during the march of the procession, as if merely returning to their homes, to assemble as soon as the funeral cortège was out of sight at the bridge of Tyness, and place themselves under the command and at the disposal of James Mor Macgregor. This accordingly was done, and without attracting general notice, or awakening general suspicion. Hector was at the head of the procession, and the Campbells were near him—of course they had no opportunity for observing or suspecting these movements. There was, however, one eye, a sharp and shrewd one, by which they did not pass unobserved or unsuspected. Bauldy Beatson had for upwards of twenty years been a faithful and trusted servant in the family of the ex-provost of Glasgow. Under an exterior of clownishness and simplicity, he concealed not only a warm and devoted heart, but no common measure of shrewdness and sagacity; and these

qualities united, had pointed him out to his master as a suitable attendant on his daughter on her journey to Colquhainziet Castle, which, in the circumstances of the time, was one of some danger. Bauldy Beatson had noticed the significant glances with which the advent of the Campbells had been greeted that morning at Colquhainziet. He had observed the clustering together of the Jacobite lairds during the march of the funeral; their earnest and animated discourse; their sudden separation; their whispered conversation with certain of their followers; the gradual and stealthy dropping off of the persons thus communicated with; and above all, on the procession reaching some open and rising ground near the eastern terminus of Loch-lubnaig, he descried a band of some twenty persons proceeding at a quick pace up the side of the mountain on the opposite bank of the lake, as if making for the passes that lead to the farther (the south) side of Benledi. Connecting together all these suspicious circumstances, he could not help fearing that mischief was meant Niel Campbell and his party, as they must needs on their return home that evening, pass in the direction taken by these men.

The procession had now reached its destination. A spot more lonely or more lovely than that on which stood the even then dilapidated and now utterly ruinous chapel of St. Bryde, can scarcely be

conceived. It crowned a small platform or piece of rising ground, that overlooks the eastern termination of Loch-lubnaig, close by the point where the infant Teith issues from this—one of its two parent lakes—with a stream deep, still, and lingering, as if loth to leave its majestic cradle;—while over against, to a height of more than 3000 feet, towers steep, stupendous, dark, the huge Benledi, throwing its gigantic shadow alike over the quiet cemetery and the mirror-lake. Not inappropriately were the ashes of a poet-chief laid in a spot like this, so still, secluded, and sublime. The ceremony over, the company dispersed in various directions to their several homes. Campbell and his party taking the nearest route to their own country, struck across the eastern limb of Benledi for the bridge of Turc, where they purposed tarrying for the night to proceed next morning for their home by way of Arrochar and Glencroe. Beatson was impatient to communicate to his young master his observations and his fears—but for a distance of some miles he found no opportunity of speaking with him apart. He was earnestly engaged in conversation with his neighbour lairds on the present position and prospects of the young adventurer who had raised his banner at Glenfinnan. But when they approached the vicinity of Loch voil in Balquidder, Glenbuckie turned off for his own residence which was near,

and he was accompaned by the other lairds to attend a meeting of Jacobite leaders which had been appointed to be held at his house, and which Hector also promised to attend a day or two thereafter. Beatson now lost not a moment in informing him of his suspicions. For some time MacKechan could not bring himself to believe that a design so treacherous and so dishonourable could have been contrived or countenanced by gentlemen like those who had just parted from him. But when, on inquiry, he found that Macgregor had suddenly and stealthily disappeared from the procession just as it had passed the bridge of Tyness, and had not been seen by any one since, he became seriously alarmed. "Him, at least," he muttered to himself, "I know to be a thorough scoundrel, capable of contriving or executing any deed, however infamous. He has played the spy and the informer for King James and for King George, and has deserved the gallows equally at the hands of either, for he has cheated both, with the pay of both in his pocket." Hastily selecting a dozen of his trustiest followers, MacKechan struck across the hills by the nearest pass that led towards the south side of Benledi, directing the rest to return to Colquhainziet, and charging Beatson not to acquaint his sister with the cause of his temporary absence. If foul play were meant his friends, he guessed the spot at which it

was most probable they would be waylaid, and made direct for the place by the shortest path. His conjecture proved correct. The spot was indeed admirably fitted for an ambuscade. A deep chasm, resembling a violent rent in the steepest part of the mountain's side, lay across the road, by which the Campbells had to pass. The banks on both sides were high and steep, and everywhere covered with thick brushwood. A fierce mountain torrent rushed along the bottom of the gorge, which, when in flood, it completely occupied from bank to brae, though at present it merely grooved its way along a deep but narrow cut in the slate-rock, which a man could easily overleap at a single bound. Through the brush that clothed the steep sides of this ravine, a path had been cut, or probably in the course of ages worn, descending by many zig-zag windings on the one side, and ascending in the like sinuous manner on the other.

Within some fifty or sixty feet from the top on the west side was a grassy glade or level platform, which afforded a natural resting-place in the ascent. And here the Campbells had paused for a minute to draw breath, when suddenly, from the copse above them on the summit of the bank, Macgregor presented himself, accompanied by about a score of armed followers, and with a loud and stern voice commanded them to surrender as

King James's prisoners. The Campbells with their attendants numbered only twelve men. They were fatigued with their long day's travel, especially with their recent ascent of Benledi; and the vantage of the ground was fearfully on the side of their assailants. Niel accordingly gave the word to wheel round, and make with all haste for the bottom of the dell, where they might encounter their opponents at least face to face and on level ground. In their hurried descent, two pistol shots were discharged at them by Macgregor and another of his party, the only individuals who had fire-arms; but neither took effect, the irregular windings of the path and the dense screen of over-hanging copse having effectually protected the fugitives. Both parties now confronted each other at the bottom of the gully, with swords drawn and target on arm on opposite sides of the rocky channel through which ran the burn or mountain brook. This narrow boundary either party could, at a bound, have over-leaped. But the act of doing this, would have given some vantage to the other side; and while each hesitated at taking the step, a rapid parley passed betwixt the leaders. Niel Campbell indignantly demanded the reason why, returning from a duty so sacred, in which they had in common been engaged, they were thus, in breach of all the laws of honour and

hospitality, waylaid and assaulted. They were under the safe-guard of his friend MacKechan's honour, who would not fail to exact a bloody reckoning for this, a so wanton and shameful breach of faith. "Your kinsman, Inverawe," fiercely replied Macgregor, "is now hunting my chief, James Drummond, of Perth, throughout the braes of Monteath, and ye shall be my pledges for his safety. If Inverawe shall but touch a hair of the Duke's head, the whole six of ye officers of King George shall hang for 't, every mother's son of ye, on the highest oak that is in sight of Inverary Castle. As for MacKechan, I will take him in my own hand."—"Wilt thou, indeed?" fiercely shouted Hector, from the top of the bank above them. Having at some distance heard the pistol shots, in his consternation for the safety of his friends, he had outrun his followers, and had just paused to draw breath on reaching the descent, when the foregoing colloquy between the leaders of the two confronted parties was commencing.—"Thou wilt take MacKechan in thine own hands, wilt thou? Behold him here! Ask, if thou dare, his leave to do a deed like that which thou art about to do—like sneaking cut-purse, skulking behind a hedge to waylay weary men—ready to butcher them as they return from doing honour to the memory of a man who was himself as honourable as he was brave." "They are rebels," fiercely retorted

Macgregor. "There is my commission, from King James," waving a piece of parchment. "In virtue thereof I arrest these six men in his name, as all of them officers in the Usurper's service. And wilt thou dare —" "I would dare to disobey, aye, and defy too, King James himself were he now present and about to do so treacherous and foul a deed." Saying this, he flung himself down the steep path, followed by his men, and placing himself by Niel Campbell's side, exclaimed,—"Now we are man for man; set on, and do your worst."

Baulked as he was of his purpose, and almost choking with passion, Macgregor judged it prudent to give way; and muttering betwixt his teeth, "This shall be reported, and must be accounted for to the Prince Regent," he permitted the Campbells to proceed on their way, escorted by the MacKechans, who did not quit them till next day they saw them, beyond the reach of danger, enter their own country, at the opening of Glencroe.

While making his warm acknowledgments to his friend Hector for his timely and effectual succour, Campbell could not allow the opportunity to pass without again earnestly dissuading him from sharing in a desperate enterprise, conducted by desperate adventurers, of whom they had just had so remarkable a specimen. Hector

parried his friend's appeal, by answering in a vague and jocular manner; observing that there was a James Mor even among "the Twelve," and that as in the best conducted commonwealth a hangman was required, so in the best cause it was sometimes convenient to have one rascal like Macgregor, though if there chanced to be two, decency required that an example should be made of one, as food for the gallows.

Though deeply indignant at this act of treachery, and resolved to demand an explanation from his friends, Hector did not fail to attend the meeting at Glenbuckie's, where were assembled, in order to discuss and concert their measures, the leading Jacobites of Balquidder and Monteath. The way-laying of the Campbells was passed off as the mischievous and foolish freak of James Mor, through indiscreet and unjustifiable excess of zeal for the safety of the Duke of Perth. With this explanation MacKechan, disinterestedly devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, allowed himself to be appeased, and threw himself at once, and with all the impetuosity and enthusiasm of his character, into the desperate schemes there proposed and adopted by his party. Not only did he pledge himself to join the insurrection with all the followers over whom his influence or authority, as their chief, extended, but, at the solicitation of his friends, undertook to be their representative

at an important meeting to be held in the neighbourhood of Auchterarder on the week following, and at which the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Viscount Strathallan, Oliphant of Gask, Graham of Airth, Mercer of Aldie, Haldane of Lanric, and the other leading Jacobites of Athol, Strathallan, and Strathearn were expected to be present. To this influential assemblage Hector undertook to report the resolutions agreed to at Glenbuckie's, and to make the necessary arrangements with them for a joint rising when the time agreed on betwixt them should arrive. He hastened back to Colquhainziet Castle to collect his own followers, and to place them in a state of due preparation for this simultaneous rising.

His proceedings there could not fail to attract the notice and awaken the suspicions of his sister, and they filled her heart with uneasiness and alarm. The penetrating shrewdness of Bauldy Beatson, aided by his clever assistant and interpreter, young Galbraith, who was all eye and ear, and whose tiny frame and child-like manner rendered men unsuspicious of his listening, soon discovered for her that the young laird was himself about to set out on a secret mission, but that his men were directed to hold themselves ready to march at an hour's notice, whenever his henchman, Parlan MacKechan, should return to inform them of the time and place at which to meet him. A still more important

secret was ferreted out by Galbraith from the henchman's sweetheart, that the place of his master's destination and his own, was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Auchterarder. On ascertaining this last point, Grace MacKechan lost not an hour in dispatching little *Neas* to his former master, Niel Campbell, with the intelligence. The Argyle militia had been ordered down into the lowlands of Monteath to watch the insurrection, and to close the passes towards Stirling in that quarter, Macgregor of Glengyle having already captured by surprise the Castle of Doune, and kept possession of it for King James. Of the detachment thus sent to watch the district for the Government, Niel Campbell had the command. And no sooner had Grace MacKechan's communication reached him, than guessing the route which Hector would probably follow on his way to Auchterarder, he set out in all haste with a small band of chosen men, and posted them in ambush at a spot where he knew that his friend, if he took the road expected, must needs pass. He himself, though accompanying, kept at some distance from them out of sight, giving the immediate command to another—an officer whom he could trust, but who was not one of those whom Hector had so recently rescued from James Mor, and in whom, consequently, it would look ungracious to be his captor. But in

order to ensure gentle treatment to the prisoner, he took care to include in the party the six men who had been in attendance on the six officers on that occasion. A scout, a swift-footed Highlander, sent to track MacKechan on his march, arrived with intelligence, that accompanied by a single attendant, he was advancing by the exact route that had been anticipated. And no sooner had he and his henchman entered the defile of a wooded glen betwixt the hamlet of Blackford and the foot of the Ochil ridge, than they were suddenly set on by the party of Campbells there placed in ambush, and before they had time either to draw their swords or to attempt escape, pinioned and made prisoners. When Hector indignantly demanded why two travellers, proceeding peaceably and lawfully on their journey, were thus rudely assaulted and intercepted, the officer commanding the party produced General Blakeney's order to arrest all persons suspected of an intention to attend any of the Jacobite meetings which were then being secretly held in divers places of Strathearn; and unfortunately for Hector, though he had about his person no document or commission from the meeting at Glenbuckie that could serve to compromise him, he had inadvertently retained in one of his pockets a proof-sheet of one of the most remarkable of the many Jacobite hand-bills that had been

recently posted in the streets of Edinburgh, the corrections on which were made in his own handwriting. This of course was ample ground for suspicion, and sufficient warrant for detention, though his friend, Niel, when the unlucky sheet came into his possession, took effectual care that it should never rise in judgment against him.

Winding for some miles along the banks of the infant Devon, and then striking across the eastern extremity of the green and beautiful Ochils, after a march of some dozen miles, the party conducted their prisoner to the half-dismantled Castle Campbell, an ancient residence of the family of Argyle. The keeper of the castle at present was, as already stated, Niel Campbell's father; and he had been duly prepared by his son for the arrival and proper treatment of his prisoner. The henchman, Parlan, had been separated from his master at the moment of his capture, and conducted under Campbell's own convoy a prisoner to Stirling Castle. Of all these events Grace MacKechan had timely information, through the active ministry of little Neas Galbraith, whose movements resembled those of his own four-footed namesake, almost as nimble, and as little observed.

Few castles, ancient or modern, might boast a site so romantic or remarkable as that of Castle Campbell. It stands on a bold prolonged headland or promontory, of triangular shape, where

the Ochils near their eastern extremity, sloping suddenly down towards the level country, terminate at this point abruptly, and at a great elevation above that fine valley "where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows."

Contemplated from below, this huge rocky platform looks as if suspended in middle air—a woody peninsula floating as it seems among the clouds. It is severed from its neighbour hills and flanked on either side by two dark gullies or ravines of great depth, whose steep, and in most places perpendicular, declivities are clothed with copsewood, and which, converging till they meet at a point in front of this rocky isthmus, but at a great depth below, enclose and render it inaccessible on three sides. On the remaining (the north) side access is barred by what has been a deep and broad artificial trench, spanned over by a drawbridge, after crossing which the front of the castle is reached by a short but difficult and very defensible ascent, leading through a noble avenue of ancient sycamores, now all, save one or two, cut down, or decayed by age. The castle itself is seated at the broader end of the promontory, or what may be termed the base of the triangle, which narrowing gradually as it runs towards the south, is at its farther end nearly severed by a deep gash or cut in the rock known by the name of *Kemp's-score or Kemp's-hole.*

This frightful chasm, which reaches to the bottom of the glen, looks as if some giant arm with Gargantuan sabre had smitten the rock, and attempted at one mighty stroke to divide it in two. The width of this horrid gash in the solid rock is little more than sufficient to allow the body of a man to pass betwixt its lips. Standing at its upper orifice, and looking down, which few can do without feeling their flesh creep and their head swim, the descent appears a perpendicular slide through the bowels of the precipice to a dark gulf, whose waters are heard to gush and struggle, and in time of flood to thunder, at an unknown distance in the glen below.

This watery gulf on which the fissure opens at its farther end, is the *linn*, or pool, at which the *Burn of Care* from the east and the *Burn of Sorrow* from the west—for so are named the waters of the two ravines—converging, meet and mingle into one. The use and intention of this frightful *score* or cleft, which if not entirely, is in part at least evidently artificial, was, to supply the castle with water during the exigencies of a protracted siege. Its upper orifice was originally covered over and defended by a tower of which the ruins still remain, through which by a narrow wicket, a pass not more than two feet wide conducted to a beautiful green platform, some twelve or fifteen paces broad, which constitutes

the extreme point or apex of this singular promontory, and whose verge looks down the face of a precipice more than 100 feet perpendicular above the bottom of the glen and its unseen but ever noisy brooks below. The chasm communicated directly with the interior of the castle by means of a subterranean passage, the course of which can still be marked, and the vaulted roof of which is occasionally in part laid bare by persons engaged in cultivating the soil that overlies it, a portion of which is now used as garden ground. But inside the castle its entrance is now choked and completely hidden under a heap of rubbish and of fallen walls. To aid the drawers of water in descending and ascending this perilous staircase, steps or notches had been cut in the live rock, but these at the period to which our narrative relates were almost all of them obliterated by time or covered over with lichens and other treacherous and slippery mosses.

Why we are so particular in describing this "fearful pit" will be understood from the sequel of our story.

From its situation, before the use of heavy artillery, Castle Campbell might be regarded as impregnable; but it could not stand a siege in our day, being completely commanded by higher ground on every side but one. In 1745, however, it was partially—what it now is completely—a ruin,

having, exactly a hundred years before, been burnt by Montrose when laying waste the lowland possessions of his great antagonist, Argyle. Since then it had never been occupied as the family residence; but the main part of the castle-building, the great central tower containing the Donjon-keep, was entire. Some other portions of the castle were also still habitable, and capable of being placed in an effective state of defence, at least against the incursions of Highlanders, or the attack of irregular troops. Its position at the mouth of the north-west Highlands, and with its so easy access by the Forth, both to Stirling and to Edinburgh, rendered it a post of considerable importance during a civil war; and Duke Archibald had accordingly directed Major Campbell to put it with all haste in the best state of defence that circumstances might admit of, placing a body of forty veterans under his command for its garrison. A more appropriate place of durance for a young romantic Highland chief cannot well be imagined; and leaving the proud "cock of the mountains" there for a time to fume and fret his feathers idly against the bars of his cage, let us see what meanwhile was passing at his own Castle of Colquhainziet.

It was now the second week in September. After gallantly ascending the steeps of Corryarick to "meet Johnny Cope in the morning," and when

the latter had so ungallantly declined the meeting, and *retreated forward* towards Inverness, Prince Charles had proceeded rapidly, and without serious obstruction, to Perth, where he now was, receiving the adhesion of many influential leaders, whose followers by daily hundreds were flocking to his standard. The Jacobite clans from the southern and western highlands of Perthshire had either joined him already at Perth, or were on their way to meet him on his march from thence to Stirling. The MacKechans alone remained at home, "straining like greyhounds on the slip," impatient for the message that should let them go. But day passed after day, and still there was to them neither sign nor summons. Messenger after messenger arrived from their Jacobite neighbours chiding their delay; but without orders from their chief they dared not start, and from him, or of him, since the morning he had left Colquhainziet, no intelligence had ever reached their ear.

In addition to her two domestic agents and assistants, Grace MacKechan had taken into her confidence and councils the minister of the parish, the Rev. Finlay Macalister, a staunch Presbyterian, and by consequence a thorough anti-Jacobite, a man of zeal, and eke a man of thews and sinews, prepared equally to do battle—

> "Or civil, or ecclesiastic,
> By dint of argument, or a stick."

These qualifications, the strength and soundness both of his faith and fist, joined to no ordinary measure of practical sense and shrewdness, which made him a judicious and useful adviser in their temporal affairs, gave to the Rev. Finlay Macalister great influence and authority among his simple-minded Highland flock. His power over them was but second, and scarcely second, to that of the chief himself. To dispute "Mester Finlay's" word or commands was accounted as daring a defiance of authority as it would have been among the schoolmen to contest the *ipse dixit* of *the Master* himself.

On the present occasion, however, the case he had to deal with was a new and very difficult one. In regard to it his authority crossed, or rather ran directly counter to, that of the chief, and besides, in this instance, the chief was floating with the stream, whereas the pastor had to pull against it. For the men of the glen, though sound Protestants, were also staunch Jacobites. Their fathers had been so before them. Their last laird, and their present one, both of whom they idolised, were known to be of that way of thinking. The reigning family they had been taught to regard as "uncos," the Stuarts their own blood, countrymen who had been despoiled and dispossessed of their "ancient ain" by the stranger and the Sassenagh. And they nursed a secret grudge

against the Argyles, who, by a shabby trick, as they considered it, had muzzled their fathers in the *Fifteen*, and kept them ingloriously at home when other honest men were "out" fighting for their prince. The arguments and exhortations, accordingly, of "Mester Finlay," whether addressed to them from the pulpit, or by the family hearth, so far as this question was concerned, fell on cold auditors, with unwilling ears and unconverted hearts. In vain did he point out, with all earnestness and unction, the grievous sin of rebellion against King Jesus, and on the side of the *woman clothed in scarlet that sitteth on the seven hills*, and denounce the pains and penalties of treason against all who took up arms against King George and the Protestant succession—his hearers found a preacher more to their mind on this subject, and whose doctrine jumped more cordially with their predilections and inclinations. This was Evan MacKechan, of Drimloskie, their chief's nearest kinsman, and deputed second in command. Evan was a still more devoted and enthusiastic Jacobite than the young laird himself. Guessing rightly the reason of his kinsman's absence, suspecting that he had by some means fallen into the trap of the men of Moab, Drimloskie determined to wait no longer, but, cognisant as he was of his chief's principles and purposes, to take upon himself the responsibility of calling out the clan.

He accordingly sent round a summons to every man capable of bearing arms (from eighteen to sixty) to meet him armed, as he would be answerable to his chief, at the usual trysting-place of the clan, on the morning of Wednesday, the 11th of September. Information of all this was speedily communicated by her sharp-eared and swift-footed intelligencer to Grace MacKechan, and by her, with much alarm, to the minister, who, however, encouraged her to be of good cheer, as all was not yet lost.

The trysting-place of the MacKechans was at a spot where their glen contracting suddenly into a narrow gullet led out to the open country beyond. Through this gorge rushed the Whannet, a rapid and turbulent mountain stream or rather torrent, confined within high banks of perpendicular rock, which towards the termination of the outlet approached so near as barely to allow a roadway for a cart or carriage along the narrow and broken border of the brook. At the farther end the road was closed by a rustic gate of rude but strong construction, to prevent the cattle of the glen from straying.

The morning of the 11th of September was bright and beautiful; and soon after daybreak, punctual to their summons, the clansmen might be observed, by twos and threes, descending the braes, and dropping into the pass, till as they approached the place of tryst at *Glenwhannet*

Gate, their number had increased to two hundred able-bodied men, a few of them furnished with fowling-pieces, and all with dirk and targe and broadsword. But as they neared the gate a sight more appalling than was that of the Gorgon of old, met the gaze of the startled and disconcerted warriors. For there, seated at his ease upon its topmost spar, with his long muscular legs dangling down over the others, and his arms resting on the one end of a huge *caber* or pole fit for the mast of some tall gabard or herring-smack, while its other end was firmly planted in the ground, appeared their minister, the reverend and redoubted Finlay Macalister, in full canonicals, like some giant of romance posted to guard the entrance to enchanted castle. Slowly, sullenly, and with sheepish looks, like children approaching the awful presence of their angry pedagogue, to be chidden for some recent misdemeanor, did his parishioners advance, each man touching his bonnet and saluting his minister with a not very cordial "It's a braw morning, Mester Finlay." The stern warden of the gate made no answer to their salutations till their whole number was congregated into a dense mass before him, like water dammed into a pool by some obstructing rock, or sheep clustered into a crowd when arrested in their flight by some impassable fence-dyke.

Pass they could not, without pulling their

pastor by his legs from his extemporary five-barred pulpit. But this was a feat which no man among them was bold enough to attempt, for the power and prowess of Mester Finlay's arm had been proved ere now, and there was no article of faith to which his parishioners old and young subscribed with more unanimous or implicit credence. "*It's a braw morning, Mester Finlay,*" muttered the last arrival in the crowd. "Ay, Duncan," now replied the pastor, "it's a precious harvest morning, and a braw day for the thrifty farmer. Throughout braid Scotland many a grateful heart and busy hand will so use this day, as not abusing it, cutting down or storing up the precious fruits of the earth so that there may be plenty in our land for man and beast, and that throughout our borders a song of thanksgiving may arise to him who maketh grass to grow for cattle and corn for the use of man, filling with food and gladness the heart of everything that lives. But methinks thou art not over fitly provided for the harvest field this morning. There's more wise-like tool, I trow, for cutting bigg and barley than that rusty claymore. Your target will be poor defence against thë midges. And for that knapsack of harn at your shoulder, is it not putting the cart before the horse to provide the bag for the meal before the corn has been cut?" Duncan looked sheepish, and answered not, but slunk back into

the crowd. But the leader of the party, Drimloskie, now struck in impatiently: "A joke is a joke, Mester Finlay! but we're not at present in the trim for joking. We are in haste, and so by your leave——" making a movement as advancing to the gate. "But it's not with my leave, Drimloskie: nor shall you or any man in your company have my leave to pass this gate till I know where and on what errand ye are bound—if it be lawful or unlawful—to perform a duty or commit a sin." "Then with your leave or without it," fiercely and with an oath, returned Drimloskie, "we shall pass that gate. We are on the king's service, and may not be hindered—stop us if you dare." "Indeed," rejoined the minister,—"on the king's service! I'm glad you're grown so loyal, Drimloskie: but where is your commission?" "There," exclaimed Drimloskie, pointing to the white plume that flaunted on his bonnet—"and *here*"—proudly and fiercely flourishing his claymore. "Humph"—replied the pastor—"as for the first, my auld mare *Granny* can show as good a warrant when she flaps her white tail to drive away the clegs, and when *Callum Dhu nan Ordaik* lifted your father's cattle in the *Twenty-five* he could produce as lawful a commission as your second." "But we have our chief's order" struck in the young standard-bearer of the clan, coming gallantly to the rescue of his leader—"we have our chief's

order." "Have you, Alaster? then be pleased to show me it"—"We cannot show you it—but we ken his mind"—"He 's a wise man that kens his ain mind, Alaster. I knew a young man who not long-syne, and on a very grave occasion, did not know his own mind—let a be his neighbour's—ken ye any such?" Alaster understood the allusion perfectly, and fell back abashed and silent into the crowd—"Your chief is now absent," continued the minister; "in his absence his sister takes his place. In her name, and by her express order and authority, I now command every man of you that owes a clansman's duty and obedience to his chief, to return to his home, as he will be answerable to her, and to her brother." "A pretty chief truly!" exclaimed Drimloskie with a contemptuous laugh. "Obey a lassie chief! and a lowland lass to boot. Were her brother Eachain here, she dared not—" "And why is he not?" rejoined Macalester—"That question we cannot answer, but—" "But I can," interrupted the minister, "because he cannot. He is at this moment fast betwixt stone-walls, King George's prisoner!" "King George's prisoner!" yelled out his astonished clan, gnashing their teeth and unsheathing their claymores, as if about to rush forward for his deliverance. "Put up your whittles, fool bodies!" cried Macalister; "pretty tools they are for pulling down strongholds and storming castle-walls, grinning with

shotted culvers. Men and brethren! hearken unto me. The life or death of your young chief is at this moment in your own hands. He is taken up on suspicion only. No act of treason or rebellion can as yet be proved against him. Return this moment quietly to your hearths and harvest rigs, and his life is not in danger. Your secret is yet safe, for it is in my keeping. Advance but fifty yards outside this gate, ye are rebels, and your master hangs as sure as ever Haman did, upon a gallows. Your act will be set down as his—the chief will be made to answer for the clan—as it will be judged that they dared not rise without his orders or approval. As many of ye, therefore, as will that young Eachain MacKechan should suffer, and that Drimloskie there should be chief, and rule in his stead, in the deel's name follow him to Stirling, and the deel go with ye on the deel's ain errand. But as many of ye as love your kind young chief, and will not that his blood be on your souls (for the which I here make all of you now present answerable at the great day), home! home! I say instantly; pull out these foolish cock-tail feathers from your bonnets, and put off that sinful butcher's gear wherewith ye are graithed; change the broadsword for the shepherd's staff, and dirk and target for the shearer's hook, and the blessing that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow, be on you and yours!"

All were staggered; many were persuaded by this appeal. They gathered into knots, and began conversing earnestly with one another. Several had actually turned their back upon the gate, and were retracing their steps to their homes. Hoarse with rage, Drimloskie rushed among them, calling out, "Cowards! traitors! will ye listen to that doting, canting carle, rather than to your own chief? I know his mind; I have his authority; and in his name I now call upon ye as ye will be answerable, to follow me—long live King James! and down with the Elector!' Saying this with his sword unsheathed in his right hand, and seizing with the other from young Alaster the banner of MacKechan and waving it aloft, he advanced towards the gate in act to force it. But swift as lightning, the watchful guardian of the post sprung upon his feet, and with huge two-handed sway, swung his portentous cudgel from side to side of the pass, with a rapidity and force that assured instant and inevitable destruction to all who came within the sweep of this enormous flail. Fearless as he was, and furious with passion, even Drimloskie himself recoiled, and retreated before the reverend Goliath and his "weaver's beam;" while he, like Mavors or Pelides, strode up the pass, driving the host of Jacobites before him, plying with equal energy the two kinds of argument, dialectic and baculine, the tongue and the

"rung," till, reaching the upper and open portion of the glen, the fugitives dispersed in all directions to their mountain homes, which they entered, blate and crest-fallen, in far other cheer than they had left them a few hours before.

In justice, however, to Drimloskie, it must be added, that, accompanied by the standard-bearer, and some dozen of the more fiery spirits of the clan, he set out at night-fall of that same day, and with his diminished *tail* joined the Prince as he was preparing to cross the fords of Frew. In palliation, also, of their discomfiture by the single arm of *Mester Finlay*, it is proper to state that Evan and his followers did good service at Preston-pans, having been the first to leap the broad ditch at Seton Mill, and rush down hill in the attack on Sir John Cope. They distinguished themselves also during the retreat from Derby; but the standard-bearer who had now attained the rank of captain, fell with two or three of his men inside the Earl of Lonsdale's enclosures, fighting gallantly in the famous night attack made by Lord George Murray, to check the advance of the pursuing army. Evan of Drimloskie fell on Falkirk-moor, in the furious charge made by Whitney's dragoons, to avenge the death of their brave commander. Two or three of the Mac-Kechans still remained to fight at Culloden; but not a man of them returned to report the tragic

issue of that fatal day. And it was long believed in the glen, and by some of the inhabitants is to this day, that their fate was a special judgment, drawn down upon them by their disobedience to the solemn prohibition of *Mester Finlay*, whose memory is still cherished with the utmost veneration among the descendants of his flock.

Return we now to their young chief, whom we left securely cooped in Castle Campbell. There every indulgence, every comfort that consisted with his safe keeping, was liberally accorded him; and what he valued most of all, an ample supply of books, selected, too, by one who knew well, and in their selection had carefully attended to, his favourite studies and tastes. The place of his confinement was a roomy apartment, near the top of the central tower. He was permitted, without attendant or restraint, and at all hours of the day, to take exercise round the battlements on the castle's roof; and the prospect which he thence enjoyed, was one almost unrivalled in Scotland for the extent, variety, and magnificence of the scenery which it embraced. For from the airy and romantic peaks of Arran, and the huge black mountain masses of Argyleshire on the west, it stretched eastward past Arthur's seat, and the castled rock of Edinburgh, to the dark sweep of the distant Lammer-moors, and the dim-discovered cones of the Bass and Berwick-law; while through

the centre of this noble landscape flowed the Teith and Forth, in mazy and capricious windings, showing from this height like threads of silver, till at length mingling their streams into one, they gradually expanded into a sea, and merged their waters in the German ocean.

Except the loss of liberty, therefore, Hector had nothing to complain of. But to his ardent, active, and impetuous spirit, that were loss enough at any time, how much more so now, when events were on the wheel so fraught with interest to himself, and so momentous for his country. And what at first view might appear to have been to one of his tastes and habits an advantage and a blessing, proved in the event the bitterest aggravation of his captivity—the wide and various prospect which he commanded from his prison-home. For through its window-bars he beheld on the 14th of September, with what feelings we will not attempt to describe, the Jacobite host, with streamers flying and bagpipes playing, descend the moors of Tooch, pass by Stirling on the south-east, and pitch their tents on the historic fields of Sauchie and of Bannockburn. From the battlements of Castle Campbell he followed with his glass the retreat of Colonel Gardiner and his dragoons in their rapid flight past Falkirk and Linlithgow; and from that position he could number and name the various

clans as they successively took their ground to bivouac that same evening on the broomy braes above the house of Callender. From his morning slumber he was roused on the 21st of September by the firing heard distinctly across the waters of the Firth of Forth, which announced the fight and victory of Prestonpans. And when a few to him most anxious months of hopes and fears had passed away, again, directly opposite, only a few miles off, and almost under his eye, passed the eventful battle of Falkirk. Fought, as it was, on the summit and acclivities of the moor, he could trace almost every evolution of the two armies—every advance and every retreat during that brief but desperate struggle: in particular, with a throbbing heart, he had witnessed the furious charge made on the front line of the advancing Highlanders by the brave Whitney and his dragoons, little deeming that among the victims of that terrible charge lay there gasping in his death-throe, his own gallant kinsman, Evan of Drimloskie. From his lofty station he could mark distinctly the position on the *Gowan-hill* taken by the Highland army for their battery when bombarding Stirling Castle, and even from that distance he could estimate and curse the folly that selected a position so preposterous, so helplessly exposed, and so thoroughly commanded. And on the 31st of January he sprung from his midnight

couch, startled by the loud noise and shock caused by the explosion of their powder-magazine at St. Ninian's, and, unknowing of the cause, he beheld the broad sheet of flame that enveloped and consumed the parish church, within which it had been placed. Amid the sleepless nights and feverish days caused by these agitating sights and sounds, many were the projects which passed through MacKechan's mind for effecting his escape. But, though treated with uniform kindness and consideration, he was guarded with a vigilance that rendered all attempts of this kind hopeless; and he was fain at length to resign himself for the present to his destiny, and await the upshot of events that were now fast hastening to their crisis.

The original governor of the castle—his friend, Niel Campbell's father—he had never seen. In fact, he had been called away on the morning of the very day on which Hector became an inmate of its walls, to take a leading command in the body of 1000 Highlanders, newly raised by the Duke of Argyle, and sent by him in aid of the government, under his kinsman, Colonel John Campbell, of Mamore, afterwards his successor in the dukedom. The family of the new governor, Captain Colin Campbell, consisted but of two persons, his mother, aged and infirm, and his only daughter, a young lady, twenty-two years of

age, and with them and their visitors, the prisoner was permitted freely to associate. These visitors, indeed, were few and far between. For even had the disturbed condition of the times, and the use to which Castle Campbell had been appropriated, as a sort of government garrison, admitted of this, the surrounding district was almost entirely the property of Argyle, and peopled by a mere race of peasantry, the tenants and dependants of that family. And when on the retreat of Charles Edward to the North, Captain Campbell himself, with nearly the whole of his little garrison, was ordered to join the Duke of Cumberland's army in the pursuit, and the castle left under the charge of a non-commissioned officer and some half dozen of the least effective among the men, the visitors to Castle Campbell were in fact reduced to two young ladies, sisters, Jane and Hannah Haig, daughters of a neighbouring laird, almost the only one in the district, friends and companions of the governor's daughter. Since Captain Campbell's departure, these young ladies were more frequent visitors at the castle than they had been previously, partly to relieve the loneliness of their friend's condition, and partly as they were soon to be separated by the approaching marriage of the elder sister to a young landed proprietor in the neighbouring valley of Strathearn.

The bride elect might be considered a favourable

specimen of that style of beauty, which constitutes in Scottish parlance, "*a bonny lass.*" With the glow of health on her rosy cheek, and the glance of good humour in her bright blue eye, with lips on which kind-hearted cheerfulness sate and smiled in a breath of balm, and through teeth of pearl, endowed with strong native sense, with a constitution of body and dispositions of mind that afforded her future husband the pledge and earnest of a healthy offspring and a happy home, Jane Haig had in her character very little, scarcely anything of romance, or poetry, or imagination. With her younger sister it was otherwise. With a constitution of body less robust, and with manners more shy and timid, her beauty, if on a cursory view, it less attracted observation, yet when it did, detained it longer and interested it more deeply. For it consisted chiefly in the play and in the charm of an expression,—of a complexion even—that was ever-changing, varying with all the inner workings of the soul, almost with all the outer movements of the body. The countenance of Hannah Haig was a dial, on whose fair and faithful surface might be read the present passings in a mind acutely sensitive, more imaginative, and more thoughtfully meditative than that of her elder sister. Jane Haig, like her friend Miss Campbell, was a sound Whig and Presbyterian, and by consequence

a hearty friend to the House of Hanover and the Protestant succession. Hannah, on the other hand, had at the bottom of her heart, or perhaps of her imagination, a lurking spice of secret Jacobitism. This, it is probable, was mainly owing to the same general law of mind, in consequence of which it is that most youthful readers of Lucan and Homer take part with, and lend their interest and sympathy to the weaker or the losing side, the Catos and the Hectors, against the *victrix causa* of the gods or Greeks. But some aliment, at least, it had received from another, an accidental cause, her early communings with an aged Highlander, Ailie Cameron by name, a protegée of her family, and of whom she herself had been from infancy the pet and prime favourite. A Cameron by birth, Ailie had wedded one of her own name and clan: but after his death married for her second husband a Campbell, like herself a Highlander, but who had settled at Castle Campbell as one of the Duke of Argyle's foresters. Left by his death a widow in a land of strangers, she had been received into Mr. Haig's service, and by him and his family, she and her only child, a son by her first husband, had been treated with unvarying and long continued kindness. When no longer able to work, a comfortable cot-house and suitable provision were assigned to Ailie herself: while her son, Allan Cameron, remained

in Mr. Haig's house a confidential and favoured servant. Like most Highlanders of her time and sex, old Ailie was an admirable *conteuse,* and for long unwearying hours would her young favourite, Hannah, sit of evenings at her feet, as she plied her spinning-wheel, with eager and delighted wonder listening to her tales and traditions of Clan Cameron, their Highland grandeur and ancient glory, their prowess, their achievements, their devoted loyalty to their chiefs and princes. Their present chief-apparent, *Young Lochiel,* as he was commonly styled (his father being still alive), she had rocked in his cradle and dandled on her knee; and when Hannah, now arrived at womanhood, informed her that "her bonny bairn" had ripened to the wise and gallant leader, the sagest counsellor, and most trusted friend of his Prince, and that with his brave and faithful Camerons he was at that moment the prop and mainstay of the Stuart's cause, the old woman wept tears abundantly for pride and joy at the intelligence.

With a lurking affection for the cause in which MacKechan was a sufferer, with the advantages of person and cultivation of mind of which he was himself possessed, and more especially with the charm of that vivid and impassioned eloquence which, in the conflicts of the *Mixtie-maxtie Club,* had rendered him, in the estimation of no mean judges, *haud impar congressus* with its

master orators and debaters, its Wedderburns and its Murrays, its Robertsons and its Crosbies—thrown by circumstances so frequently together—with the romance that attached to his present position, and the danger that hung over his future prospects, it is not to be wondered at that the young Jacobite should become to Hannah first an object of general sympathy, next of personal interest, and what with these antecedents could not be far off, at length of a silent and secret, but rooted and romantic passion. Romantic it might well be called, for never was passion more pure from the intrusion and alloy of self. Night and day did she revolve schemes for his deliverance. But it was deliverance from a captivity that fretted his spirit, and a danger that threatened his life, without bye-aim or end, without a selfish or a second thought beyond.

Jane Haig's marriage was to take place in a few days. Accompanied by her younger sister on a beautiful morning towards the close of June, she proceeded to pay her last maiden visit at Castle Campbell. Arm-in-arm the three friends strolled together to their favourite retreat. A spot more sweet and secluded in itself, or that commanded a finer and more varied prospect, cannot easily be imagined. It was the green angle that forms, as already described, the apex of the promontory on which the castle stands. From the broader part

of the promontory this quiet corner is all but severed by the hideous chasm or gash in the rock named *Kemp's Score*, the pass which connects them scarcely exceeding two feet in breadth. Looking down sheer from this airy height into the deep, dark, bosky glen below, the eye is carried thence over a wide and varied landscape beyond, across the valley of the Devon, to a fine undulating expanse of country that includes the straths and hills of Stirling, Lanark, and Linlithgow-shires. To this romantic "loophole of retreat," whence they could look abroad upon so fair a world, the young friends had given the name of *Paradise*. And, indeed, the entire promontory flanked by its two steep and richly wooded ravines, and its unscaleable precipice in front, bears, though of course in miniature, a very remarkable resemblance to Milton's conception of the primæval bowers of bliss.

As they rose to depart Jane Haig, half jest, half earnest, addressed her favourite retreat in the words, slightly altered, which the poet has put into the mouth of Eve when about to quit *her* Paradise :—

> "Must I then leave thee, Paradise! Thus leave
> Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
> Fit haunts for Gods! And wander down forlorn
> Into a lower world, obscure and wild
> Compared to this!"

"Nay, but sister Jane," observed Hannah,

laughing; "*Your* Paradise is not Milton's, but Mahomet's. For look yonder," pointing to a fantastic oak a few paces further down, which, rooted at the very lip of the orifice, on the south side, bent its wreathed and rugged stem across the chasm, resting its top branches on the opposite side, at the very spot where, as Miss Campbell informed them, the subterraneous passage communicating with the interior of the castle terminates; "look, yonder is the famous bridge, Al Sirat, which all true believers must cross in order to reach the Paradise of Islam." "Very true," added Miss Campbell, "and suppose there were no other pass to it but that one; suppose that terrible hempie *Kemp*, whoever he may have been, instead of *scoring* the rock, had cleft it in twain and made an island of your Paradise, what would you take, Jane, to venture across by yonder bridge of oak?"

"Oh," exclaimed Jane, starting back with horror from the mouth of the pit, and covering her eyes with both her hands; "not for worlds would I venture,—unless, indeed," (she added, laughing, as at that moment Hector suddenly made his appearance on the battlements, hailing the ladies and waving his bonnet from the distance,) "unless, indeed, I were caged like yonder poor fellow, and had no other stake for life or liberty."

Scarcely had she uttered these words, when a train of ideas suddenly sprung up in her sister's mind, that kept her silent, thoughtful, and absorbed, during the remainder of their walk, till just as they were entering the back postern of the castle, she abruptly asked Miss Campbell if the subterranean pass to *Kemp's Score* was still open and pacticable. "Perfectly," was the reply, "I have myself explored and traversed it from end to end." "Indeed!" exclaimed Hannah, "how I should like—but is there danger or difficulty in the experiment?" "Neither," said her friend, "no more than in making the tour of your father's cellar. You know that for the present, I am Lady Castellan of this ancient keep. The key of the vault is in my strong box; and if you are so very curious—"

"Oh," said Hannah, laughing, "it will be something for Jane to amuse and astonish her new friends in Strathearn with; her perilous descent to the subterraneous vaults of Castle Campbell; the wonderful adventures she there encountered, and the many *ferlies* she there espied." Off tripped at these words the fair Castellan, but speedily returned, bearing in her hand a ponderous antique key, and followed by a female domestic with a lighted lantern. The passage was made with perfect ease and safety, the arch overhead being unbroken and complete from end to end.

A sudden burst of daylight gave them timely notice ere they reached the mouth of Acheron, from which her two companions kept back at a safe and shuddering distance, while Hannah advanced boldly and at once to its very brink. Vehemently did they chide, and loudly did they remonstrate with her on this piece of bravado and frantic fool-hardihood, as they accounted it. But Hannah had reasons of her own for what she did. She was busy examining the mouth of the pit with a critical and careful eye; and was delighted to find that the topmost step of the descent was still safe and stable; and that, standing on it, a man's arm could, if not reach, at least easily throw a rope across the stem of a massy bough of the oak that overhung the chasm, and that this bough was one of sufficient strength to sustain a man's weight.

As they re-entered the castle by the passage underground, Hannah, playfully snatching from her friend the key of the vault, insisted on locking its massive door with her own hand, to prove, as she said, she was not the "*feckless body*" that she and sister Jane had been in use to think her. And not satisfied with performing this feat once, she locked and unlocked the shrieking portal more than half-a-dozen times, as if by way of flourish and bravado; but really that when need required, the key might play more easily and quietly within its lock.

"Where am I to deposit this horrid implement, which I am sure must have been bought at Tubal Cain's roup, and which has left its ugly jailer's mark on all my five fingers?" said Hannah, as they entered Miss Campbell's apartment. "There, my dear! among its rusty kindred," said Emma, pointing to her strong box. Hannah flung it with force, and so as that its rattle might be duly heard among the other keys in the chest. But watching her opportunity while Emma and her sister had their attention for the moment occupied with something else, she took it back again, and hastily concealed it about her person. Deeming all right, Miss Campbell, before quitting the apartment, carefully locked her strong box with her own hand.

Occupied each with her own cogitations, the sisters exchanged little discourse on their way home; and of the two, one at least passed a sleepless night. Before morning Hannah had arranged her plan. In itself it appeared to her not unfeasible; but its execution required an assistant, and one too that was active, intrepid, and trustworthy. Where was she to find such an one? Even had she been of a different sex, Ailie was too old for the kind of duty required; and though Hannah knew that Allan Cameron was not less heartily devoted to her service than his mother, she had had no opportunity for ascer-

taining what his political predilections might be; and she hesitated to compromise her old friend's only child in an undertaking which entailed, as she was aware, a very serious risk on all concerned, whether in its contrivance or in its execution. Still she had no choice. To any other she could not so much as venture to disclose her project; and even should he refuse to co-operate in the execution of her plot, in Allan's keeping she knew her secret would at least be safe. She proceeded accordingly to sound him on the subject, at first cautiously and circuitously; but she soon discovered, to her no small surprise, and to her still greater delight, that she had to do with one who was even more eager to be employed in such a service than she was to enlist him in it. Through the early and effectual indoctrination of his mother, Allan was in fact at heart a thorough Jacobite, although respect for his master's known opinions had led him hitherto carefully to conceal his convictions. And he entered the more readily and the more heartily into Hannah's scheme, in that he had been himself revolving many a project with the same end in view. This circumstance, added to his practical sagacity and intimate knowledge of the localities, enabled him to suggest several important improvements on the plan as originally conceived. Hannah and her friend, Miss Campbell, were to officiate as the

bride's-maids at the approaching wedding. This afforded the former an excuse for visiting Castle Campbell on the day preceding her sister's marriage. At parting from her friend, she carelessly inquired where Hector was, having, as she said, nearly forgotten a message which she had been charged by her sister to deliver verbally to him.

Learning that he was then on the leads of the castle taking the air, she rapidly ran up the stairs, and in a hurried manner, trembling and blushing, in a low and agitated voice disclosed to him the plan devised by Allan Cameron—for so she represented it—for his deliverance. She described to him the subterraneous passage, the door that led to it, the oak that overhung its termination, the use to be made of its branches, and the contrivance provided by Allan to secure his safety in descending by *Kemp's Score* to the bottom of the glen.

At this moment the voice of Emma Campbell was heard ascending the stairs, and hastily handing him the key of the vault, ere the agitated youth had recovered from his astonishment, or had time to utter one word of acknowledgment or reply, his generous benefactress had rushed down the steps and joined her friend.

The wedding of a laird's daughter was an affair of more ceremony and festivity in 1746 than it is in our day. We shall not, however, interrupt

our narrative with a formal description of the rites and ceremonies observed on the present occasion, *ab ovo ad mala*, from the race for "*the broose*" to the "*throwing of the stocking.*" Suffice it to say, that the hospitalities were of that liberal and hearty kind that not only bespoke ample means, but proclaimed to all the world that the match betwixt Jane Haig and Harry Hepburn younger, of Bentarvan, was one with which both the families concerned were thoroughly and were equally well pleased.

Miss Campbell was to remain for the night at the residence of the bride's father; but she had given her consent that a portion of the marriage-feast should be sent to regale the little garrison at Castle Campbell, with whom her good looks and invariable good humour, had made the young bride an especial favourite. Accordingly, as the dusk set in, Allan Cameron made his appearance before the castle drawbridge, with a stout galloway bearing hampers amply supplied with good cheer, solid and liquid, for their entertainment. On his arm Allan carried a basket for the prisoner, addressed in Miss Campbell's hand, and which he said he had been charged to deliver himself to young MacKechan, with a note which accompanied it, the superscription of which was also in the hand-writing of that lady. This of course removed all ground for suspicion; and Allan was

forthwith ushered into MacKechan's chamber. The purpose of the note was, to accompany a large piece of *bride's cake*, elaborately ornamented, and it contained merely the words, "*With Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn's compliments.*" But under the ornamental paper envelope of the pastry, Hector found another note. This was in Hannah's hand, and contained more important matter—some directions, viz., necessary to be attended to by him in making his escape, which, in the hurry and agitation of the moment, she had either forgotten altogether, or had not sufficiently explained. Underneath the wedding-cake, nicely and closely packed, was a coil of rope, which, though compressed into the smallest bulk possible, would yet by its weight have inevitably awakened suspicion had any of the soldiers been allowed to be the bearer of the basket. After a few whispered words of encouragement and explanation, Allan descended the stairs with the old serjeant who, in Miss Campbell's absence, had the charge, and whom he took care to keep all the time engaged in loud and lively conversation,—while Hector, following them closely and cautiously in the dark, contrived to slip into the passage unobserved, in a corner of which he had ensconced himself before the veteran locked the great door at the bottom which secured the stairs and the upper apartments. Allan now joined the festive

party in the great hall of the castle, where the impatient soldiers were already assembled round their good cheer,—and standing on the floor, as if in haste to go, he proposed in rapid succession three several bumpers to the health of the "*Bride*," to "her *family*," and to their "fair *Castellan, Miss Emma Campbell!*" Amid the deafening cheers which followed these toasts, the grating noise of the rusty key turning in its rusty lock, and of the massive door groaning on its rusty hinges, passed unheard; and Hector, carefully shutting the door of the vault behind him, slipped into the subterranean passage undetected. Groping his way along the dark archway, a faint gleam of remaining daylight gave him notice of its termination, and the same faint light enabled him also to distinguish the oak-tree that hung over the chasm, and to fling over the end of his rope and fasten it to one of the stoutest branches. Then divesting himself, as directed, of his shoes and stockings, he lost no time in commencing his perilous descent.

It was probably fortunate for his self-possession that darkness had now set in, and that his eye could not penetrate far into the horrible abyss to which he was about to commit himself. After having been secured by many careful knottings, the rope was allowed to uncoil itself into the depths below, and holding it firmly grasped, wherever any of the rude

steps or notches anciently made on the face of the rock, still remained, Hector carefully planted his feet in them, cautiously with his foot feeling his way to the next, and where the notches had been worn smooth by time, or covered over with slippery mosses, he had nothing for it but to swing down the rock, suspended by the rope, and supporting his weight by the strength of his arms, till he reached another resting place for his foot. And so narrow in many places was the fissure that occasionally he was enabled to work his way slowly and laboriously downward, by pressing his back firmly against one side of the rock, and his feet against the other. Oftentimes had he been on the point of relinquishing his hold of the rope altogether by some violent jerk, or by impinging abruptly against some sudden bend or rough projection of the rock, in which case his destruction had been of course inevitable. At length, when he had nearly begun to despair, and when his energies were almost exhausted, to his great joy he caught the faint glimmer of the lantern, placed by Allan on the landing-place at the bottom, that he might not in descending precipitate himself at once into the deep pool into which the pit opened, or dash himself against the mass of broken rocks which covered it, concealing the point of junction with the ascent that led to the interior of the castle through the bowels of the rock. By the

help of this friendly beacon, slowing his descent cautiously, Hector was enabled to reach the landing-place without any serious injury, though his arms were for a time benumbed and almost paralysed by the long-continued strain on them; his limbs bruised and bleeding; and his general strength exhausted by the severe muscular exertions he had been compelled to make. The descent had unavoidably occupied a considerable portion of time, and, accordingly, when it was effected, Hector found his friend Allan already on the spot waiting to receive him. Not a moment was now to be lost in prosecuting his flight. And, accordingly, when he had rested a few minutes to draw breath and replace his shoes and stockings on his feet, pressing Allan warmly by the hand, he begged him to add to his former favours the farther one of continuing to be his guide for a brief space till he had disentangled himself from the perplexing labyrinth of this ravelled glen, and reached the green sward of the open Ochills, "when," he added, "with the blessing of God, and the light foot of a free Highlander, he will be a clever son of Dermid that lays salt on my tail ere I have reached the mountains of my own Cowhannet." Cameron, however, earnestly dissuaded him from such a course. The pursuit would naturally follow after him in that direction. His strength had been severely tasked by his

recent exertions. And the country through which he must needs pass was at this moment crowded with government garrisons, and swarming with government troops. He recommended, accordingly, that his flight should be rather in the opposite direction—to the eastward—and, he added, that in the wild glen of the Devon, where that river suddenly precipitates itself from the mountains into the deep valley through which it afterwards flows, accident had made him acquainted with a cave admirably fitted for a hiding-place, and the access to which was known, he believed, only to himself. He had discovered it by mere chance while searching for some stray sheep of his master's: and thither, while circumstances compelled MacKechan to remain under hiding, he could fetch him day by day the necessary supplies of food and intelligence. Hector felt at once the force of these reasons. At a rapid pace accordingly they directed their course eastward; and passing near the residence of the Haigs, where Allan stabled his steed, and whence were heard the sounds of music and dancing, announcing that the nuptial festivities were now merrily going on, in little more than an hour they reached the *Falls of the Devon*, a spot the wild and sublime scenery of which has now become a shrine of annual pilgrimage to many thousands of astonished and delighted visitors.

To describe scenery so well known and so generally resorted to, were but "wasteful and ridiculous excess." Suffice it therefore to state, that Hector's hiding-place was in the most savage and inaccessible portion of this scenery, a little way above the *Rumbling Brig*, and which is locally known by the appropriate and descriptive name of the *Devil's Mill*. And sure enough there amid the "hell of waters" its infernal clapper goes, without rest or respite, from year's end to year's end, feast-days and fast-days, Saturday and Sunday alike, with a noise "out-thundering thunder," sufficient to crack the tympanum and scandalise the conscience of every Christian hearer. Here, in mid-stream, flanked by a furious and foamy torrent on either side, upheaves a huge island of rock, perfectly bare, except that two trees, stunted in size, but most picturesque in shape, adorn the either "*haffet*" of its shaven crown, a birch at the one side, a rowan at the other, both seeming to live like many other stunted individuals, on liquids alone, for, save the showery spray with which they are copiously and for ever moistened, other and more substantial nourishment they appear to have none. To the ordinary spectator all access to this island rock would seem impracticable; for who would venture to stem the roaring torrents which it divides, and by which it is on every side defended?

But one of these falls, that on the west side, rushes over a bed of rock that is hollowed underneath into a natural archway, connecting the island with the shore; and when the precise spot at which this curious grotto commences, and which is hidden by a mass of tumbled rocks, and a thick growth of underwood, is once found out, a man can easily pass through it, *under the fall*, to the central rock, and almost without stooping. The entrance to the archway was the discovery accidentally made by Allan Cameron. Along this sub-fluvial grotto he conducted MacKechan to a dry and roomy cave in the island rock, where, amid the eternal rush and roar of waters, the new *tacksman of the Devil's Mill* received from his hand his daily *muture*, which Allan took care should be in due season, and Hannah Haig that it should be neither scant in measure nor of the worst in kind.

We left the little garrison making merry over their good cheer at Castle Campbell. But though Hannah had indeed slily slipped into the hamper a few bottles of prime *mountain may-dew* more than their Castellan's *permit* had provided for, it would be unjust to the gallant sons of Dermid to aver that their session was very unreasonably prolonged, or that they were incapacitated for discharging with due efficiency their onerous duties of watch and ward. The *bulk* of Allan

Cameron's basket had attracted notice, and had been a subject of interesting speculation during their symposium. They came unanimously to the conclusion that the pasty it contained, as it was a savoury, must also have been a substantial one, and that it was but right that reasonable time should be allowed the young Jacobite laird to do its merits ample justice, as well as to wash it down leisurely with the "something more exquisite still" than their "mountain dew," which, past doubt, had been stowed alongside of it in the interior of the capacious basket.

After allowing him, as the ancient serjeant expressed it, good law for both these operations, the veteran now judged it his duty to look in upon his prisoner to see that all was right, before locking him up for the night. Horrible was his dismay and huge the hubbub that arose throughout the garrison when, after searching by candlelight and searching by torchlight, every chamber and closet, every chimney, window, nook, and cranny, in the ancient castle, it was placed beyond a doubt that the bird was flown! How or when the escape was made, it passed their united wits to conjecture or to comprehend. He could not have sprung from the battlements, that had been instant death. Allan could not have carried him off like a kitten in his bonnet, or smuggled him, like a keg of Hollands, in his basket. And then the old serjeant said and

swore that he saw him safe and snug in his apartment when he conducted Allan down stairs, and that with his own hand he had locked the door at the bottom, which he found still locked when he went again to look at his prisoner. And then the warden of the gate swore that a cat could not have squeezed itself betwixt Allan and the wall of the postern gate by which he had let him out.—Still that the prisoner had somehow eluded the vigilance of the old serjeant in descending the stairs, and of the old corporal in passing out at the gate, was the solution most generally adopted, and many and severe, accordingly, were the censures pronounced against the two stupid "old fogies" for their remissness at their respective posts of duty. Meantime active pursuit against the fugitive was immediately commenced. Miss Campbell was recalled in haste from the nuptial party;—but a few minutes ere the summons reached her Allan had returned, and by a significant look had intimated to his young mistress, whose agitation and absence of mind throughout the day had been observed by all, though charitably ascribed to her grief at parting with an only sister, that his mission had succeeded, and that all was safe.

The arrival at Colquhainziet Castle a few days thereafter of a party in search of the missing prisoner was the first intimation received by Grace MacKechan of her brother's escape. At first she

was disposed to rejoice at the intelligence till she received a letter from Niel Campbell, expressing his deep vexation and alarm at the event. Had he remained in custody but a few months, or perhaps a few weeks longer, all, he assured her, would have been safe. There was nothing to compromise her brother seriously, except the treasonable placard found upon him at his capture, and he had taken care, by its immediate destruction, that this, at least, should never rise in judgment against his friend. But in the present temper of the Duke, and of the times, the very breaking of his prison would be turned into a crime against him.—And though the Pretender's cause had been crushed for ever at Culloden, he himself was still at large: it was known that he was yet within the bounds of Scotland; it was therefore possible for Hector still to commit himself and compromise his family; and knowing as he did the impetuous temper of his friend, and his chivalrous and romantic notions of loyalty, he greatly feared that the first use he would make of his liberty would be to rush headlong into this very danger.

Miss Campbell felt so acutely the discredit brought upon her father and herself by the escape of their prisoner, that her health had begun seriously to suffer. She was walking, one day, past the upper termination of *Kemp's Score* towards her favourite seat, already described, on

the other side of it, in a disconsolate mood, and with a feeble step, when chancing to turn her eye in the direction of the *Chasm*, she was surprised to observe a rope dangling from one of the branches of the ancient oak, that hung over it, to which it was firmly secured by repeated knottings. The truth flashed on her mind at once.—With the help of this rope the prisoner had descended the chasm.—But how had he reached its aperture? It could be gained only by the subterraneous passage that communicated with the castle. Of that passage the entrance was locked, and the key securely lodged in her own coffer. She hurried back to the castle. To her amazement the door of the vault, though closed, was not locked,—and to her still greater amazement the key was not to be found in her coffer! The fable told by Allan Cameron in regard to the *basket*, had previously been detected;—suspicion naturally attached to him, and the conclusion at which Miss Campbell arrived, as the most feasible solution of the mystery, was, that her strong box had not been properly secured, that Cameron somehow had discovered this, had abstracted the key of the vault, and that he was the sole author and actor in the plot that led to MacKechan's liberation. While full of this idea, her friend Hannah, of whom she had no suspicion whatever, chanced to visit her, as she did almost every day, for she

sincerely sympathised with Miss Campbell's distress of mind, and loss of health, conscious as she was of the share she herself had had in producing both. Emma could not refrain from imparting her suspicions of Allan Cameron to her friend, who, as may well be supposed, listened to them with a beating heart. She lost no time in returning home and giving Allan notice of the danger that impended over him. She implored him not to lose a moment in providing for his own safety, and as she had no longer the means of communicating with Hector in his hiding-place at the *Falls of Devon*, she suggested that both should proceed by the wilder passes of the Ochills and Grampians for MacKechan's own country, where search was no longer made for him,—and placing her purse, well-filled, in the reluctant hand of the faithful Highlander, who could hardly be prevailed on to accept it, she assured him that till his return, or though he should never return at all, his aged mother would find in her a friend, a protector and a daughter, to the day of her death. With these words she hurried him away, fearing every moment to hear the voices of the soldiers sent from Castle Campbell to apprehend him.

They, however, did not arrive till early next morning, despatched by Capt. Campbell, who had reached the castle late the night before. But by this time Allan and his fellow-traveller were

far beyond their reach. Travelling all night and traversing the lower ridges of the Ochills on the north side, they descended the Sheriffmuir and concealed themselves in the bosky depths of the *Glen of Pendriech* till the shades of another evening should enable them to resume their westward flight. The next day they passed in like manner among the craggy precipices that overhang the romantic *Pass of Leny*, little more than a mile to the eastward of the spot, where, a few months before, Hector had consigned the remains of his uncle to the sepulchre of his ancestor-chiefs. And before dawn of the third morning they had reached a spot with which the reader is now familiar, the narrow pass at the entrance of Glen-Whannet, where the Reverend Mr. Macalister (or *Finlay of the Rung*, the *nom de guerre* by which ever since that exploit he had been known among his flock,) had discomfited the whole Jacobite rising of Clan-Kechan with his single arm.

Hector was now in his own country. With its rocks and its ravines, its mountains and its glens, and the caves, coverts, and places of concealment with which they abounded, he was intimately familiar. In one of these he and his companion for the present bestowed themselves. But though now in the midst of his kinsmen and clansmen, not one of whom but would have cheerfully

perilled his own life for that of his chief, he deemed it prudent to feel his way, before venturing to make his presence known to them. Allan, accordingly, as being a stranger in the glen was commissioned to make some preparatory inquiries. And, by this means, among other items of intelligence which, though they were news to him, are not so to the reader, he learned that his sister was not now at Colquhainziet, she having a short time previously been called away to attend the sick-bed of her mother whose health had given way from anxiety for her missing son and under the wrongs inflicted on her husband, who had been a sufferer equally at the hands of both the political parties; having been heavily fined by the Government because his son *was*, and still more heavily by the Pretender on the retreat from England, because he himself *was not*, a Jacobite. He learned farther that Grace MacKechan when leaving Colquhainziet had devolved the charge of it on the widowed and now childless mother of Evan of Drimloskie, as being, in his right, the nearest representative of her absent brother.

This lady was of his attendant Allan's clan; and she was of its best blood, being first cousin to the elder Lochiel. She was devoted to the cause of which her kinsman, young Lochiel, was the chief ornament, and in which her own son and only child had so lately lost his life. In her

affection for the cause, and for himself, Hector could repose unbounded confidence. He resolved at once to seek a private interview with her in his own castle; and Allan was despatched to prepare her for his reception. The interview, as may well be imagined, was painfully trying to both parties. Hector had only that very day learned the fate of Evan of Drimloskie in the fight on Falkirk Moor. He had sincerely loved his brave and warm-hearted, though hot and headstrong kinsman; and, as the bereaved mother, overcome by the recollections which the sight of him could not fail freshly to revive, rushed into his arms and wept, his tears flowed as copiously and as unrestrainedly as her own. It was some time ere either could venture to approach the subjects nearest to their heart. At length his kinswoman was so far able to command her feelings, as to inquire of Hector the reason of his so sudden and mysterious disappearance, and of his so long absence at a crisis so momentous. In answer to her inquiry, he gave a full account of all that had befallen him from the day of his capture at Blackford, to that of his escape from Castle Campbell; and in return, received from her a summary of the events, which terminated in the failure of Charles Edward's enterprise, and more especially of its crowning catastrophe on Culloden-moor. "And where is now," asked Hector, deeply moved, "that unfor-

tunate descendant of a race of kings?" Observing his emotion, she answered, "There are now under this roof those who can answer that question; but," added she, hesitatingly, "I have perhaps abused the power with which I have accidentally been entrusted, in affording an asylum."——"*To my prince!*" eagerly and joyfully interrupted Hector. "Alas! no," said his kinswoman; "they are kinsmen of my own, John and Archibald Cameron, the younger sons of my cousin Lochiel. They are on a mission to the lowlands on the Prince's service; and I have rashly perhaps, and without duly considering how far I may have compromised your interests by harbouring rebels, ventured to give them a day's rest and a night's lodging in the Castle of MacKechan." "You have done well, kinswoman; and I thank you for it; you have done what my sister, were she in your place ought to have done, though I fear she would not. I long to grasp the hands of the worthy brothers of the brave and faithful Lochiel, and give them welcome to the castle of my fathers." The interview took place immediately. Hector explained to the brothers the cause of his enforced and mysterious absence from the army of the Prince, and received in return a more detailed and accurate account than had yet been given him of the events connected with the rebellion, and of the causes that concurred in blasting,

in the end, prospects so promising at the outset. They gave a harrowing detail of the brutal and indiscriminate atrocities by which the victory at Culloden had been followed up and disgraced;—whole districts depopulated and laid waste by a savage soldiery, cheered on by a merciless commander;—the houses of the innocent and guilty alike first plundered, and then laid in ashes;—herds of cattle driven away to the royal camp, or wantonly slaughtered on the spot;—women violated;—children stripped naked, and then exposed to perish of cold and hunger on the mountain tops;—old men, and even beggars, shot for sport by the military;—and bands of men entrapped to surrender on conditions, and then basely shipped off for the colonies, there, as many as survived the horrors of the passage in crowded and ill-provided vessels, to be sold for slaves! They told him of the marvellous, almost miraculous escapes made by the Prince himself, in his wanderings first among the islands, and subsequently on the main-land;—of the heroic services rendered him by so many faithful followers;—by Flora Macdonald;—by the *cadie* Burke;—by the two Macleods, Donald and Malcolm;—by the Mackinnons;—by his own clansman, Neil MacKechan;—by Glenaladale, and many others. To Hector all this information was new. His heart swelled within him, with contending emotions, while he listened to the recital; and

with tears of mingled rage and pity, he exclaimed, "And where is the unhappy wanderer now? As some poor atonement for the cursed chance that hindered a more timely service, can I not yet afford him an asylum within these walls; can I not yet with my purse, my sword, my life?"—— "Your castle," replied Archibald Cameron, "is too distant from the sea: thence must come his only chance of safety now. Glenaladale is on the west coast, watching the arrival of some French vessel that may remove him from this country; and my brother and myself are now bound on a similar mission to the east."

"But where is the Prince himself?" "In a very strange place," said John Cameron, laughing, "and in very strange company. He has fallen among thieves. His body-guard is a band of robbers."—"Robbers," cried Hector, with astonishment.—"And outlaws to boot," added Dr. Cameron."—"Robbers and outlaws!—and with 30,000*l.* upon his head!!"—"Were the thousands millions," said Cameron, "he is perfectly safe on that score with the *seven men of Glenmorriston.* Robbers they are, it is true, but not of the southern school—the school of Bagshot and of Hounslow Heath. They rob not for lucre, but for revenge. There is not a man of them but has had house and holding of his own; but the Duke of Cumberland and his janissaries have burnt them out

of both. They rob none but his doers and abettors. On his convoys they pounce suddenly from their crags and copses; and but rob his commissariat of that which had before been robbed from others. They are bound to each other by a solemn oath of fidelity and fraternity. They have all of them been soldiers, and served in the Prince's army. They are excellent marksmen. Their skill and tact are equal to their courage. The feats they have performed, against fearful odds, are almost incredible; and many is the poor Highlander whose heart has been made glad at seeing his flocks and herds that had but that morning been swept away by the merciless redcoats, with joyful bleatings and lowings return at eve to their accustomed pasture, under the safe convoy of the seven robbers of Glenmorriston!"

"Noble fellows!" exclaimed Hector, "would I were in the midst of ye, and the captain of so brave a band!" "The thing is possible," said John Cameron, laughing;—"To their present whereabout we can easily direct you. We have just been with our brother Lochiel, who, crippled by the wounds in both his legs, is himself detained a prisoner with his cousin Cluny, in their *Cage* amid the wilds of Badenach. From him we have matters to communicate to the Prince that nearly concern his interests, and that require a confidential and trust-worthy messenger. This trust will

make your introduction to his Royal Highness, and will assure you of a gracious and cordial reception. But the approach to the *seven champions of Caroldom* in the caves and corries of Glenmorriston, is not without danger. They are at present naturally suspicious of visitors. And more than one unlucky wight whom the lure of 30,000*l.* has brought within the range of their unerring muskets, has dearly rued the rashness of his visit. Besides, they understand no language but the mountain tongue." "And for that," interrupted Hector, "I need no interpreter. Describe to me my route, and provide me my credentials, and I set out for the braes of Glenmorriston before the morning light betrays my presence here." The preparations were soon made on both sides. Stuffing a few necessaries into their knapsack, including a complete suit of MacKechan tartan, but of the most common quality, for the use of the Prince, whose habiliments were reported to be in woful plight, before break of day Hector and Allan were already some miles on their way westward, and the Camerons to the east, on their respective missions.

The journey of the two former was not unattended with danger. On their way to the braes of Glenmorriston they must needs cross the *Great Glen of Albyn*, that vast chain of lakes now artificially united into the *Caledonian canal*. On one

side of their route was the government garrison of Inverlochy, on the other that of Fort Augustus; while the space between was intersected by a chain of military posts. The risk, however, though still considerable, was not so great as it would have been a few weeks earlier. The vigilance of the military had been lulled for the moment by a generous stratagem, one of the many acts of devoted disinterestedness by which the followers of Charles Edward signalised their attachment to his person and their fidelity to his cause.

A young man, named Roderick Mackenzie, who had held a commission in the Jacobite army, bore a remarkable resemblance in face and figure to the royal fugitive. Discovered in his hiding-place, and assailed by overwhelming numbers, Mackenzie resolved to turn this accidental resemblance to account for the Prince's safety. He made a desperate resistance. He avowed his determination never to be taken alive; and finding himself at length mortally wounded, in the act of dying, he exclaimed, "*Villains! ye have slain your prince!*"

This declaration, coupled with his so striking resemblance to the Prince, imposed even on those to whom the appearance of the latter was not unfamiliar; and the head was accordingly cut off and sent in triumph to London as that of the Pretender. This generous act of personation was

soon discovered to be a stratagem. But for a season it had the effect of lulling the vigilance and relaxing the activity of the pursuit. The time accordingly was judged favourable for making the attempt on which the Prince had long set his heart, that of joining his friends, Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, in their comparatively safe retreat in the forest of Benalder. And this was, in fact, the message and the mission with which Hector had been entrusted by the brothers of Lochiel.

After one or two runs, accordingly, and one or two escapes from parties of the military, he and his henchman reached the valley of Glenmorriston in safety. The laird and his *Grants* had been "*out*" with the Prince, and the valley was now in consequence a scene of desertion and desolation. The dwellings of the chief and of his vassals had been burnt to ashes by the ruthless soldiery. The few starved and squalid wretches that remained fled at the sight of a stranger, and would not, if they could, have revealed to any inquirer the hiding-place of their prince. Hector and his follower accordingly proceeded to the *Braes* at once, availing themselves of the directions given them by the Camerons as to the haunts and hiding-places where the seven robbers were most likely to be met with. But for long two days they wandered among the hills without

discovering a human habitation or encountering a human being. They were about to abandon their quest in despair, concluding that some new occurrence had compelled the Prince to change his quarters. As they rested themselves on the third day, after a weary search, at the craggy edge of a wild ravine, the lower portion of which they had just explored unsuccessfully, a shot was suddenly fired near them, and immediately thereafter a wounded hart ran limping past, and fell down dead at no great distance on the heath. Concealing themselves behind one of the rocks they soon observed the head of a Highlander peering over the top of the bank, and after looking cautiously round him in all directions, they saw him proceed to the spot where the deer had fallen, and throwing it over his shoulders, hasten with it down the steep declivity of the ravine. At a cautious distance they watched and followed him. After crossing the stream that divided the ravine, he proceeded rapidly with his burden up the opposite bank, till he reached the bottom of a cataract that flung itself in one broad sheet of foam from a great height over the rocks above.

Here it seemed that farther progress was completely arrested; for the Fall was flanked on both sides by precipitous masses of rock that seemed to have been shivered and tumbled by some terrible convulsion of nature, having dwarf birches and

oaks shooting up here and there amid the crevices. At one spot the bottom of the rock was completely hidden by a thick bush of stunted birches; here the hunter was observed to enter, and suddenly disappeared from view. Directing Allan to remain in the outer and open space, Hector followed the bearer of the deer into the bush, who, cumbered with his fowling piece and quarry, did not observe that he was followed, and who after threading his way upward for some time with difficulty, at length came to a large bush of hazel that swept the ground, turning aside the lower branches of which he suddenly disappeared. Hector followed his example;—but the act had nearly cost him his life; for all at once he found himself at the mouth of a rude but roomy cavern, and in an instant a cry of rage arose from within, and half-a-dozen muskets were levelled at his breast. Fortunately for him he was so close behind the bearer of the venison that the shots, if fired, must have taken effect on both.

This afforded an opportunity for one of the party to interpose. The person who did so was the youngest, and in his apparel and appearance the most squalid among them. Quieting his companions with a few words of broken Gaelic, this young man advanced towards Hector, and with an air of mingled gentleness and dignity, which contrasted strangely with his dress and dwelling-place, begged

to know who he was, and what had brought him thither. In the graceful manner and commanding air of the speaker Hector recognised the Royal wanderer, and dropped at once respectfully on his knee. It was now evident that the rank of their guest was known to the stranger, and half-a-dozen muskets were again instantaneously levelled at his breast. But the young man checking their mortal purpose with a deprecatory motion of the hand to his companions, Hector, still retaining his posture of respect, said "I presume I am now in the presence of my prince."—"And if you were—what then?"—"That I am commissioned to him the bearer of a message from devoted friends, and that I have come to offer myself, my sword, my fortune, and my life for his service."—Saying this he rose and handed to the Prince his credentials from the brothers of Lochiel.

When Charles had rapidly run his eye over these papers his countenance immediately brightened up, he took Hector cordially by the hand, and exclaimed, "These are welcome news! I am happy to see you here,—and I thank you heartily for your kind offices to my good friends John and Archy Cameron. I long wondered why my loyal MacKechans stayed away in my hour of need. But your kinsman poor Drimloskie told me of your so sudden and mysterious disappearance while employed on my

service, and we both concluded that you had fallen into some trap set by that wily ever enemy of mine, old Archibald of Argyle: and was it not even so?" Hector answered that it was: for this was naturally his own belief, and then proceeded to give the Prince a rapid account of his capture, his detention, and his escape from Castle Campbell.

"And so you saw us twice at Falkirk, from your perch in Castle Campbell, did you—in our triumphant advance, and in our gallant retreat? Faith then, let me tell you," added Charles, laughing, "it was much pleasanter to be looking on during our brief but bloody tussle, and with the broad black Forth flowing between, than being where you wished to be, on that same moor, bandying blows with Huske and Whitney, and their terrible dragoons. These noble fellows"—(turning to his companions in the cave)—"would, I am sure, readily say Amen to this, if they but understood our colloquy, for they were all of them there.—But the chief of the MacKechans doubtless speaks the primæval tongue, for *Os-ean* there,"—(pointing to John MacDonell, one of "the Seven," whom he was accustomed to designate by that name)—"the most learned man among us, assures me, and is ready to depone thereto upon his dirk, that Earse was the language spoken in Paradise, and that Adam wooed and won his newborn bride in pure Glenmorriston Gaelic! though

he is rather inclined to my theory, that the Tempter made his court to her in a different tongue, which we both conjecture to have been high Hanoverian Dutch! I pray you then, report to them your story in their own sweet Celtic, for we the mystic brotherhood of the cave and corrie are bound by oath to have no secret from each other." Hector did so, and was cordially welcomed by the *Seven Men of Glenmorriston,* who nevertheless insisted, though the Prince deemed this unnecessary, that both he and Allan, who had now been ushered into the cave, should take the terrible oath by which they were bound together: *"That their back might be for ever to God, and their face to the Devil, and that all the curses in Scripture might descend on them, should they ever desert or betray the Prince, or one another!"* This was an obligation which neither Hector nor Allan felt any scruple in coming under. And they accordingly took the oath readily and without reservation, as administered to them in Gaelic by Black Peter, of Craskie, the slayer of the deer, *more solito,* viz., over his naked dirk.

Preparations were now made for the banquet, and for enjoying the good fare which Peter Dhu's unerring musket had just provided for them. The deer was flayed and cut up by hands well practised in that art. A blazing fire of birch-

wood billets roared up the capacious chimney, which was no other than a huge natural vent or opening in the riven rock. That the volume of smoke that issued out thereat should betray their hiding-place there was no need to apprehend. The floor of their cave, divided from the furious cataract that thundered past, by a wall of rock, was on a level with the torrent, about midway in its descent, and by the eye of a spectator the smoke could not be distinguished from the dense cloud of misty spray with which it mingled, and which for ever ascended from, and hovered around the boiling caldron, in the depths below.

Rude indeed in plenishing, the cave was nevertheless dry and spacious, and it was but seldom that the Prince and his Privy Council, as he had jocularly dubbed "the Seven," were in a condition to entertain their visitors at a feast so sumptuous as was spread on the present occasion. For, by one of those feats of daring and skill which had so long rendered the *Seven Men of Glenmorriston* a terror to the royal garrisons through Invernesshire, they had a few days before, in a narrow and difficult pass among the mountains, pounced unexpectedly on a party of soldiers three times their own number, put them to flight, and captured the stores, consisting of wheaten bread and wine, which they were conveying for the use of the Government garrison at Fort Augustus. The tid-bits of

the venison were roasted on wooden spits—among the cooks one of the most active, and by far the most skilful, being his Royal Highness the Prince Regent himself; and in the recesses of Allan Cameron's knapsack lay two bottles of prime brandy, as yet undrawn. The materials, therefore, for making good cheer, were ample, and, so far as eating was concerned, the Highlanders did full justice to the feast. They set to with such appetite as the keen mountain air, hard exercise, and spare and uncertain commons, might be expected to inspire them with. But in their cups they were cautious and moderate. They felt the responsibility of the trust that had devolved on them; and in the matter of strong drink, the limit which they had prescribed to themselves, neither the tempting excellence of the potation, nor the seductive influence and example of the Prince, could induce a man among them to transgress.

With their Royal charge himself, however, it was otherwise. Elated at the prospect of so soon joining his friend Lochiel, delighted with a visitor with whom he was able to converse freely in his own tongue, in whom he found an equal in years, with the manners of the gentleman and the accomplishments of the scholar, and beginning already to betray some tendency towards the fatal habit that rendered the closing period of his history a spectacle so sad and humiliating, the

joyous Prince quaffed bumper after bumper, to toast after toast, in honour of his chief supporters in Scotland, England, and beyond the Channel, till Hector became seriously alarmed lest, should emergency require—as it had so often done of late—a sudden flight and change of quarters, that fleetness of foot, for which Charles Edward was so remarkable, and which on more occasions than one had stood him in effectual stead, might no longer serve him; and till his rough but kindly hosts, after many respectful and unavailing remonstrances, at length broke out into open mutiny, refused the supplies, nay, by main force removed the Circæan fluids from the royal board.

Vexed as he was, and somewhat displeased, the good-humoured prince respected the loyal motive that had prompted the disloyal act; and turning to Hector, remarked laughingly, "My enemies give out that I am a stickler for the divine right of kings—for absolute power, and passive obedience, but you see it is not so. My *Parliament* are my masters, and I take you to witness how dutifully I have conformed myself to *Magna Charta*, and how constitutionally I have submitted myself to their authority." Hector could not help laughing at the idea thus suggested of a prince and his parliament, when he looked at the place in which they were met, and at the parties to whom this lofty designation was applied.

The *Seven Men of Glenmorriston* were a rough-looking set of senators enough. They certainly resembled more a band of fierce barbarian predatory Gauls, than a board of grave and gowned conscript fathers. Nevertheless their costume, if not very senatorial in its fashion, was at least whole, and it was also decent of its kind. But a being more squalid in his apparel or appearance than the king of this parliament it is not easy for imagination to conceive. His beard, long, red, and straggling, was of many weeks' growth. His shirt had the hue of saffron. His kilt of camlet, "in longitude, at best, but sorely scanty," was now worn to fringes, or tattered into tassels at the knees. And from one of the well-worn brogues that sheltered his feet, his great toe protruding into day had long enjoyed the freshness of the mountain breeze.

But the momentary feeling of the ludicrous soon gave way in the mind of Hector to another and a different emotion. When he looked at the speaker who was thus jesting with his own condition, and remembered who he was, when the thought came across his mind of the manly fortitude and never-failing cheerfulness with which he bore up against his past misfortunes, present privations, and prospective dangers, his heart swelled within him, he could with difficulty restrain his tears, and he felt himself at that moment doubly the

Jacobite he had been when he first entered the robber's cave in the braes of Glenmorriston.

It might be supposed that the outlaws would be well pleased at the prospect of being rid of a guest whose stay among them so materially hampered their movements and added to their danger. But it was not so with these generous mountaineers. They received the news of his proposed departure with unfeigned regret and apprehension, and earnestly remonstrated against it. They conjured the prince to abide with them in their mountain retreats till some opportunity should occur for effecting his escape to France. On their fidelity, they reminded him, he could safely and surely rely; it might not be so, however, with others. Men of higher station might not be equally proof against those splendid rewards which had no temptation for them, or against those dangers of which their way of life had long inured them to make light. But when they found that his resolution was taken, and that he had set his heart on joining his "dear Lochiel," who, from his wounds, was unable to come to him, they desisted from their entreaties, only conditioning that they might be permitted to attend him till they had seen him safe beyond the *Great Glen*, and the cordon of posts drawn across it by the garrisons of Inverlochy and Fort Augustus.

Next morning, accordingly, the whole party set

out for Lochaber, where for several days they concealed themselves on the borders of Loch Arkaig, and in a fir wood near Auchnacarry, the ruined mansion of Lochiel. During their stay here they were carefully ministered to by Cameron of Clunes, who was himself at this time under hiding, and by three brave, intelligent, and active striplings, his sons. And at this place they were joined by Macdonell of Lochgarry, who had commanded a regiment in the Prince's army, and by two stout young Highlanders who attended him. At length some of the Glenmorriston men, Peter of Craskie, John Macdonnell, and the two Chisholms, who had been employed on the look out, returned with intelligence that the passes might now be considered practicable.

Such was the present state of the Prince's exchequer that at parting he was able to present his late hosts with no larger a sum than three guineas a piece for the board, lodging, and faithful service of several anxious and watchful weeks. Even this paltry pittance he had to borrow from MacKechan, and from the purse which the considerate Hannah Haig had forced into the reluctant hands of Allan Cameron on the morning of his flight from the banks of Devon. But with this remuneration, trifling as it was, the generous outlaws expressed themselves content, though at any moment, for weeks past, one word of their mouth could have

secured for them pardon, promotion, and the sum, for persons in their condition the enormous sum, of 30,000*l.*! And as the Prince, when the hour of parting arrived, with a few words of broken Gaelic, expressive of his gratitude and affection, cordially wrung the hand of each, there was not a man among them down whose rugged cheeks the tears were not at that moment streaming fast. Charles himself, though he made an effort to conceal his feelings, was deeply moved.

He strode away rapidly, and for some minutes in deep silence, then stopping short, he looked back, and pointing to his late associates, now disappearing in the distance, exclaimed with great emotion, "Look, MacKechan, at those noble fellows. Think you that in all Christendom there are at this moment seven braver or truer-hearted men? Should it please God that I ever come to my own, the *Seven Men of Glenmorriston* shall be my body-guard. In the day of battle they shall combat at my side, and in the palace they shall watch my chamber. Their courage and their faith I have dearly proved, and I know well that as there is no danger that can daunt the one, so there is no bribe that can seduce the other!" He brushed away a tear and walked quickly on. Hector made no reply. He, too, had been deeply affected by the spectacle of devoted and disinterested fidelity to which during the last few days he had

been a witness, and was at that very moment moralising on the example of high-mindedness and honour afforded by these rude and lowly mountaineers, one so rarely paralleled in history, and so creditable to human nature itself. As Macdonell of Lochgarry, and his two attendants, had now joined them, the party which set out for Badenach on the 26th of August, consisted in all of six. It had been arranged, that as the safest route, they were to cross by the mountain passes that lead into Glenroy, where at an appointed place they were to be met by Dr. Archibald Cameron, who had returned from his mission to the Lowlands, and who was from thence to conduct the Prince to the hiding-place of his brother on the acclivities of Benalder.

They reached the trysting-place in safety. Dr. Cameron was there already waiting to receive them. But he met them with the unwelcome news that the passes were again watched with renewed activity, and that their farther progress would be attended with the greatest danger. The generous trick of simulation practised by young Mackenzie in his dying moments had now been found out. It was known that the Prince was still in Scotland, and wandering somewhere among the mountains on the main land. It would, therefore, require the utmost caution to elude the posts which the Earl of Loudoun had

thickly strewn over the mountain region, which they had to traverse on their way to Badenach. The occupant of the wild shieling, at which they had met, who was a tenant of Keppoch's, and had himself been "*out*," agreed to be their guide through Glenroy, and preceded them at some distance across the hills, to give timely notice of approaching danger.

Leaving his hut about the twilight, they journeyed for an hour or two without encountering anything to cause alarm. But their guide now came running back in haste with the startling intelligence that there were stations and watchfires on opposite sides of the declivity, almost within hail of each other, and that betwixt these they must needs pass before they could descend into the strath of Glenroy. What was to be done in this emergency? To retrace their steps they were most reluctant. But one only possible way there was, as their guide informed them, of eluding the military, and even that was attended with great hazard. The deep and narrow bed of a winter torrent, now dry, lay midway betwixt the two stations, and by creeping cautiously on hands and knees along its rugged channel for some distance, they would reach the place where the rivulet discharged itself into the *Roy*, and where the banks became suddenly clothed with a dense copsewood. This suggestion was approved of, and

instantaneously acted upon. Their progress by this novel mode of travelling was of course tedious, toilsome, and fatiguing, and as the utmost caution was required, it unavoidably occupied a very considerable time.

The day accordingly was just breaking as they reached the wooded part of the ravine where the Roy disparts the singular, and singularly corresponding, terraces on either side of the glen, now world-famous as the *Parallel Roads of Glenroy*, but known to the natives by the more poetical designation of *Cassen-nan-Fion,—the Footway of the Giants*. And just as the last two of the party started on their legs, and were plunging into the copse, they were descried by a sentinel stationed on a rocky eminence hard by, who loudly commanded them to stand, and finding his challenge disregarded, gave the alarm to his fellows by discharging his piece after them. The fugitives were now made aware that they had been discovered, and would be immediately pursued. The ravine into which they had entered was upwards of two miles in length, narrow, winding, and in many places interrupted by difficult rocks or entangling thickets. Their guide, however, was familiar with its labyrinths, and this afforded them a considerable advantage over their pursuers. But as soon as they emerged from the ravine, their flight thereafter must needs be up the steep

acclivity of the mountains that rise abrupt and woodless from the eastern bank of the *Spean*, and where their course would be for miles in full view of their pursuers. The Prince, too, was evidently beginning to flag. Though swift of foot and high in mettle, his strength had been greatly impaired by his recent wanderings and privations. Successful resistance to their pursuers was out of the question, and Dr. Cameron now anxiously inquired of their guide if he knew no place of refuge near, where the Prince at least, might for a few days find concealment. The Highlander made answer that if he could but hold out for a mile or two farther, there was a wild spot on the western bank of the *Spean*, covered with broken rocks, in one of the crevices of which he himself had found shelter when pursued in his retreat homeward from the disasters of Culloden. The entrance, however, was narrow and difficult. It could be effected by a full-grown man only by creeping on all fours; and within there was not accommodation for more than three or four persons at the most.

Hector immediately proposed that their guide should, without a moment's delay, conduct the Prince to this hiding-place; that Lochgarry and Dr. Cameron should remain with him there, while he himself, with Allan and Lochgarry's two attendants, fording the Spean, should ascend the opposite mountain, and thus divert the pursuit of

the military. Their pursuers had had no means for knowing what the number of the fugitives had originally been; they would not, therefore, suspect the ruse that had been played them. Should he and his companions be overtaken, their capture would be of comparatively little consequence, and should they win the race, as he hoped they would, he specified a particular spot on the banks of Loch Ericht, where the whole party might again assemble. Here he (MacKechan) would not be far from his own country; and should obstacles occur to their thence proceeding to join Lochiel and Cluny on Benalder,—in his native mountains he could offer them a safe retreat among men as loyal and devoted to their Prince as the faithful Seven of Glenmorriston themselves. The Prince alone was opposed to this suggestion. His wish was that they should make common cause and share a common danger. But his wish was overruled, and fortunate was it for him that it was so. For when they reached the mouth of the glen, where the *Roy* discharges itself into the *Spean*, his strength was so utterly exhausted, that for nearly two miles he had to be supported by alternate pairs of the hardy Highlanders in the act of running.

After disposing of the Prince, with Lochgarry and Dr. Cameron, in their stifling and incommodious, but secure asylum, their guide shifted for himself; while Hector and his three com-

panions, crossing the river at a fordable spot, struck up the steep ascent of the opposite mountain of Corrynone, in full view of the military, who had now reached the open country at the junction of the Roy and Spean. When near the top of that beautiful mountain, Hector proposed that they should separate, in order to divide and distract the chase of their pursuers. Accordingly, he himself, with Allan, made for the glens of Corrychoillie to the east, while the two followers of Lochgarry struck away to the westward towards the mountains bordering on Loch Laggan.

Though yet a long way below and behind, the soldiers could easily perceive that Hector was the chief person among the fugitives. And as he was of the Prince's own age, and at some distance not unlike him in person and figure, the main pursuit naturally followed after him and his companion. In a fair race, the soldiers, cumbered as they were with their military accoutrements, would have little chance of overtaking two such active and athletic runners, and who had besides so considerably the advantage of the start. But unfortunately for the fugitives, a few miles further on, they came within hail of another military station, and had to commence a second race against new and fresh pursuers. In this emergency, Hector directed Allan to cast away the knapsack that had hitherto in some degree encumbered him,

and proposed that in order to increase the chances of escape, they should part company, and prosecute their flight in different directions. So far as Allan was concerned, the stratagem proved successful. He was able to outstrip his pursuers, and in two days thereafter, succeeded in joining the Prince and his party at the place of tryst, near the borders of Loch Ericht. From thence he accompanied them to the hiding-place of Lochiel and Cluny, on Benalder; and following the Prince afterwards to Lochnanuagh, was one of those who embarked with him on board the L'Heureux, and arrived in safety on the French coast near Morlaix, on the 10th of October following.

His fellow-fugitive, however, was not so fortunate. On turning the shoulder of the very next hill, he fell in with a party of Lord Loudoun's men, by whom he was immediately challenged to stand. That he had been fleeing and pursued was obvious, and in the eyes of the military, this was proof enough that he was a rebel. Surprised, exhausted and alone, flight, resistance, or concealment, was equally out of the question; and he became their prisoner. Fearful, however, of compromising the safety of the Prince, to the interrogatories of the officer in command, who he was? whence he had come? and why he was pursued?—he resolutely persisted in refusing to return an answer.

In somewhat less than half an hour, the party

last in pursuit of him came up. They had found the knapsack that had been thrown away by Allan, which, on being opened, unfortunately contained two documents, quite sufficient to commit and criminate the owner. One of these papers was a pass from John and Archibald Cameron, commending to the good offices of all friends to *the cause*, the bearer, who was then charged with an important mission for King James. The other document was of graver and more serious import still. In the event of not finding the Prince in the Braes of Glenmorriston, it had been Hector's purpose to proceed direct to the *Cage* in *Benalder*, to take counsel with Lochiel and Cluny; and the object of the letter was to introduce to the former the bearer, "Eachain MacEachain, of that ilk," as a gentleman in whom the most implicit confidence could be placed, from whom they had experienced protection, hospitality, and kindness; and who was prepared and ready to devote his fortune and his life to the service of the Prince. This letter, also, was subscribed by John and Archibald Cameron. Could Hector be identified as the party referred to in these papers, his fate was of course sealed. But with the possession or ownership of the knapsack, its finders were unable directly to connect him. They had not seen him carry it. It might have belonged to the other fugitive; or it might

have belonged to neither, but to some third party. And from Hector himself, they were unable to extort any answer, affirmative or negative, to their interrogatories on the subject.

Among his captors, indeed, there was one who could, if he would, have resolved their doubts at once. He was one of the party of Campbells whom Hector had so opportunely rescued from the treacherous ambuscade of James Mor Macgregor, on the day of his uncle's funeral, and was now a serjeant in the party to whom he had surrendered himself a prisoner. Of the spirited and noble conduct of the young chief on that occasion, Serjeant James Campbell retained a vivid recollection and grateful sense, and was deeply concerned for his present position.

His knowledge of Hector's person and rank he kept religiously secret from his brother soldiers. He resolved by the earliest possible opportunity to make Niel Campbell, now a major in the royal army, aware of his friend's misfortune; and on the way to the castle of Blair in Athol, he contrived to alleviate the fatigues and hardships of the march, across long and dreary moors, by a thousand little services and acts of attention, which the prisoner could not fail to observe and appreciate, though unable to account for them on any other supposition than that the kind serjeant was, in his secret heart, a well-wisher to the cause

for which the object of his attentions was a sufferer. Nor did he suspect that the grateful serjeant was then meditating to do him still greater services. As soon as they should have reached the rocky and entangled gorge of the Pass of Killiçrankie in escorting their prisoner to the south, he had resolved to find or make some opportunity for his escape. This generous project, however, was unknown to its object; and it was frustrated by events.

On reaching the Castle of Blair they found it crowded with prisoners, sent in from all parts of the neighbourhood since the battle of Culloden; and they learned that orders had that very morning been received to transmit them all direct to Carlisle, to stand their trial before the *Court of Oyer and Terminer*, appointed to meet in that city on the 9th of September. Hector was hurried off with the rest, no time being allowed him to repose after his fatigues, or to recruit his exhausted strength; and the prisoners set out under an escort composed chiefly of dragoons, Serjeant Campbell and his party being ordered back to their former station. On their march southward they received daily additions to their number, especially at Stirling, Lanark, and Dumfries. Among those who joined them at the first-mentioned of these towns were some of Hector's neighbours and acquaintances, two of whom in particular deserve notice, one for the

singular manner in which he effected his escape, the other from his very unexpected condemnation and execution. The former, Maclaren by name, was a substantial yeoman and drover, or dealer in cattle, from the Braes of Bälquidder, and formed one of the party assembled at Glenbuckie's, by whom Hector had been delegated on the mission which resulted in his capture, and confinement in Castle Campbell. Having repeatedly travelled by the same route to the English markets, Maclaren was intimately acquainted with the roads along which their march lay.

Near the mouth of the pass which leads from Clydesdale into the valley of the Nith, there is a remarkable cove, or natural basin, deep, steep, and almost circular; from its shape, and from the uses to which anciently it was put by the Annandale thieves, as a receptacle, viz., for stolen cattle, known by the name of the *Marquis of Annandale's Beef Tub.* Close to the brink of this cave passes the road from Lanark to Dumfries. The morning happened to be hazy, and choosing his place, a spot where he knew that the bank, though high and steep, was smooth and grassy, without rocks or stones, Maclaren pretending a sudden call of nature, stepped aside to the edge of the precipice, and coiling himself in his plaid, rolled down hill like a ball of snow, reaching the bottom before the soldiers had time

or presence of mind to discharge their pieces at random and in the dark after him. Into this sea of mist into which he had precipitated himself, and the unknown depths and dangers it concealed, the military were afraid to follow their prisoner, and he escaped.

The other was Francis Buchanan, of Arnprior, a gentleman of considerable property and influence in the counties of Perth and Stirling, and who claimed to be the chieftain of his clan. He, too, had been expected at the meeting at Glenbuckie's, but had failed to make his appearance. He was even suspected soon after of Glenbuckie's murder, who, under suspicious circumstances, was found dead in his bed-room, while Arnprior's guest. The case was probably one of suicide; but the suspicion rendered his host ever after unpopular with the Jacobites, and he never openly joined their ranks or took up arms in the Pretender's cause. So confident were both he himself and the officer who commanded the escort, that as soon as they reached Carlisle he would at once be set at liberty, that he was allowed freely to ride miles in advance of the party, to make arrangements for their reception at the successive inns along the road. Well had it been for him that, like Maclaren, he had availed himself of one of those opportunities for making his escape. The government were anxious to strike terror into the minds of the Jacobite

gentry by making examples of some persons of distinction from among their party; and on the evidence of an unsubscribed letter, asserted to be his on very questionable authority, Arnprior received sentence as a rebel, and was executed at Carlisle.

By the time they reached their destination the prisoners were found to amount in all to the number of 385 persons. They were at first huddled promiscuously together into one crowded apartment of the castle. A selection, however, was afterwards made. One hundred and nineteen of their number were set aside for trial. Of the rest, one in twenty, chosen by lot, was to be tried for his life, and the remainder without trial banished to the colonies. Among those indicted to stand trial, Hector, from his position as chief of a clan, was naturally included. He was accordingly put in irons, and placed in the same apartment with several other persons of condition, some of whom, as the two Macdonalds of Kinloch-Moidart, and Tiendrish, were afterwards condemned and suffered death.

Serjeant Campbell, to whom we now return, felt his disappointment deeply at not being one of the escort appointed to conduct the prisoners to Carlisle, and thus afforded an opportunity of evincing his gratitude, by favouring the escape of the gallant young Jacobite, to whom he had been

indebted for his life in the passes of Benledi. Pretending the sudden and dangerous illness of his wife, he obtained from the officer in command at Inverlochy leave of absence for a few days. But instead of proceeding to his own home on Lochawe side, he struck away by Tyndrum for Monteith, and travelling night and day reached the castle of Doune, where Niel Campbell was then stationed, bringing him the first intelligence of his friend's misfortune.

Though dreading some such escapade from the hot zeal and impetuous temper of MacKechan, his friend was deeply concerned at this intelligence. He wrote immediately to his father by Serjeant Campbell, imploring him to use all his influence with the Duke of Argyle, that he would intercede with the government for the life of his friend; and he himself repaired directly to Glasgow, to break the painful news to Grace MacKechan and her father. He found the former in deep affliction for the recent loss of her mother, whose illness had, two weeks previously, terminated in death. Though she too had been to a certain degree prepared for some rash adventure on the part of her brother, she could not fail to be deeply affected now that her apprehensions had been turned to certainty. She had dispatched her confidential servant, Beatson, to Colquhainziet Castle to gain, if possible, some intelligence of Hector and his move-

ments; but he had not returned; neither had she had any tidings of him since the day on which he left Glasgow: and this had naturally added to her uneasiness and anxiety.

Despite her lover's remonstrances she resolved to proceed in person to Carlisle, that she might in this so trying hour support her wayward and impetuous but loving and beloved brother. In alarm for the life of his only son, her father had immediately set out for London, to make interest with the administration, on whom he had strong claims, as he had during the late troubles done much, and suffered much, for the cause of government. Fearful lest he should arrive too late, Campbell set out immediately for Carlisle, leaving Grace to follow under the conduct and protection of a relative.

In that city the trials had already commenced, and were progressing with a rapidity more like the proceedings of a military than of a legal tribunal. They were not expected to occupy more than three days: and it was the second of these days before Campbell reached the city. It was some consolation to him to learn that his friend's trial was not to come on before the next, the last day of the assizes. With the governor of the castle he happened to have a personal acquaintance; but at any rate his military rank, and known loyalty, would have been sufficient to

secure for him a ready admission to the apartment of his friend. At the sudden and unexpected appearance before him, of his earliest and dearest friend, Hector started and was deeply moved. The two young men rushed into each other's arms; and while the prisoner made a strong effort to control his feelings, the tears of his friend flowed unrestrainedly, and he sobbed aloud.

It was, however, no time for giving way to grief, or indulging in remonstrances, or in reproaches. Repressing his emotion, therefore, Campbell earnestly implored his friend, when brought to the bar, at once to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy of the court. This he assured him was his safest course; indeed the only chance he had for his life. And he added that this was also the advice and opinion of Hector's father, who had hastened to London to intercede for him with the government. The united interest of their families with the ministry, and the Duke of Argyle, would probably obtain a remission, or, at all events, a mitigation of his sentence, should he plead guilty and cast himself on the indulgence of the government. But should he follow the opposite course, and after all be found guilty —and the court were not, as he well knew, fastidious in regard to the quantum of evidence that sufficed to establish guilt—then no hope of mercy could be entertained by him, as the

ministry were resolved to strike terror into the Jacobite party by the signal punishment of any persons of condition who should be convicted of having taken part in the late rebellion.

Hector, however, resolutely refused to follow his friend's advice. "Yesterday," he said, "my friend Arnprior, was condemned to death on evidence of the weakest and most questionable kind; evidence legally insufficient to convict a prisoner, were the crime alleged against him no more than that of poaching a hare, or robbing a hen-roost. And when two of the most zealous and influential of your Whig patriots pleaded for his life, the answer was, 'Spare your solicitations, I have my orders about *that* gentleman; he *must* suffer.' So would it be in my case also. Mean submission would not buy me life; it were but adding hypocrisy and humiliation to embitter death. Besides," he added, laughing as he saw his friend's countenance overcast with sorrow at his determination; "you and I have sate at the feet of Gamaliel, and '*can make speeches, Nacky.*' I am a bit of a lawyer, and feel confident that they have not a tittle of evidence against me. They tell me, indeed, of certain papers found in a certain knapsack, on a certain moor. But I defy them by legal proof to connect either the knapsack or its contents, with me. And then, if I escape, observe my friend, I escape completely.

I need not crook the knee to your Baal, Duke William. I need not then sue either for remission, or for mitigation of my doom." Campbell shook his head despondingly. "Alas! my friend, if that be your game and that your hope, you are trusting to a broken reed, on which, if you lean, it will but fail you at your need, and go into your hand, and pierce you." He continued long to reason and remonstrate, but in vain, with the refractory young rebel, who had, in reserve and in reality, a better and a nobler reason for his obstinacy, than he had chosen to avow, or could venture to reveal, even to his bosom friend; the fear that, by pleading guilty, he might expose himself to the necessity of answering other interrogatories that would afford a clue to the whereabout of the wandering Prince, who, he hoped was now—as was indeed the case—safely lodged with his friends Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, in their cage in the far-distant solitudes of Benalder.

Late that same evening, or rather early next morning, Grace MacKechan reached Carlisle. Admittance to her brother before his trial she found to be impossible; and it was probably better—as Campbell suggested—that it should be so, and that Hector should, in the meanwhile, remain ignorant of her being then so near him, lest it might tend in some measure to unnerve

him, and deprive him of the firmness and self-possession, of which, on that eventful occasion, he stood so much in need.

Of the prisoners brought to trial on the same day with Hector, three pled guilty, and the fourth was found guilty, it having been proved that he held a commission in the Jacobite army at the commencement of the rebellion, and had been severely wounded in the action at Preston-pans. It next came to MacKechan's turn to plead. But on his name being called, no one answered to it: nor, indeed, was this to be wondered at, for never was name more mangled and metamorphosed in the enunciation. The clerk of the court was a native of East-London, *a cockney of the cockneys;* and he summoned the prisoner to plead by a name that sounded somewhat like the following, in his manner of pronouncing it:—"*Heetch-hain, Make-Heetch-hain* of *Colicu-hayn-Zyette Castle,* in the *shire* of ——, North Britain!" In this strange travestie, Hector at first really failed to recognise his own authentic and unaspirate Celtic name and surname. With painful throes of tongue and chest, and larynx, the Sassenagh clerk having managed to call and miscall it a second time, the public prosecutor addressing the prisoner, asked him if that was not his name and designation? "*That,* certainly, is *not* my name," said Hector, unable to restrain a smile at the

curiosa felicitas with which the baffled cockney had contrived to garble and disguise it. "Are you not then the person described in the documents now in my hand, which were in the knapsack found by a party of Lord Loudoun's men on the moor of ——, on the 29th of August last?" "That, Mr. Solicitor," replied Hector, "it remains for you to prove. But to the charge of treason, be my name and designation what they may, I at once answer *Not Guilty.*"

The trial accordingly now proceeded. The officer in command of the party by whom Hector had been made prisoner, and one of his men, proved that he was the person taken by them on the moor of ——, on the 29th of August; that when observed by them he was in the act of running, as if fleeing from pursuit; and that when captured he was much exhausted, as if the pursuit had been hot, or his flight long-continued. His name, however, though repeatedly questioned on that point, he had peremptorily refused to give them. They proved farther, that the second party of soldiers had reached their station in less than half an hour after the capture of the prisoner. Two soldiers of this second party proved that they had found the knapsack on the day in which the prisoner at the bar was captured; that they found it on the road that led directly to the spot at which he had been taken; that it seemed to have been but recently

dropped; and that no other person had been seen that day on that line, or in that pass across the mountains to the military station, but the prisoner at the bar.

Hector, like the rest of his companions in trouble, was not allowed the benefit of counsel. But he himself subjected the witnesses against him to a close and searching cross-examination. In the course of this examination, he extorted from them the following admissions:—that there was nothing to connect him with the knapsack and its contents, farther than that it was found in a pass, through some part of which his course lay, or probably lay;—that neither on the collar, nor on the shoulder of the dress which he wore, though very carefully examined, could any mark be discovered to indicate that the knapsack, or anything resembling a knapsack, had been worn by him; whereas, had it been, the broad leather strap by which it was fastened must have left its mark, more particularly if carried for some time or under the pressure of a keen pursuit. From the second party he extorted the important fact that they had been in pursuit of two fugitives, not of one; that during the chase they had been at too great a distance to observe whether either of them did or did not bear a knapsack on his shoulder; that for the same reason they were unable to identify the prisoner at the bar as one of them; that so long

as they continued in sight the two fugitives did not part company; and that beyond the fact of finding him in custody at the next military station, and that the time of his capture corresponded with that which the fugitives they were in pursuit of would probably have taken in reaching it, they had no other proof that the prisoner at the bar was one of them. The captors, on the other hand deponed, that *they* had seen no second fugitive at all; that the prisoner was alone; and that if he had had a companion of his flight, it was, from the position of their post, impossible that he could have eluded their observation; and they admitted, also, that there was another path, and another pass, by which equally the prisoner might have reached their station, though coming in a direction altogether different from that in which the knapsack had been found.

After complimenting the prisoner on the acuteness and dexterity which he had displayed in cross-questioning the witnesses, and commenting on the legal force and value of their evidence, the judge, turning to the prosecutor, said: "Methinks, Mr. Solicitor, you have found your match at the nice game of cross-examination. You have certainly failed as yet legally to connect the prisoner at the bar with the ownership or possession of the knapsack and its treasonable contents. Have you no witnesses to establish the fact that the prisoner

is the veritable Hutcheon MacHutcheon, of that barbarous unpronounceable Highland castle?" "I have, my lord. A witness is now forthcoming who will prove that point beyond the possibility of evasion or mistake, and put all contradiction and all cross-examination equally at defiance." And making a sign to one of the officers of court, an elderly person of grave and staid demeanour was brought in, who, with a reluctant step, walked slowly and sadly across the floor, and took his place, with a downcast countenance, in the witness box. When he stood up to be sworn, Hector started; he was taken completely by surprise, and he could with difficulty command self-possession enough to prevent his agitation from being noticed by the whole assembly, when, in this witness announced by the Crown counsel as one so important, he recognised the old and faithful servitor of his father, Bauldy Beatson.

Fortunately for him attention was at this moment withdrawn from an agitation, which, despite his utmost efforts, could hardly fail to be remarked by all present, by a loud shriek that suddenly arose from the portion of the court allotted to spectators, and this followed by the sound as of a body dropping heavily on the floor. Well did the soul-struck witness in the box arede from whom that shriek had arisen—in that cry of agony he recognised at once the voice of his

dear young mistress, Grace MacKechan; his whole frame trembled; his countenance became ashy pale; his lips quivered; and the unbidden tear rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

Niel Campbell, who fortunately sate by Grace MacKechan at this moment had sufficient presence of mind to announce that the accident was but the swooning of a young lady in delicate health, overcome by the oppressive closeness of the crowded court; and while still insensible he had her removed to an outer apartment, assisted in this task by the eager offices of a lovely girl, who, herself pale and agitated, had throughout the day watched and waited on Grace with all the tenderness and anxiety of a sister, though the grateful object of these attentions knew not who she was, and could not divine the cause of the deep and affectionate interest thus taken by a stranger in her sorrows.

In order to identify the person of Hector MacKechan, the agent for the Crown had dispatched a party of soldiers to Colquhainziet Castle, with instructions to fetch thence, if necessary, by force, two of his principal tenants, or domestics, to establish that point. At the approach of the military the terrified inhabitants of the glen, almost to a man, deserted their dwellings, and fled to the mountains. None remained behind, of the male sex, except the very young or the very old;

and of them none spoke or understood any other language than their own—the Gaelic. In this emergency, opportunely for the soldiers, but most unfortunately for himself, Beatson arrived at the castle, on the mission on which he had been deputed by his anxious mistress. Having from Hector's infancy been a servant in his father's house, he was, of all possible witnesses, the best for their purpose. He was accordingly laid hold of, carried first to Edinburgh, thence transmitted to Carlisle, and thus it came to pass that from the moment of his departure from Glasgow till that of his so sudden and startling appearance in the witness-box at Carlisle, Grace had had no tidings of, or from, her missing messenger.

From the moment of Beatson's appearance in court, Hector had given up his cause for lost. Hitherto he had managed his own case admirably, with a readiness, acuteness, and manly eloquence that astonished the judge, delighted the auditors, and interested all present in favour of the handsome, high-spirited, and accomplished young Jacobite. But here was a witness who had known him from the day of his birth, who, on infallible grounds of knowledge, could testify that he was the very Eachain MacEachain referred to in the fatal papers found in Allan Cameron's knapsack, and against whose evidence, adroitness or eloquence must prove equally of no avail.

Hector accordingly now resigned himself to his fate as inevitable.

After the oath had been duly administered to the witness, and in answer to interrogatories successively put to him, he had stated that his name was Archibald Beatson, that he was a native of Glasgow, born at the *Bell o' the Brae*, and baptised in the Ram's-horn-Kirk of that city; that he was aged fifty-eight; that for upwards of thirty years he had been servitor to two successive chief-magistrates of his native city, Provost Maxwell, and his nephew and successor, the late lord provost, now commanding the Loyal Glasgow Volunteers, his examination proceeded. The public prosecutor desiring him to look at the prisoner at the bar, asked him, on his oath, whether he knew him?

Beatson.—(Slowly and tremulously, after stealing a hurried look at his master's only son.) "I canna deny but I have seen the lad afore."

Counsel.—"Be pleased to inform the court when and where you have seen the prisoner."

Beatson.—"I have seen him at sundry times, and in divers places."

Counsel.—"Clerk of Arraigns, read over to this witness the name and designation of the prisoner."

Clerk.—"Heetch-hain Mak-Heetch-hain, of Culico-hayn-Zyette Castle," &c. &c.

Counsel.—"You know the person whose name has now been read out by the clerk of court?"

Beatson.—"Never heard o' beest or body o' that name in a' my days."

Counsel.—"Remember, Sir, you are upon your oath. Clerk, read out the prisoner's name and designation once more."

This was accordingly done *ore rotundo et spiritu non lene* as before.

Counsel.—"Now, sir, are you prepared on your solemn oath to depone that you do not know the person who bears this name and designation!"

Beatson.—"Hatch-hen—Make-hatch-hen, of Calico-hen! The Lord be guid to me! neither by the hearing of the ear, nor by the seeing of the eye, has sic a beest or body been, o' my kenning, in a' my born days."

Judge.—"But you have just sworn that you know the gentleman at the bar; that you have seen him at sundry times, and in divers places. Who then is he? and what is his name?"

Beatson.—"He 's the laird o' Co-whannet."

Judge.—"The what?"

Beatson.—"Just the young laird o' Co-whannet, my lord."

Counsel.—"He says, my lord, that the prisoner at the bar is Mr. Laird Younger of Quannat."

Judge.—"Will you swear to that fact—that the prisoner at the bar is Mr. Laird of Quannat; and do you swear to this fact of your personal knowledge?"

Beatson.—"I have kent him, my lord, sin' he was na that muckle (holding up the book on which he had been sworn), and I will make my daffidavy to the fact, afore King George and his haill Parliament; ay, before the General Assembly itsel'; or before the Kirk-Session of the Ram's-horn or the Hie-kirk of Glasgow."

Judge.—"It appears to me, Mr. Solicitor, that there has been some mistake in this matter. There is here manifestly an *error personæ*. This clearly is not the individual named in the treasonable papers found in that knapsack. Neither in the list of persons arraigned, or of persons suspected, can I discover the name of Mr. Laird of Quannat, or indeed any person of the name of Laird at all. That this is the name of the gentleman at the bar, has been distinctly proved by the oath of a witness whose evidence is *suspicione major*, having been, as he has for upwards of thirty years, domestic to two of the most loyal gentlemen in Scotland—two chief magistrates of the city of Glasgow; who have each of them done signal service to the government and to their country. I must say that all along I have had my misgivings about this case. The young gentleman at the bar—the wrong done to whom, to his feelings and to his family, by this unlucky blunder, I much regret—pleaded his case with an eloquence, an acumen, and a knowledge of law,

that bespoke him rather one of our own learned brotherhood of the gown and coif, than a semi-barbarous Highland chief, reared in that savage, unpronounceable, and I dare say uninhabitable, Highland castle. But such mistakes will happen in times of civil commotion and convulsion. *Dismiss the prisoner from the bar, and call the next case.*"

At this dénouement, so extraordinary and so unexpected, Hector and his friend Campbell were equally taken by surprise. For a moment they could scarcely credit their own senses, when the sentence of acquittal was pronounced. There were then present more than twenty persons who could, if they would, by a single sentence have resolved the puzzle, rectified the blunder, and prevented the acquittal. But Whig or Jacobite, not a man among them opened his lips to do so. All had admired the spirit and ability with which the accused had conducted his defence, and were anxious that he should be acquitted. The public mind was satiated, it had become even sickened and disgusted with the number of victims driven to the slaughter, with the slender grounds that so often sufficed for their conviction, and the inexorable severity with which the sentence of such as were found guilty had been carried into effect.

An accidental circumstance, too, which occurred at this moment, proved favourable to Hector, as it

for the instant occupied and diverted the attention of the court. A second fainting scene had just taken place. No sooner was the sentence of acquittal pronounced than one of the spectators, a young lady, was seized with violent hysterics, and fell in a fit upon the floor. This time, however, it was not the sister of the acquitted prisoner, but the pale young stranger who had so affectionately tended her on the late like occasion. She had returned to court while Beatson's examination was being proceeded with,—had listened to its progress with visible and violent agitation, and when the sentence of acquittal was at length pronounced, with a piercing shriek she sunk in convulsions on the ground. Most sedulously and most tenderly was she cared for, for her loveliness and her manifest agitation throughout the day had attracted the notice and interested the sympathy of many among the spectators.

Neil Campbell, however, was not now at hand to repay her former services by rendering her assistance in her hour of need. Scarcely had sentence of acquittal been pronounced, when he was by the side of his friend in the dock, whence he rather dragged than drew him. Violently, and almost rudely, with trembling hand, his eyes streaming with tears, but without uttering a word, he hurried him from the court, and hastening with him to the stables of the hostelry where he lodged,

brought out his best horse, and forcing his purse into the hand of his astonished friend, whispered rapidly these words in his ear, "Mount, Hector! mount, my friend, and gallop for your life; spare not the spur: spare not the steed. Ride fast and far as ever did the Bruce from English Edward, for life and death are in your speed. That stupid blunder will soon be found out. Away then, and to earth in your surest cover, and as you value life stir not thence till you hear from me. Where am I to seek you in your hiding-place?"

"Near Castle Campbell," replied Hector. "The Haigs will tell you where to find me,"—and then duly sensible of his hair-breadth escape, and the danger that was still impending over him, he wrung his friend's hand, set spurs to his mettled steed, and not many hours thereafter was refreshing himself, and the gallant beast that bore him, at a shepherd's lonely shieling in a wild pass at the head of Eskdale-muir.

That Bauldy Beatson's simplicity and dulness of apprehension were affected for the nonce has been very generally suspected and surmised; and it has been said that in the course of that very day both the judge and the counsel for the crown were made aware of the asthmatic cockney's strange misnomer to which the prisoner was indebted for his life. But whether those learned persons were ashamed to have it generally known that they had

been imposed on by so gross a blunder, or whether they were really sick of the work assigned them, and not sorry in their secret heart that one so young, and who had borne no very prominent part in the insurrection, should escape with his life through a legal informality, or even through an error in orthoëpy, certain it is that the sentence of acquittal was not disturbed and that no search was ever ordered after the acquitted fugitive.

Long and sorely did it puzzle both his sister and his friend why Hector should have chosen the vicinity of Castle Campbell as the place of his retreat. That was a neighbourhood, they naturally inferred, connected in his mind with anything but agreeable recollections. There was, however, a reason for his choice, and a very sufficient one. He had but very recently been made aware of the true history of his deliverance from Castle Campbell. Hannah Haig had strictly charged her coadjutor to conceal from Hector her share in that transaction. It was only on the 29th of August, on the moor of ——, when they were about to separate, it might be for ever, that Allan conceived himself absolved from this injunction, and that when Hector was pouring forth the fervent expression of his gratitude to his supposed sole deliverer that he felt bound to inform him who the original contriver and chief conductor of his escape really was. After a

moment's pause, as if deliberating with himself whether it was proper to make such a revelation, he added that notwithstanding her efforts and anxiety to conceal the secret, circumstances had placed it beyond a doubt, in his mind, that to his dear and excellent young lady, Hector was the object of a deep and devoted passion. They had now reached the spot at which it became necessary that they should separate unseen of their pursuers, and Hector hastily wringing the hand of his faithful attendant, the companion of his flight and of his perils, they parted.

But a new light had suddenly broke in upon his mind. A thousand little circumstances now rushed upon his recollection, which at the moment and under the influence of the one absorbing passion which then possessed him had passed unheeded, but to which the parting words of Allan had lent a deep interest and significance. With the characteristic ardour of his temperament he now bitterly reproached himself for the stupidity which could not detect and the insensibility that did not return a love so pure, so devoted, so disinterested. His imagination straightway invested Hannah Haig with a beauty that was transcendant, and with virtues that were heroic, and his passion, as if to make up for lost time and past insensibility, burst out like Tyrone's rebellion 30,000 strong at once. He was, however, allowed but a short time to

muse over his new and interesting discovery. His capture, we have seen, followed immediately. Arraigned as a rebel, and with the prospect before him of a rebel's death, this was not a time to think of love or marriage.

But the moment he felt himself once more a free man, and called on to choose whither to betake him, his first thought turned not now to Charles Edward and his co-mates in their mountain-fastness of Benalder, but to Hannah Haig, the Falls of Devon, and his snug though noisy dwelling in the Devil's Mill.

Thither, accordingly, across the long and lonely moors, among which Clyde and Tweed and Yarrow have their source, he directed his flight, little weening that instead of flying to, he was actually flying from, the object of his thoughts.

For, when weary and wayworn he reached at length the habitation of her father, he perceived at once that something was amiss, that some heavy calamity had befallen. The father's countenance was worn with sorrow and with care; the mother's eyes were red and dimmed, as with constant weeping; and their daughter Hannah was not there. Hector was seized with a sudden and uncontrollable terror. He trembled all over, and he gave expression to the dreadful surmise which naturally started first in a lover's mind by the exclamation, "Good God, then! is Hannah

dead?" "We trust in God that she is not," replied the father; "but she is missing, and we know not where to seek for her." In answer to his many hurried and incoherent questions, Hector learned that, early on the 6th of September, Hannah had left the house of a relative in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where she had been for some time residing, and, as she gave out, on her return home. But it was discovered that, soon after leaving her friend's house, she had altered her course, and proceeded towards the south, in a direction the very opposite to that in which her home lay. A few miles beyond this point of deviation all trace of her was lost; and though anxious and incessant search had been made, and was still making, in all directions, no tidings of her had as yet reached her alarmed and afflicted family.

The frantic grief which Hector manifested on receiving this intelligence greatly surprised the parents of Hannah Haig. Betwixt these young persons they had never known—they had never suspected—that any tender feeling or relation had subsisted. But when Hector related to them the history of his escape from Castle Campbell—the share which Hannah had in his deliverance, and that Allan Cameron, instead of being, as they had supposed, the sole author and contriver of the plot, was but the agent and instrument of their

daughter; and that the moment his acquittal was pronounced, he had hastened to place his hand his heart, his fortune, at her disposal, Mrs. Haig at once, with a woman's sagacity, divined the cause and motive of her daughter's disappearance, and guessed truly where and when only it was likely she would be found. She well knew the romantic sensibility of Hannah's nature; and she guessed that she had gone direct to Carlisle, with some vague hope—perhaps with some vague scheme, in her head—to save her lover; failing which, as another young heart had recently done in the case of another young Jacobite, to see her lover die, and to join him in death.

This hypothesis was too congenial to Hector's own romantic notions of loyalty and love not to be eagerly caught at and embraced by him at once. It was with difficulty he could be prevailed on to wait till his weary steed at least should be able to resume their journey; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, and their representation that his life was not yet out of danger, he again took to horse and retraced his steps towards the city of Carlisle.

Circumstances fortunately required that he should pass through his native city, and on reaching it he found that farther journeying was unnecessary; for at his father's house he met assembled his friend, his sister, and one dearer than either—

the lost Angelica, of whom he was in quest. Her health, however, had received a severe shock. She was now confined to bed, tenderly waited on and watched over by Grace MacKechan, who loved and regarded her as a sister. Her secret had been publicly betrayed by the fainting scene at Carlisle, and this disclosure had given a serious shock to her maiden sensibilities. Several days accordingly had passed, ere without danger to her life his sister could permit the impetuous and impatient lover to see her. The interview did at length take place. What passed on that occasion we do not profess to know. But certain it is that from that day forward the convalescence of the patient proceeded rapidly. When fearful lest his chance-acquittal should be revoked, she urged her lover to flee with her to his old and safe concealment at the *Falls of Devon,* Neil Campbell and Grace MacKechan exchanged smiles, on observing which Hannah's cheek and neck were covered with blushes.

But, in fact, there was nothing now to fear. So far as Hector was concerned, the danger was over. His father had returned from London. Whether his interest with the Government would have been sufficient to save his son's life had he been convicted is more than questionable. The Pelham Ministry was timid and feeble. It had been but a few months before restored to power, and it was already insecure and tottering to its fall. Whereas

the Duke of Cumberland was for the moment all powerful, and he was inexorable. But the young Chevalier, it was now ascertained, had left the British shores. He was safely landed in France, and his principal adherents, too, had effected their escape with him. With executions the public had been satiated, even to disgust. Caricatures were already flying about, the subject of which was the Duke mounted on his emblem, a fat, unwieldy elephant, and exclaiming "Blood and Wounds!" In the number of the convicted the name of Hector MacKechan did not appear. The blunder by which he had escaped, if known to themselves, was discreetly kept a secret from the public by the counsel and the judge who tried him. And the ex-provost, accordingly, returned with a pledge from the government that bye-gones should be forgotten and forgiven if from thenceforward his son should deport himself as a loyal subject.

"I do not write for that dull elf" who does not clearly descry two weddings in procinct. The resolution to this effect was agreed to *nemine dissentiente*, as was another that the double knot should be tied on the same day, in the same place, and by the same hand. But as to whose that hand should be, there arose some difficulty and some difference of opinion. Grace stood out gallantly, and as in gratitude bound, for her ancient ally and auxiliar, the reverend Finlay Macalister. But her brother had not yet forgotten or forgiven the affair at

Glen-Whannet gate, or the ignoble weapon with which, on that occasion, *Finlay of the Rung* had put the flower of his MacKechan chivalry to shameful rout by his single arm. As a thorough Jacobite, too, he would have preferred an Episcopalian to perform the office, and he accordingly suggested either of two clergymen, known afterwards as bishops Rose and Forbes. But on a question like this, the fair brides had of course the casting vote, and they, as well as the ex-provost, were Whigs and Presbyterians, too true and too blue to listen for a moment to such a proposition. In this dilemma, and as a *mezzo termine*, Campbell suggested their old chum and club-fellow Willie Robertson, who was now coming forward as a leader of the kirk, and who, in his quiet manse at Gladsmuir, was already engaged in the composition of one of those works which have since placed his name in the foremost rank among the writers of history. This compromise was at once agreed to, and by none more cordially than by Hector himself. For notwithstanding their many *wit-combats* in the club, and their marked difference of opinion on the political questions of the day, he had always sincerely esteemed the character and admired the talents of Robertson, whose after-celebrity, both as a writer and as the leader of a party, he had clearly foreseen and always confidently predicted. By Robertson this feeling of friendship was cordially reciprocated:—

"For while these generous rivals fought and fell,
These generous rivals loved each other well."

But the marriages it was arranged were not to take place till the ensuing spring. Hector and his friend Campbell accordingly had many opportunities, during the intervening months, of meeting with their old friends of the Mixtie-maxtie, the gauntlet of whose jokes of course during this their transitory Benedictine state, they were compelled to run, more especially from the confirmed bachelors of the club, such as David Hume and Adam Smith.

The tragedy of *Douglas,* written by their associate, John Home, was at this time on the eve of publication, and a party of his friends had assembled at Luckie Lamont's tavern in honour of the occasion. It chanced that Hector had come to the meeting rather late. David Hume was in the chair; and he greeted the truant member in these words—"Ah! here he comes at last. Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore! For the last half-hour he has been, I dare say, dallying with his fair Andromache, 'with whom conversing he forgets all time.' And now, 'how doth Benedick the married man?'" "I'll tell thee what, David," replied Hector, taking up the thread of the quotation, "a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No. Thou art fat, David, and thou art writing a *Treatise*

of Human Nature. Get thee a wife, man, get thee a wife. She will ease thee of thy superfluous tallow, and give thee besides some new insights into *human nature.*"

At the moment of Hector's entrance, his friends were pressing on the author of *Douglas* the propriety of changing the name of one of the *dramatis personæ* in his tragedy—that of Lord Barnet—as wanting in euphony and dramatic dignity. Some suggested that it should be changed into Barnard; others into Randolph (the name ultimately chosen); and a variety of other substitutes were successively proposed; till at length, worried and tormented, the poet exclaimed in a fit of peevishness, "Had you not better, gentlemen, discharge the whole tenth chapter of Nehemiah on me at once. Here's verily, a *Much Ado about Nothing.* What's in a name?"

"What's in a name, John?" replied the chairman; "a great deal more than is dreamt of in thy historico-dramatic noddle. Look at our friend Benedick there, who has just come in. Suppose, that, instead of being christened by that grand tragicotatory, poluphloisboisterous, uncockney-pronounceable name Eachain MacEachain, and bestyled of Colquhainziet Castle, he had been christened by the plain name of David Home, as you say I was, or John Hume, as I am sure you were, where the devil, tell me, man, would Hectorides now be? His head, in place of

sitting quietly, as it does upon his shoulders, grinning at my jokes, would, like a rotten turnip stuck upon a pole, be at this very moment grinning at the Whigs from a sharp spike on the top of Carlisle gate. And his four quarters, instead of *beeking* comfortably at the bright blaze of Luckie Lamont's ingle, as they are now doing, would be in very different quarters, on the Cowgate Port, and on the gate-posts of the ports of Stirling, Perth, and Inverness. You are, I know, John, presently inditing a 'History of the Late Unnatural Rebellion,' as I dare say you will call it. I have no doubt that from Alpha to Omega, from Introduction to Appendix, it will be crammed full of Whig fables and inventions. Johnny Cope will figure as a Fabius; Hawley as a Hannibal; and Billy Butcher as a second Titus. The Edinburgh volunteers, 'quorum pars magna fuisti,' will be described as fighting like incarnate devils, and the Glasgow militia like immortal Gods, though everybody knows that the one would not march, and the other would not fight; that the first would not go out, and that the second ran away. I won't read a page of your history—I forewarn you fairly—for I hate all romances. But get Hectorides there to tell his own story—give a full and particular account, from his own mouth, of the Catilinarian caucus held at the house of Glenbuckie, in the braes of Balquidder—of the

capture of MacKechan, one of the principal conspirators—of his long imprisonment in Castle Campbell—of his marvellous escape therefrom through the entrails of a rock—of his loves with Hannah in the Devil's Mill—of his divers rapes of nowte and commissariat stores while consorting with thieves and robbers in Glenmorriston,—and of that sudden pip, or quinsy, in the cockney's throat, which saved his neck by a miracle when placed in Carlisle dock—and which, by the way, is the only miracle I have ever read of that is vouched on sufficient evidence. Do this, thou wilt be to me 'Crispus *H*omanâ* primus in historiâ,' and I hereby pledge myself to read thy narration through, from end to end, on this one farther condition, that it be entitled '*Eachain MacEachain, of Colquhainziet Castle;* or, What's in a Name? *a Tale* of the Rebellion in '45.'"

The poet took the joke, but did not take the advice. The *tale* he did not write; but he wrote the *history*. It is not, however, quite certain that his friend David did not after all remain seriously of the opinion jocularly and perhaps oracularly announced by him, *ex cathedrâ*, in Luckie Lamont's tavern, on the 16th of December, 1746,—"that the one he ought to have done; the other, at any rate, to have left undone."

* We fear that metre, and Martial, require that *H*omanâ should be written and read *R*omanâ.

APPENDIX.

DUNCAN, THE SEEKER. (See page 73.)

"The while he lodged by Lomond's wave,
With wild goats, in Craigrostan's cave."

THESE lines are from a poem hitherto unpublished. As the "story" which the poem commemorates is "a tradition," and as the incident (though in itself a slight and trivial one,) was *improved* into important practical results in the eventful life of the greatest of the Scottish kings, the author has taken the liberty of subjoining this "Legend of Bruce" as another of the "stories traditionary and romantic" in the history of Scotland, though it be not like its companions written in prose, and though it do not relate to either of the Two Rebellions in 1715 and 1745.

A LEGEND OF THE BRUCE.

BAFFLED the bloody hunt of Lorn,
And foil'd the sleuth-hound's savage chace,
The Bruce, an exile wan and worn,
Hath gain'd at length his hiding-place.

Were none to greet him there that day
Save Edward Bruce and Delahaye,
Douglas and Boyd, and stout Sir Neil,*
In lone Glentreuil's loneliest shiel.

Sadly the silent meal they share—
Not that they reck'd, these Lords, I ween,
Of hovel rude, or savage fare,
For oft their night-long couch hath been
In mossy cavern dark and deep,
Or wild Braidalbin's wildest steep,
Earth for their bed, heaven for their bield,
Their food what brook and bosquet yield.

A cloud is on the manly brow—
A tear is in that dauntless eye—
His broken band he cheers not now
With merry rhyme or legend high,
As erst, the weary hours to wile,
At Brandyr's pass, or Rachrin's isle,
Or when they lodged by Lomond's wave,
With wild goats, in Craigrostan's cave.

Of Oliver and Ferabras
He tells the knightly gestes no more;
Or doughty deeds that fell to pass,
Of them who sieged in Egramour—

* "Stout Sir Neil." Sir Neil Campbell of Lochowe, the brother-in-law and one of the bravest followers and most faithful friends of Bruce.

That peerless twelve—the paynim pride
Of Lanyn and his host defied,
Till Norman Richard warn'd the king
To speed him to the rescuing.

'Twere idle now, with arts like these,
To feign a cheer, or wile from woes
Too fresh for minstrel's rhyme to ease,
Too deep for leech's craft to close.
From good Lord James of Douglas' eye
A tear is starting stealthily,
And hopelessness hath paled the brow
Of Edward's self, and stern Lochowe.

Scarce can bold Boyd and Delahaye
Unknightly show of grief refrain—
But he, their stricken chief, that day,
What thoughts are thronging on his brain?—
His slaughter'd friends, his kingdom lost—
His last fond throw for freedom cross'd—
His wife, his child, his sisters, all
Caged in that English tyrant's thrall:—

Three princely brothers, brave and young,*
To a foul death most foully done,
Their limbs on gate and gallows flung
To blacken in mid-summer's sun!

* "Three princely brothers," &c., viz., Nigel taken in Kildrummy Castle, and hanged at Berwick; and Thomas and Alexander taken in Galloway, and hanged at Carlisle.

Crawford, and Athole, and Dehay,
Fraser in glorious fields grown grey;
Seton that fought by Wallace' side,
All butcher'd by that homicide!

O'er breast and brain, then, marvell'st thou,
While thoughts like these were swelling high,
A cloud should dark the Bruce's brow,
A tear should dim the Bruce's eye;
That he, the boldest of the bold,
Should feel that hour his hope grow cold,
And muse, the dream of freedom o'er,
Of exile on a foreign shore?

II.

But why a-sudden, with fix'd look,
Scans he that window's cobwebb'd nook,
As, through the dun and reeky air,
He spied some sight had spell'd it there?
Why, as he eyes that dull green pane,
Mutters he soft "Again! again!"
Then sighs "Alas! fond fool! resign
A task as hopeless even as mine?"

Hath grief unhelm'd his mind at last?
So deem'd his friends, as all aghast
They read his look. So deem'd they sure,
As, starting from the straw-couch'd floor,
He shouts with glee, "'Tis done! 'tis done!
And constancy the prize hath won.

Needful rebuke and lesson, Heaven,
By thee, dumb monitor! hath given.
I bless the teacher, hail the sign,
Be Heaven's the praise, the peril mine!"
Then kneeling low, with brand unsheath'd,
On high his fervent vow he breathed.

III.

"Nay, gentle friends, I am not mad;
Then show not thus amazed and sad.
Lord James of Douglas, cast thy look
On our one window's nor'most nook;
Beneath yon rafter rude and bare,
Ebon'd with soot, what seest thou there?"
"Nought save a spider at his woof
That's fix'd to that same rafter's roof.—
A loathsome villain, large and strong,
See how he runs his lines along!
Tangling his cruel coil with care,
Now fixing this, now strengthening there,
Now swinging free in fearless air—
Ah! many a frolic fly
That's buzzing near its freedom song,
A captive in his cage, ere long,
Is doom'd as sure to die
As thou or I, be it our case
To fall in Edward's grasp of grace!"
"Nay, Douglas, nay"—De Bruce replies.

"'Tis a brave insect, wight as wise!
He hath a lesson read,

For which I am his debtsman sworn ;
Which English Edward long shall mourn ;
And many a Scottish maid—
As gaily with her birch or broom,
In lowly cot, or lordly dome,
She plies her task—with loving care,
For Bruce and Scotland's sake, will spare,
In window nook or rafter'd roof,
And sacred hold, the spider's woof !

* * * * *

The gloom that on my spirit fell,
As on that wretched couch I lay,
To you were needless task to tell—
Ye shared with me this fatal day !
In Scotland's cause I judged it vain
To blood my baffled brand again.
Resolved to tempt my fate no more,
I purposed on Judæa's shore
At length my weary bones to lay,
And wash, with earnest tear away,
That stain wherewith hot blood and pride*
In holy roof my soul had dyed.
From vow half-form'd my thoughts awhile
Were spell-drawn by yon insect's toil ;
As, baffled long, with patient skill
He plied a task did foil him still.
Six times on yon black rafter's roof
He strove to fix his wavering woof—

* " That stain wherewith hot blood and pride," &c. The murder of Sir John Comyn in the Church of the Grey Friars, at Dumfries.

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Six times it fail'd,—the flimsy stay,
The loosen'd hammock swung away,
His airy lodge a ruin lay!
Six times undaunted, unsubdued,
The hopeless labour he renew'd:—
Six times in vain! the hold, unsound,
Hurl'd the poor workman to the ground.
Methought 'twas very stubbornness—
I bade the foolish insect cease
A task was hopeless even as mine:
But he, the braver heart!
A seventh time spun his cordage fine,
And with a master's art,
Review'd his work,—refix'd his line;—
And with triumphant dart,
Now sure that all was firm and strong,
He shot the steadfast cords along!

And Douglas! Shall that insect mute,
For his unreason'd end,
Six times with purpose resolute
With fortune's foil contend,
While I, a man, a king, who fight
In Heaven's own cause, 'gainst wrong for right,
For freedom and for freeman's life,
My native land, my child, my wife,
Shun me like sluggard, faint and soft,
To bide my fortune's baulk as oft?
Nay, it were sin, and stain, and shame,
On manhood's brow, on Bruce's fame!

Then, noble insect! school'd by thee,
What guerdon waits on constancy,
Once more my brand I here dis-sheath,
And swear, while I have blood and breath,
While Scotland holds a cave,
Its blade in scabbard ne'er shall rust,
Till Scotland's foe lards Scotland's dust,
Or Bruce hath found a grave!"
"Amen!"—Upstarting, Edward cried,—
"Thy vow is mine whate'er betide."
The Douglas knelt by Bruce's side,
The tender and the true:—
Lochowe, and Delahaye, and Boyd,
Their faithful faulchions drew.

IV.

Lover of Scotland! would'st thou know
If they redeem'd that vow? Then go
Read it in Barbour's reverend page,
Or, bound on holy pilgrimage,
Thy fervent footstep turn
Where Stirling's towers and temples gleam,—
By Tay, of Bruce and freedom dream,—
By Loudon's hill, and thy proud stream,
Immortal Bannockburn!

THE END.

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